This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

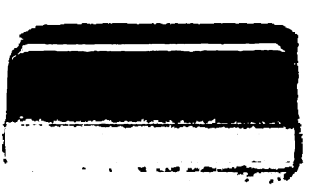
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

UC-NRLF
$B 201 553

Digitized by Google

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. XCII.

PUBLISHED IN

DECEMBER, 1852, *& MARCH*, 1853.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1853.

Digitized by Google

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LONDON:
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS,
Stamford Street.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXXXIII.

Art.		Page
I.	Special Report by the Directors to the Proprietors of Price's Patent Candle Company. April 5, 1852	1
II.	Life and Letters of Joseph Story, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Dane Professor of Law at Harvard University. Edited by his Son, W. W. Story	18
III.	1. British Colonial Library — East India Company's Possessions. By R. Montgomery Martin, F.R.S. 2. History of British India. By Charles Mac Farlane. 3. Modern India and its Government. By George Campbell, Bengal Civil Service. 4. Remarks on the Affairs of India. By The Friend of India	46
IV.	1. Recherches sur les Etoiles Filantes. Par MM. Coulvier-Gravier et Saigey. 2. Catalogue of Observations of Luminous Meteors. By the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford. 3. Humboldt's Cosmos. Section on Aerolites	77
V.	The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V. By W. Stirling, M.P.	107
VI.	Des Intérêts Catholiques au XIXe Siècle. Par le Comte de Montalembert	137

Digitized by Google

ART. Page

VII.—1. Observations on the British Museum, National Gallery, and National Record Office, with Suggestions for their Improvement. By James Fergusson, M.R.B.A.

2. Handbook to the Antiquities in the British Museum; being a Description of the Remains of Greek, Assyrian, Egyptian, and Etruscan Art preserved there. By W. I. Vaux, M.A., F.S.A.

3. Copy of all Communications made by the Architect and Officers of the British Museum to the Trustees, respecting the Enlargement of the Building, and of all Communications between the Trustees and the Treasury, subsequent to the period when the Commissioners presented their Report. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 30th June, 1852 - - - 157

VIII.—1. Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet-Laureate, D.C.L. By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster.

2. Memoirs of William Wordsworth, compiled from authentic Sources. By January Searle - - - 182

IX.—The Financial Statement of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P., delivered in the House of Commons on Friday, 3rd of December, 1852 - - - - 236

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXXXIV.

Art.		Page
I.	History of the Ancient Barony of Castle Combe in the County of Wilts; with Memoirs of the Families of Dunstanville, Badlesmere, Tiptoft, Scrope, Fastolf, &c. By G. P. Scrope, M.P.	275
II.	1. Diseases of the Human Hair. From the French of M. Cazenave, Physician to the Hospital of St. Louis, Paris. By T. H. Burgess, M.D.	
	2. Hygiène Complète des Cheveux et de la Barbe. Indiquant les meilleures formules pour conserver la chevelure, arrêter la chute, retarder le grisonnement, régénérer les cheveux perdus depuis long-temps, et combattre enfin toutes les affections du cuir chevelu. Par A. Debay	305
III.	1. An Inquiry into the Person and Age of the long-lived Countess of Desmond. By the Hon. H. Walpole.	
	2. Notes and Queries	329
IV.	1. My Life and Acts in Hungary, in the years 1848–49. By Arthur Görgei. From the German.	
	2. Der Winter Feldzug 1848–49 in Ungarn unter dem Obercommando des Feld-Marshall's Fürsten zu Windisch-Grätz.	
	3. Der Feldzug in Ungarn und Siebenbürgen.	
	4. Bericht über die Kriegs-Operationen der Russischen Truppen	354
V.	1. Narrative of an Expedition to the Arctic Sea. By John Rae.	
	2. Journal of a Boat Voyage. By Sir John Richardson.	

Digitized by Google

ART. Pag

8. Voyage of the Prince Albert. By W. Parker Snow.
4. Arctic Journal. By Lieut. S. Osborn.
5. Voyage performed by the Lady Franklin and Sophia, under command of Mr. William Penny. By P. C. Sutherland, M.D.
6. Papers and Despatches relating to the Searching Expeditions. Collected by James Mangles, R.N.
7. Chart of Discoveries in the Arctic Sea. By John Arrowsmith - - - - - - - - - 38

VI.—Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George the Third, from Original Family Documents. By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G. - - - - 42

VII.—Apsley House. Illustrated by ten Lithographic Plates - 44

VIII.—Results of Separate Confinement at Pentonville. By John Burt, Assistant-Chaplain - - - - 48

IX.—Wellington — His Character — his Actions — and his Writings. By Jules Maurel - - - - - 5(

Digitized by Google

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Special Report by the Directors to the Proprietors of Price's Patent Candle Company.* April 5, 1852.

THERE is a kind of egotism which puts on the air of sympathy and affects its speech. Men lacking pastime for their unoccupied intellects, or eager to get recognized as burning and shining lights, are apt now-a-days to take up 'the masses' as the subject-matter of their speculations, treating them with scarcely different or deeper feeling than if they were a sort of raw material from which to manufacture a book, a pamphlet, or a speech—a song or a sermon—in short, as the stalking-horse for the advancement of their own literary or political ambition. Under the attractive title of the People's Friends, they have often succeeded in embroiling master and man; in drying up the resources of the one and sending the other supperless to bed. While the capital of employers (as for example in the late engineers' strike) suffered losses not easily, if ever, to be made up, and while penury was sharpening the features of wife and child, who did not read the pamphlet or hear the speech—the mechanic's sorry compensation for weeks of family distress—such sympathisers have withdrawn from the troubled scene to their well-cooked dinners and easy chairs, convinced in all modesty that their only misfortune was being 'before their age,' or dismissing any little suggestion of self-distrust by the espousal of some fresh 'cause'—that is, capering forth again upon another equally unsound hobby.

We cannot doubt that much substantial improvement has been checked by the day-dreams and ideals with which sentimental philanthropists on the one hand and calculating demagogues on the other have warmed the fancies of the artisan. It is dull work, after being whisked by an 'express train' of Imagination far into Utopia, to return to plans which aim at less than perfection, and which do not pretend to plane down all the knots and difficulties in the social system. Having in past times looked upon mechanics as no better than live machinery, and now, after the horrors of Factory Reports, having subjected ourselves

Digitized by Google

to Factory legislation, we are in danger of a re-action that will carry us into the profitless extreme of plausible impracticabilities.

Sober people, sickened with so many selfish or silly manifestations, or mockeries, of 'the spirit of the age,' will, we believe, enter into the pleasure with which we have read the pamphlet now before us. This Report by the Directors to the Proprietary of 'Price's Patent Candle Company' gives a sample of a different species of philanthropy. We are neither inclined nor qualified to enter deeply into the biography of this patent candle, though by no means underrating its rapid success as a sign of economic change—contemplating on the contrary with a cordial satisfaction the increase of that class who are entitled in prudence to rise above the use of tallow, although not exactly, except on state occasions, to afford themselves the lustre of aristocratic wax. It appears that, the demand for these candles having become too great to be met by the original patentees alone, there was formed some years back a joint stock company on a large scale, and that its concerns have been prosperously carried on in a now vast establishment, at Belmont, Vauxhall. It also appears that the managing director, Mr. James Wilson—(whose Letter is embodied in the pamphlet)—ere long felt that such a co-operative work had other elements to be considered beside the successful sale of a valuable article and the regular payment of wages. He looked upon such a body of men thus brought together as something more than mere profitable instruments called into existence to promote the illumination of drawing-rooms. He thought it possible, without loss or hurt to the texture of the candles, to humanise and Christianise 'the hands' that made them; and circumstances enabled him and a brother, his co-manager—both of them still young—to carry such views into practice in a manner which deserves, we think, the attention of statesmen and churchmen, as well as of our merchants and manufacturers.

According to Mr. Wilson's statement, the first step in the movement began among the young, who had almost from the outset been employed in considerable numbers at Belmont. This movement was quickly and warmly encouraged by him; nay more—we have reason to believe that he had paved the way for it by many quiet and unpretending measures—above all, by so exercising his patronage in the distribution of superior posts as to impress every observant member of the community with the importance of some educational acquirement. But he carefully avoided making himself prominent as the founder of a new system. He desired, if possible, to avail himself of the voluntary action of the minds committed to his care. His great ambition was

Digitized by Google

was to form independent characters, in the good sense of the word, who might afterwards walk alone without leading-strings. But let us take his own simple record of the visible start in 1847:—

'The schools,' he says, 'began in a very humble way by half a dozen of our boys hiding themselves behind a bench two or three times a week, after they had done their day's work and had their tea, to practise writing on scraps of paper with worn-out pens, begged from the counting-house. The foreman of their department encouraged them, and as they persevered and were joined by other boys, he begged that some rough moveable desks might be made for them. When they had obtained these they used to clear away the candle-boxes at night, and set up the desks, and thus work more comfortably than before, although still at great disadvantages as compared with working in any ordinary school-room. My brother encouraged them with some books as prizes, and many who had been very backward improved much in reading and writing. The fact of the whole being the work of the boys themselves seemed to form so large a part of its value that we carefully abstained from interfering in it further than by these presents of books for prizes, and of copy-books, spelling-books, and Testaments, and by my being—(though not till long after the commencement, and after being much pressed, and being assured that it would cause no restraint)—*always present at the school* to give them the sanction of authority, but taking no more part than hearing the boys their spelling.'

This was the secret—this being 'always present;' this drudging on with dull boys at their spelling; this kindly sacrifice of leisure after a hard day's work in the counting-house; this practical sympathy with the lads—sympathy, too, and toil, and oversight, as distinct from interference. Many a manager, or many a manufacturer, may 'give orders' that there shall be schools for 'his people,' and drive off to his villa day after day as soon as he has done whatever partners or proprietors had a title to expect from him: here and there such a gentleman may once or twice a year, or even once or twice a month, honour the school with his presence, and patronise the affair; but to reach success there must be something warmer and heartier than this. Nor should it in fairness be omitted that, even where there exists a most sincere desire to work out good in such a line, it may be in fact impossible for the individual to give the time and pains requisite for a satisfactory achievement. The energies of youth may not be at command: there may be the urgency of strictly domestic cares and duties—a world of other serious hindrances will suggest themselves on a very little reflection. But to proceed with the Belmont boys.

By and bye the half-dozen who began with the 'worn-out pens' in the midst of the 'candle-boxes' had increased to about thirty: and it was much to be desired that they should have

Digitized by Google

some better place for their school meetings, that in which they then held them being dirty, exposed on all sides, and moreover requiring every school evening considerable labour to clear it sufficiently for the putting up of the moveable desks.

'Now, there was one part of the factory,' says Mr. Wilson, 'which we had long looked upon as very dangerous in case of a fire occurring. We gutted all this part of the building, clearing out enough old wood to have burnt down half a dozen factories, and making in place of the two lower store-rooms one lofty school-room, big enough for about 100. It was in the winter of 1848 that the boys got into this first schoolroom, still working entirely by themselves, so much so that the prayers with which the school closed, now that the separate rooms had set them free from the bustle of the factory, were always read by themselves.'

After this, as older boys came in, it became necessary to have the school placed more under authority, though Mr. Wilson still guided rather than governed all. The new room began to be 'overcrowded, so much so that all the desks had to be removed from it, and the boys were obliged to write on pieces of stiff cardboard, held in their hands or on their knees.' Soon, therefore, a second school-room was built, and, by and bye, the company having taken the business of 'Child's Night Lights,' the school system, now including girls, required still further expansion. To save time, one of the railway arches of the South-Western was seized upon, and, being made water-tight, it was extemporised into a school. The progress was thenceforth rapid. At an inspection which took place in 1851, when the schools were emptiest, 512 scholars were present; and in the winter, when business would be slack, Mr. Wilson was confident of numbering 800.

It is not, however, simply of the growth of the schools—this marvellous growth of a scheme which began with 'half a dozen boys hiding themselves behind a bench once or twice a-week'—it is not of bare cold schooling only that we have to speak. It is the tone, the spirit, the character that was given to them, the evident action they had on the whole state of the factory, the leaven which they spread—the kindly, nay, the religious sympathy which sprang up between all ranks and bodies in the establishment. We can find large Factory Schools in many parts; they are compulsory in several kinds of manufactories; but few are conducted in such a spirit as those at Vauxhall. There is often too much starch, too much drill, too much outward mechanical regularity and order; and in speaking of the tone which Mr. Wilson gave to the whole, we have to remark on the wisdom with which he effected what he desired. He was bent on producing, if possible, a Christian factory, but he did not force religion down. Nay, he

Digitized by Google

he often sought his greater object by pursuing lesser ones, though we see the greater impressed on all he did. It was the heart of the system, though, like the heart itself, it did not beat outside, to be looked at. Mr. Wilson felt that he was requiring a good deal of those who had been hard at work all day, to spend a couple of hours at the evening school, with their 'spelling-books and their Testaments'—that it was a trial under any circumstances, especially to youths whom penny theatres and all the low pleasures of low London life were beckoning away: he therefore set himself to smooth the trial.

'With this view,' he says, 'we repeatedly, in the spring and summer of 1849, asked all the school to a tea-party in the new room. The first tea was an interesting one, from the fact that very many of the boys had not been at anything of the sort before, and that many of them, not being then in the habit of going to church, had never perhaps put themselves into decent clothes at all. Those who came untidily or dirtily dressed to our first tea, feeling themselves out of keeping with the whole thing, tried hard to avoid this at the next party. I hope that to several our first tea was the occasion of their taking to neat dressing for life. I will just mention here that, so far as our experience goes, there is not with boys, as with girls, any danger whatever in leading them to think much of their dress, for the more they attend to it the nearer they get to plain black. Almost all our best boys now come to chapel in plain black, though not a word has been said to them, or required to be said, about their dress. . . . By the help of these tea-parties we made the boys who did not belong to the school feel awkward and uncomfortable about not doing so; and very many joined—several however stipulating that they were not to be asked to the next tea, lest that should be supposed to be the motive for joining.'

Such was the beginning of a system of recreation which soon took a more valuable and more permanent form.

'In following up our plan of combining as much pleasure as possible with the schools, the next step was to teach the boys cricket;—yet it was anything but a pleasant occasion which decided the time of beginning this. In the summer of 1849 the cholera came, and it was fearfully severe in Battersea Fields and the lower parts of Lambeth, where numbers of our people live. For a time, the first thing every morning was to compare notes as to the relations whom the men and boys had left dead or dying on coming to work; and in the latter part of the time no doctors could be had, as they were all knocked up. Before it got very bad, we got good medical advice as to whether any precautions against it were possible for our boys, and it was decided that fresh air and exercise out of the factory were the best preventives. We therefore closed the school entirely, and a gentleman (Mr. Symes) having most kindly let us take possession of a field which was waiting to be occupied by a builder, we set to work

Digitized by Google

work hard at learning cricket after working hours. I say learning, for cricket is not a game of London boys. I do not like to pass this part of my story without noticing how everybody's heart seemed to warm up directly towards such an object as ours, when applied to for assistance in it. Mr. Symes had never seen me before, nor I him, when I went into his office to ask him for his field; but when the case was stated, his answer was, "Certainly, for such an object I shall be delighted to let you have it until I am obliged to turn you out for building;" so I got the field, and the beginning of a most true friendship besides. Afterwards, Mr. Graham, who holds a great part of Battersea Fields, also an entire stranger to me until I called on him on a similar errand, no sooner understood it than he told me of all the land he had, and the terms on which he held the different pieces, and offered to let me pick which I chose out of the whole; and we have had very many minor instances of this readiness to help us.

'The cholera seems an odd reason for taking to cricket, but I dare say the cricket had a very happy effect on the general health of our boys, and so may have strengthened them against catching it. We lost only one (an amiable and well-conducted boy of seventeen), although many lost relations living in the same houses with them. Always, when the game was finished, they collected in the corner of the field, and took off their caps for a very short prayer for the safety from the cholera of themselves and their friends; and the tone in which they said their "Amen" to this has always made me think that, although the school was nominally given up for the time, they were really getting from their game so concluded more moral benefit than any quantity of ordinary schooling could have given them. They also met me every morning in the school-room at six o'clock, before beginning work, just for a few minutes to give thanks for having been safely brought to the beginning of the day, and to pray to be defended in it.'

We need not point to the lights of this picture; the short prayer that closed the hour of harmless, healthful sport—the manager's interest in the scene—are things which speak for themselves. In 1850 they played in the same field three nights a week, working in the school the other three nights. Bricks and mortar, however, soon drove them out of that field—and they got another of above six acres, the edges of which were allotted to gardens. Many now took to gardening—and, though perhaps they at first 'just barely knew which end of the spade went downwards,' the novel pursuit by degrees inspired in not a few 'feelings and tastes they had no idea of before, and of a nature to have a most softening influence upon them.' We now begin to see the men drawn into the circle of Mr. Wilson's influence, and the 'cricket' seems the attractive power. The three nights when the *boys* were schooling, the *men* were got to play—and then at last boys and men were brought together.

'What gave the game the greatest start was, that some of the boys took

Digitized by Google

took it into their heads to send a challenge that twenty-two of them would stand the eleven of a cricket club, formed by a few of our men, who, having been cricketers before coming to the factory, had joined themselves together to keep up their practice of the game, as they best could, on Kennington Common or elsewhere. Some of this eleven, being pretty good players, and knowing what novices our boys were, treated the challenge with great contempt, their captain saying he would play the twenty-two himself. But the boys practised very hard till the day of the match, and when it came, to the great astonishment of themselves as well as of all the rest of the factory, they beat the men in one innings. Later in the year they beat again in a return match of sixteen to eleven, and in the coming summer they mean to try eleven to eleven. They are looking eagerly forward to the 1st of May, on which day we propose to begin the cricket again, and they will, I hope, have a happy summer of it.'

It is truly a comfortable thing to hear the boys and men of a factory thus spoken of—to see them treated by their employer with all this heartiness. Imagine the change from the stifling tails of a candle-factory to a breezy field and a good game of cricket, with their master himself looking on their sports and joining in their prayers. The grand difficulty in factory work and in all co-operative labour on a large scale is that the people are together without knowing or caring for each other; it is community without communion, co-operation without concord; all goes round like a mere machine; this set of men quietly do this thing, another set do another thing, and the whole system, active, orderly, skilful, bearing part on part, carrying out one work, is all the while, as a *living* system, utterly fragmentary, disjointed, unsympathetic, cold, without any link whatever between part and part. We must get them away from the calico or the candles and bring them together in some unbusiness-like way, if we hope to give the business portion of their life a proper tone. Hear Mr. Wilson again:—

'I think the mixing of the boys and myself with the men in the cricket and gardening produced much good and kindly feeling among us all, and has made many work together in the factory during winter as friends who felt almost as strangers before. I can answer for myself, that I got to know well and to like many of the men whom I had scarcely known at all before, and I believe they got to know and like me. Everybody is ready to preach about the necessity of this knowledge of each other by masters and men, but I suppose only masters can know the extreme difficulty of getting to be on a footing, at all deserving the name of personal friendship, with the men of a factory, when the number is large, however anxious they may be to get on such a footing. In business hours both master and men are too busy to have time for gossiping, and directly business is over the best of the men go, and ought to go, straight to their families. . . . With the boys and

Digitized by Google

and young men the case is different, for there is no need of their going straight home to their families when work is over, so the masters can keep them in the school-room or elsewhere, and gain their affections and get great influence over them. With many of our young men we are, I trust, upon terms of true and deep personal friendship such as will last for life. Of course when they in their turn become masters of families there will be the same want of much intercourse as with our present men; but when you once know a man thoroughly, and he you, the mere moving about in the same work with a kindly word or look when you happen to be thrown together, quite keeps up the cordiality of feeling. In speaking of not knowing the men generally, I should however say there are many exceptions, at least as true and as happy as with the boys; and anything tending to increase the number of exceptions, as our cricket and gardens were found in practice to do last year, is of very great value. You catch the men one by one as circumstances bring them within your reach, the boys a whole net-full together, but with both of them it seems to be of comparatively very little consequence what it is with which you first get a real hold over them—gardens, or cricket, or schooling, or some trouble which they come to consult you about.'

A life of severe toil, at least of monotonous drudgery, wants some breaks of amusement, some gleams of light, to prevent its utterly depressing both the physical and the moral health; and as the recreations which artisans, especially young ones, are capable of entering into are almost exclusively of a bodily kind, they need control and superintendence. If left wholly to their own devices they will almost infallibly plunge into gross sensual indulgence; much that is open to the wealthier orders in the way of enjoyment is a sealed book, an unknown language to them; though they may in time be trained to appreciate higher kinds of pleasure, they are not as yet capable of doing so; and after all they want pleasure connected with fresh air. We are not wishing to have the Maypoles back, or to play at the manners of bygone times; but the existence of the 'fustian jacket' order needs to be brightened by some out-of-door exercise; and we know no medium so effectual for the cure of moral acidity or the jaundice of dissatisfaction and discontent. A yellow, bilious troop cooped up in hot work-rooms day after day, and only trudging home to their murky dreary 'row,' run great risks of being disaffected. There is a close connexion between the liver and the heart. Many Cascas grow up in factory life purely because that nether organism has nothing like *fair play*. *That*, be sure, will never feed the temper on which not a few of our politicians live, and some thrive apace.

Mr. Wilson soon found that these games of cricket had great influence in softening down the hardships and dreariness of factory

Digitized by Google

factory life, especially as regards night labour, which begins at Belmont at six in the evening and ends at six in the morning:—

'The boys who are on night work do not go to bed directly their work is over, being generally unable to sleep if they do so. They used to dawdle about, or to take a walk, or in some other way get rid of the time till a little later in the day, when they went to bed just time enough to get as much sleep as they needed before getting up for work again. The same boys are not always at night-work, but there are two gangs which take it in turns. Now all last summer the night-gang of boys, on leaving work at six o'clock in the morning, went straight to the field, and there they thoroughly enjoyed themselves in gardening and cricket until about a quarter past eight; they then collected in a shed which we have on the ground to hear a verse or two of the New Testament read to them, and to say the Lord's Prayer together before going home to sleep; and the way in which they joined in this little religious service, coming as it did just as a part of their enjoyment, could make one hope for very happy effects from it. I think, had the factory and its profits belonged to me, and had the cricket and garden cost double what I have stated, I should have thought it but a sort of conscience-money, well spent in strengthening the physical and moral health of these boys, obliged by the necessity of the work to keep such unnatural hours. On four mornings a week they went out in this way; on the other two they attended school from six till eight, to prevent their falling behind through missing the evening school, which of course they must do when on night-work.'

Having adopted this system of recreation to sweeten toil, mixing with it other ingredients to make it promote yet higher purposes, Mr. Wilson's next movement was to have a 'day of it,' and to whirl his charge far from cauldrons, candles, smoke, and smut, from the close streets of a crowded neighbourhood, among the fine hills that overlook Guildford. Here they strolled about, played a cricket match—the apprentices against the rest of the people—and in the middle of the day, by way of rest and refreshment, all gathered together in a small church at the top of one of the hills, and, having obtained the willing services of the clergyman of the place, chanted their part of the service. It must have been a striking and touching scene—that first, we fancy, of the sort—the holiday workers of a London factory chanting the Psalms in the old Norman chapel, in that fresh region remote and clear from the din and dinginess of their accustomed atmosphere. Mr. Wilson had some doubt how far divine service would chime in with the other proceedings of the day; it answered perfectly. The country itself seems to have made its impression; 'it was,' as he says,

'so absolute a contrast in its quietness and extreme beauty to all the common

Digitized by Google

common life of these boys, that one felt what a world of new ideas and feelings they were being introduced to. From the way they looked at and spoke of the country to each other when they were there, and spoke of it after returning, I am sure many of them, if they live till ninety, will remember that one day, and with a feeling more beneficial to their minds than any which months of ordinary schooling would be likely to produce.'

The next year an equally successful expedition was made to Herne Bay. This last season they received an invitation to Farnham Castle from the Bishop of Winchester, in whose diocese the factories are placed, and who seems to have taken a more apostolic view of episcopal 'hospitality' than has been much in vogue of late. A wiser act could not have been done. The day was 'a day' indeed; all went off most admirably. The Bishop and his household threw themselves heart and soul into the work of entertaining their new guests—the guests, whose only notions of Bishops, probably, had been derived from the penny literature and caricatures of Lambeth Cut, were carried away into something like enthusiasm by the humane and Christian attention with which they were received; when they found the proud, purpled, spiritual Dives of their imaginations changed into a mild, affable, generous host, a rapid revolution of early ideas was effected on the spot. They were suffered to ramble at will over the stately old palace and its picturesque grounds; they were treated and trusted as friends, and they felt the treatment. No high-born company could have behaved more decorously than those five hundred artisans, young and old, thus let loose for a summer's day. Divine service, it may be supposed, was part of the refreshment thought of in such a place; and when, in a beautiful little church near the castle, the Psalms broke forth from the whole company of the mechanics with hearty harmony, the Bishop was visibly affected, and had need thank God for witnessing such a scene. A few such days would turn the tide of Radicalism and infidelity and the worse forms of dissent which leaven the lower districts of our large towns. Let the higher clergy mix with the poor, meet them, show personal interest in their welfare, treat them with personal kindness, instead of being only seen through carriage windows as they drive along the streets, or on Confirmation days as they cross the pavement amid a blaze of beadles, and the good they may effect is untold.

The cricket and the excursion, let us remember, were used as a sort of reward-tickets for those who had stuck well to the winter evening school, and the manager is quite ready to defend his use of such sugar-plums:—

'When it is considered how very much you are asking of a boy, in

Digitized by Google

is asking him, after working hard in the factory from six in the morning till half-past five or six in the evening, to come into it again at half-past six for schooling till eight, and this for three or four days a week, during eight months together—and that this is asked not only of the best boys, and those naturally eager for improvement, but of all the very mixed set which such a factory as ours necessarily contains—you will not be surprised that, while always holding out the improvement as the grand inducement to belong to the school, we are glad with the general run of them to avail ourselves of other inducements also. The matter might be settled very simply by authority:—but with boys beyond a certain age any such attendance as that would do them harm instead of good; while any attendance which is entirely the result of their own free will must do good—first, in the mere amount of useful knowledge gained, and secondly (but first in point of importance) in the effects of their being brought under the whole of our system; for once under that it is no matter of choice with them whether they are affected or not—they cannot avoid being so, whether they like it or not. Occasionally, in the beginning of the busy time in autumn, when we have had to take on a few elder lads, strangers, and they have been admitted at once to the school and cricket, it has been quite interesting to watch the rapid change, in external manners at least, produced in them, quite involuntarily on their part. The rough ones among them would, on the first evening of the cricket, be rude and selfish in their behaviour; and the first evening in the school they would take into their hands, with an air of mixed insolence and shame, the book for the hymn with which the school closes, and then kneel down for the prayer with the same manner—a look of "I won't refuse to do this, but I feel quite above it." But a very few evenings in the cricket and school bring them almost unconsciously to the same habit of civility and reverence as the rest; and we may hope that the change, external no doubt at first, must by degrees work inwards more or less.'

With a wise and kindly feeling for the health and physical refreshment of the fellow-creatures placed under his governance—itself a part of Christian feeling and Christian prudence, though often under-rated 'by the religious world'—the young manager, we must see, was watching for and catching at every opportunity to engraft Christian principles and habits. Having felt his way, and succeeded in getting among his men and boys—in breaking the ice between the employer and the employed, and in effecting a considerable moral change—he next proceeded to act more directly upon the religious character of the factory. We have been told, and we hope there is no indelicacy in repeating, that the impressions from which the whole of the Belmont movement in fact arose may be traced to his perusal, about the same time, of the Lives of Dr. Arnold and Mrs. Godolphin; but that after repeated perusals of the latter charming book, his reflections had rested especially on

Digitized by Google

on the importance of that daily attendance on divine service to which Evelyn's *saint* continually refers as the chief support and solace of her brief career. Himself more and more occupied with the commercial business of the growing concern, Mr. Wilson felt it essential to have one who could give up his whole time and care to what he regarded as a still higher department of duty—and accordingly he added to his staff a clergyman of the Church, who seems to have entered on the work with the same earnest spirit.

'I look upon this appointment,' says the thoughtful and modest Manager, 'as the means of binding together and securing all the efforts for good that are being made in the factory, for there are many of us anxious to help forward all that is good, but we are all busy, and it seems much better that the originating and superintending of the educational arrangements should not be with any of us, but with some person with nothing else to attend to, and that we in our several positions in the factory should only have to back him up and assist him.'

The Belmont chaplain has no sinecure. At a quarter to six every morning he gives a short service for the men who are inclined to attend it before commencing work, and are there joined by men who have been working all the night—a sort of family worship on a large scale. They sing a hymn, have some verses of Scripture read, and join together in a few prayers. This occupies about twenty minutes, and then another short service is commenced for the boys. When this is over the chaplain attends in the 'Night Light' School till breakfast-time four days in the week; and the other two mornings he spends a similar space in the Candle Factory Morning School—being there occupied with a class of the most forward boys whom he desires to train as monitors for the evening school. After breakfast the brother-managers, and their foremen, Mr. Cradock and Mr. Day, have a short service with the chaplain before the counting-house work commences. At five minutes to nine the day-school opens, and the chaplain visits and works in it. In the afternoon he visits the sick at their own houses, and thus becomes acquainted with the factory families. Mr. Wilson's notice of the opportunity embraced for instituting the early services is not to be omitted:—

'The six o'clock service for the men was begun on the occasion of a fine lad of nineteen, a general favourite with all who had worked with him, being drowned through the swamping of a boat, in which he and three more of our young men were rowing, with one of the boys to steer them. The others were nearly drowned also, and after this shock they wished for some help in religion between Sunday and Sunday, and this little service was begun for them while the factory was still in the state of excitement attending the search during many days for the body of the poor drowned boy. But an unexpected difficulty presented itself; the

Digitized by Google

the men of the factory were afraid of each other, not with reference to the being seen attending religion, but to the fear of being suspected of doing so in order to curry favour. This and other circumstances made the service have a most unpromising beginning—but after much perseverance the thing grew; at last the little room was very inconveniently crowded; the service was then removed to the school-room, and it is now, I trust, a permanent part of the factory arrangements. The other matter, having a mournful origin, is the counting-house service at half-past eight. It arose like the cricket, in the cholera. Seven of us had been in the habit of going to the early daily service at Lambeth church, but when the cholera became very bad, as the way to and from the church was through a low part of Lambeth, in which it most raged, and passed the two churchyards in which cholera burials were going on at the rate of from forty to fifty a day, we got frightened, being all of us more or less unwell. We then, with the assistance of one of the neighbouring clergy, began the school-room service, and have continued it since the cholera has passed away, because some are able to attend there whose duties will not allow them going outside the factory.'

The engagement of a Chaplain led naturally to the provision of a Chapel, with Sunday Services for the more especial use of the workpeople with their families. Mr. Wilson found that the majority of the boys and of the parents attended no place of worship whatever, dawdled about the streets, went up the river, had their games of 'rounders' in Battersea-fields, or listened to some infidel 'spouter' on Kennington Common. Week-days of toil were succeeded by Sabbaths of sloth or profligacy. The Factory Chapel arrested this tide of evil; and a congregation has been formed of the men, the boys, the girls, the wives and mothers of those connected with the works, who take their part in the service of the Church with a reverence that might put to the blush many lounging, listless congregations that have had Christian privileges all their lives.

And how—many will ask—how did all this sort of operation affect the shareholders of the Candle Company? We gather that to this question a very satisfactory answer may be given. The good name of the Factory made it an object in the neighbourhood to get employment within it, and hence the managers had a choice of the labour in the market; the very games added to the skill and manual dexterity of the people; cricket exercised its influence on candles; the good cricketers acquired a fineness of hand which gave them increased facility in their work. But, moreover, the sympathy and confidence bestowed upon them inspired many a heart with an interest in the Factory distinct from and above what mere wages can create; and, above all, by degrees the manager found himself in possession of a set of intelligent

Digitized by Google

intelligent assistants, older or younger, on whom he could depend for a zealous participation in his views and plans towards the general amelioration of thoughts, sentiments, and habits. We do not wish to speak of that work as perfected which Mr. Wilson himself never alludes to as more than fairly begun and of good promise; but his own guarded statement may well encourage hope as to his people, while it must confirm and deepen our respect for himself.

'One can only generally say that the whole spirit of a Factory such as I trust ours is now in the prospect of becoming, will be different from one in which the giving and taking of wages is the only connexion between the proprietors and their people. One feels intuitively the moment the idea of two such different factories is presented to one's mind that the difference does by the very laws of human nature and religion ensure to the one much greater prosperity than to the other, although it may be impossible to trace out the details of this, and say such a hundred pounds spent upon the boys at such a time has brought back two hundred pounds before such a date afterwards. If I were forced to come to some particular proved instances of benefit to the business, I should take first the one which you witnessed the other night in coming down from the schools to the factory—a number of boys working so steadily and well at what a few years ago we should not have thought of trusting to any but men, it being work requiring much greater care and attention than can be reckoned upon from ordinary untrained factory boys. Yet even here the exact pecuniary benefit cannot be stated, for the boys whom you saw at work are not substitutes for men, but for machinery. It is the fact of our having at command cheap boy-labour which we dare trust, that enables us to make now by hand the better sort of candles which we used to make, like the other sorts, in the machines, and which, on account of the hardness of the material, when so made were never free from imperfection. The benefit will come to us, not in saving of wages (for had the choice been only between the men's dear labour and the machines, we should have stuck to the machines), but in increased trade, through the imperfection of the candles alluded to being removed.'

It is of no slight importance to see, as in this instance, the profitableness of taking a high view of duty and of acting up to it. The outlay, indeed, involved in the scheme we have described, and which was incurred simply as a matter of duty without reference to any temporal return, was large. From the period when the half-dozen boys studied their spelling-books amid the candle-boxes to the full development of the system, with the boys' schools, the girls' schools, the cricket-ground, the excursions, the chaplain, the chapel and chapel services, no less a sum than 3289*l.* was spent. And this outlay, be it observed, came wholly from the pocket of the acting-manager, Mr. James Wilson, who had a salary

Digitized by Google

salary of 1000*l.* a year. The expense of his own experiment was wholly his own. The Company received their dividends, dispersed their candles, took in stock, did all the business of a thriving firm, but had no hand, until very recently, in the noble work set on foot within their walls.

When at length the extent, the influence, and the success of Mr. Wilson's schemes began to be known to the company, there was displayed a genuine appreciation of the conduct of the manager. Drawn together originally, of course, by the mere prospect of goodly returns for capital invested, they found cause to acknowledge that there were other things worthy of their care. The Directors began by nominating a Committee for full inquiry, and having received a Report warmly commending all that had been done, they called a meeting which opens out a new and noble scene in commercial life. The Directors now resolved with cordial unanimity to adopt the whole system introduced by Mr. Wilson, to reimburse him the money which he had laid out without any thought or idea of repayment, and to take upon themselves for the future the charge of the various schemes at the cost of some 1200*l.* a year. Let us hope that the spirit with which the resolutions were proposed may be caught by other companies, and that, without intending any facetious allusion to the article manufactured by the firm, it may light, in Latimer's words, such a fire in England as shall never be quenched. Mr. Conybeare (a member of the inquiring Committee), in proposing that 900*l.* a year should be expended on the schools, expressed himself as follows:—

'It seems to me as if by having done so I had already in some measure relieved myself of a burden which has long been weighing upon me. I will explain how this is. Some eighteen months since a gentleman who has given good evidence of his earnest wish to better and raise the working classes, was talking to me of the various schools existing in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall; after speaking of some others he mentioned those connected with our Factory as among the best-managed in the neighbourhood, and spoke in terms of the highest commendation of our Company for the great attention we paid to the education and moral welfare of our workpeople. He said our Company had achieved great success, but that we had deserved success, and any further success that might attend an undertaking so conducted. Of course, I immediately disclaimed, on behalf of the Company, all credit for what was no work of ours, and at the same time explained who it was that had organised and supported those schools. Need I tell you that it pained me to make such an explanation, and that it was with feelings of shame that I admitted that as a Company we did not as yet morally merit the success we had attained?

'Speaking as a Director, I would impress upon you my own firm conviction

Digitized by Google

conviction that the school system which we, as Directors, recommend is highly conducive to the pecuniary success of our business. The good effects of that system permeate and pervade the entire working of the factories. Not long since I took a friend, himself a manufacturer on the largest scale, over our factories. The candle-making machinery, ingenious as it is, did not so much elicit his admiration. But I shall not soon forget his words and looks on entering our Night-light factory, where the large proportion of our child-labour is employed: as he looked on the healthy and happy faces and clean and tidy dress of our girls, and watched their intelligent and smiling faces as (evidently amused at our inspection of their work) they looked up from the tasks which busied their rapid-glancing fingers, he exclaimed, "I never even imagined that factory labour could present a scene so cheerful and so pleasing." . . . . But suppose that the pecuniary advantage to which I have alluded as attending our moral training is purely visionary, and that the measures I recommend involve a sheer outlay, an actual deduction of your annual gains. What then? Shall it be told in this Christian land, at a time too when social questions, and particularly the relation of capital and labour, are attracting among all nations an attention hitherto unprecedented—shall it, I ask, be told at such a time of the shareholders of a great and successful English Company, that they grudged to spare a few drops from their brimming chalice for the maintenance of a system such as your Managing Director has energetically carried out ready to your hand? . . . Which of us does not know too well the great evil and intense temptations to which the uncared-for children of our English factories are necessarily exposed when herded together in hot contaminating crowds? Shall we not in our factories obviate this evil by increasing, so far as we may by education, the average moral strength of those by whose toils we profit? Shall we not strive earnestly to purify the atmosphere in which they work by shutting out, or at least mitigating, the temptations and occasions of evil which the average moral strength of factory children is found incapable of resisting? It is said—you must have frequently heard it—that Joint Stock Companies have no conscience. Let this Company prove itself an exception to any such rule, by acting towards its factory "hands," as not forgetting that those "hands" have human hearts and immortal souls.'

In a similar strain Mr. Blackmore, in proposing that all the previous expenses incurred in providing the schools and religious advantages for the workpeople should be repaid, declared that the dividends which flowed into their pockets depended on their having a well-cared-for set of operatives.

'But,' he added, 'we have also a far higher motive than this held out to us. We have the prospect of really carrying out in practice what is so much spoken of in theory,—the raising of the social condition of the working classes, and the effecting of a happy union between the employer and the employed. With such motives before us, let us not

Digitized by Google

not dole out our money in a grudging or niggardly manner. Let us give the whole amount, and along with it our hearty thanks and the expression of our deep obligation.'

In such a spirit did the Company propose to act. It only remains for us to say that Mr. Wilson, though prepared to let future expenses be undertaken by the Company, at once declined receiving back into his own pocket one farthing that he had laid out; and when the money was pressed upon him anew by an unanimous meeting of the Proprietary, he only received it on the distinct condition that the whole sum should be expended on the erection of a suitable chapel within the walls of the factory, in lieu of that which he had rented hitherto without.

We shall be borne out in saying that such scenes as these ennoble trade. They make our merchants 'princes' in a double sense; nor can we quit them without adding one more quotation from Mr. Wilson's letter.

'In nine cases out of ten,' he says, 'a manufacturer attending to other things instead of his factory, seems to be giving up a very high position, for in reality a less high, though it may be a more showy one. The best that a clever and energetic man can expect from going into "society," or from getting into Parliament, is a certain amount of usefulness and happiness; but he has already under his feet, in his factory, a mine of untold usefulness and happiness to others and to himself —difficult enough to open, no doubt, and requiring perhaps a good deal of apparently profitless digging at first, but containing veins of such richness as, when once struck, to repay ten times over any exertions it may cost to reach them. In "society" and in Parliament a man has to deal with minds as much formed, as little pliable as his own; so that, without extraordinary power, it is not much that he can hope to do in the way of influencing them. But in the factory he needs no such powers. His mere position disposes every mind in it to form itself upon his, and the extent of his influence is bounded only by the limit he may himself choose to put to the trouble he will take to acquire it. I think manufacturers getting into Parliament, and then asking for education bills, are acting as if fathers of families were to devote themselves to parish business, and use the power thus acquired to procure the creation of a lot of additional beadles to go and manage their families for them in their absence.'

We need not, we believe, inform any person interested in the progress of Practical Chemistry that sundry great recent improvements in the *Stereac Candle*, as it is called, are due to the diligent labours of the Belmont co-managers in the Laboratory attached to that establishment. True is the saying, that they who have most work find most time at their command. There can be little doubt that these young managers' success in

Digitized by Google

the attempt to elevate and purify the moral habits of their artisans will lead to similar efforts elsewhere, and how reasonable will be the joy and gratitude of the Nation should such examples indeed spread largely—but especially if they could be followed out amidst the great provincial conglomerations of factory labour—in such Babylons of glass and gas as Manchester, Glasgow, and Leeds!* It is, we must repeat, certain that many master-manufacturers, however wisely and benevolently disposed, could not in their own persons do for their people what the Messrs. Wilson have undertaken at Belmont—but one thing they can do—and that no trifle. In the cost of any great establishment of this class, the addition of a chaplain can be no serious item: and indeed we are quite satisfied that the services of such a functionary would always be, as at Belmont, speedily and abundantly overpaid in the increased order, decorum, and honest diligence of the workers.

ART. II.—*Life and Letters of Joseph Story, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Dane Professor of Law at Harvard University.* Edited by his Son, W. W. Story. 8vo., 2 vols. Boston, 1852.

TWO thick and tall closely printed volumes are somewhat too much for the Life and Letters of Mr. Justice Story. He was not a good letter-writer:—indeed it seems strange that a man so light of heart and so fluent in speech, of feelings so warm and yet so gentle—with so much learning, and seeing so many men and things within his own, perhaps not very extensive, circle—should have produced letters so little interesting in matter or manner. He had no romance in his character, and no adventure in his life—happily, no doubt, for himself. From school to college—from college to a lawyer's office—from the office to the Bar—and thence in succession to the State-Legislature, to Congress, to the Bench, and last, not least, to the Lecture-room—he passed without break, check, or reverse—beloved, admired, latterly venerated—to a peaceful end. One tour to the Falls is recorded—one voyage to England contemplated, sighed for, and aban-

* It is understood that Price's Candle Company themselves are about to form in Lancashire a new establishment still more extensive than that at Vauxhall. Whether one of the Wilson family is to be at the head of it we have not heard—but if that should be the case, we are pretty sure the 'experiment' will be tried over again, in spite of many difficulties unknown to Belmont. We shall wait the result with anxiety—not without hope.

doned:

Digitized by Google

doned: a less locomotive man in such a station has hardly ever come under our notice. Such a life leaves little for narrative; but we have no doubt the story might have contained more details of real interest, if the author had ventured on more inward and personal topics, and the book certainly might have been improved by vigorous excision. More than half the letters—those merely of compliment or on formal occasions; all the dedicatory addresses of his numerous works, to be found of course in them; long extracts from addresses and reports which are printed in his Miscellaneous Writings, and nearly all his poetry should have been omitted; and we might well have been spared the perpetually recurring accounts of what were the most important cases argued before him in Court in this or that Term; to lawyers these afford but insufficient information, and to the general reader they are absolutely useless.

But we must not be misunderstood. We do not impute to the author mere clumsy book-making—he has been misled by filial affection—by professional and patriotic feelings; but in all three respects he had indeed much to be proud of. His father was an honest and a most amiable man, a very accomplished lawyer, an excellent judge, a remarkably successful teacher of the law, and he ranks very high amongst the jurists of this, perhaps we may say, of any age.

Our readers will not be surprised at our allotting some pages to one whom we thus characterise, and a sketch of the distinguished American's career will give us an opportunity of saying a few words on some questions of present interest to ourselves.

Joseph Story was born in 1779 at Marblehead, in the county of Essex, Massachusetts, a lonely and rather dismal fishing village breasting the Atlantic. He was one of a numerous family, the children of a physician—one who had figured as an Indian in the noted tea-raid at Boston, who served under Washington as an army surgeon, a very decided republican in politics, and who, in the party divisions which succeeded Washington's administration, sided with Jefferson against John Adams. His will contains a clause, which dying, as he did, in somewhat narrow circumstances, his grandson cites with becoming pride:—

'I request my executrix (his wife) not to distress the poor, who may owe me at my decease—but to receive their debts as they may be able to pay, in ever so small a sum.'

At an early age Joseph was sent to the Marblehead Academy—which had, we presume, nearly a monopoly of the education of the future hopes of this retired hamlet, for girls and boys were educated there together—and remaining there till he was fifteen,

Digitized by Google

when his powers of observation were of course opening—he noticed that the girls kept even pace with the boys in their common studies, and went beyond them in quickness of perception and delicacy of feeling. If the sexes become unequal intellectually in after life—which we will not assume, as he does somewhat unceremoniously—he attributes it only to this—that the education of females generally ends where with the men it may be said effectively to begin.

Story's studies here, however, closed abruptly; his master, a harsh and passionate man, punished him on one occasion with injustice and with excessive severity. He quitted the Academy at once, and at a moment when he was preparing to fit himself for Harvard in the following year—'having mastered the usual preparatory studies in Latin, and that most discouraging book, the Westminster Greek Grammar'—and when he was beginning to study the Gospel of St. John, 'with a view to make an easy transition into Greek.' As Story was a clever and industrious lad, he was probably in the first rank among the young academicians of Marblehead—and certainly this proficiency at fifteen does not tell much for the labours of their Orbilius:—we are not surprised that the daughters of the place were able to keep up with the sons.

But two months remained before it was requisite for him to pass his preliminary examination, with a view to commencing residence in the ensuing term at Harvard. By great labour and such assistance as the common town schoolmaster could afford him, he believed he had prepared himself, and was taken by his uncle to Cambridge accordingly. Here, however, to his great disappointment he was informed by the President that in addition to what he had prepared he must be examined 'in all the studies which the freshmen class had been pursuing during the last six months.' Considering his slender stock of knowledge at this time, it certainly argues not only great ability, but even more of that undaunted resolution and industry with that just self-confidence, which are essential to success in the Law, to attempt and accomplish in six weeks what he reports of himself in the following passage:—

'My task was now before me. I have a distinct recollection of the main parts. Sallust was to be read through; the Odes of Horace; two books of Livy; three books, I think, of Xenophon's Anabasis—and two books of Homer's Iliad; besides English grammar and rhetoric, *and, I think, logic and some other studies.* I sat down boldly to the task, *reciting* every morning five lessons which I mastered during the preceding evening, and five or six more in the course of the day. It was intense labour; but I found no great difficulty, except in Homer. The

Digitized by Google

The dialects puzzled me exceedingly, and my treacherous memory failed in preserving them accurately, so that I was often obliged to go over the same ground. For my first lesson in Homer I got five lines well; for my second, ten; for my third, fifteen; and then the mystery dissolved apace. In the course of the first three weeks I had gone through all the requisite studies. I could look back on my past labours with the silent consciousness of victory. There is nothing to a young mind unaccustomed to the exercise of its powers so gratifying as this. . . . . At the end of the vacation I was again offered for examination, and without difficulty obtained my matriculation.'—vol. i. p. 41.

There is a little vagueness in this statement of what was to be done; and the examination at the close was probably not very severe. Some allowance, too, may not uncharitably be made for the medium through which the successful lawyer in after life would look back on this earliest triumph of the powers to which he had afterwards owed so much. Yet, with every allowance made, this was just such an effort in youth as would warrant bright anticipations of his manhood. In passing, we may remark that our preparatory teachers would do well to imitate Story's example as to Homer in every transition with their pupils to a new book. We remember well in our own case precisely the same rule was adopted, and in regard to the same book. The lesson was extremely short, but for the first 200 or 300 lines every word, literally and without exception, was parsed, and the mystery *did* dissolve apace.

He joined his class in January, 1795. An English youth from a public school starting in the far more brilliant and large worlds of Oxford or Cambridge could scarcely be so excited as Story, coming from his secluded fishing village and its academy, was upon being launched at Harvard. The impressions of Marblehead, scenery as well as society, were severe and sombre; and they had nourished, in a somewhat sentimental nature, gloom and retiredness. The tone of his religious education concurred to produce this effect. His uncle was a rigid Calvinist, and imported his theology into his ordinary talk and feelings. The new world in which the nephew now moved was surrounded by a lighter and a more genial atmosphere. His nature put forth its inborn buoyancy and elasticity; he delighted in the studies of the place—in the competition with his class-fellows—in the intimacy of a few friends, among whom was one of European fame in the sequel, Channing; and in the shaking of his mind his religious opinions underwent a change—he renounced Calvinism, and embraced unhappily the creed, if so it may be called, of the Unitarians, to which through all his life he adhered.

At

Digitized by Google

At nineteen he quitted college and, returning to Marblehead, entered 'the office' of Mr. Samuel Sewell, then a distinguished practitioner of the Essex bar, and a member of Congress. It is called an office, for the barristers of the United States, except in the Supreme Court at Washington, may be, and commonly are, admitted and act as attorneys also—a union of characters happily, as we think, unknown as yet in England, which, though it may frequently give to the barrister a more practical and intimate knowledge of the details of procedure, tends to lower the tone, and with conscientious minds even to fetter the freedom in the discharge of their duties. It is not good for the advocate to be immediately in contact with the hopes and fears, the strong unreasonable likings and hates of his clients—to be admitted to all their secrets; still less to have to search for witnesses, to humour their waywardness, to guard them against tampering; and to go through all that preliminary contention in a cause, which must bring the mind heated and embittered to what ought to be the open, measured, free, and yet courteous contention of the trial.

The course for a legal student was then very disheartening, very difficult, good only for the youth who to more than common ability united strength of body, ardent hope, undaunted courage and perseverance. Nearly half the year Mr. Sewell was absent in Congress—he was on his circuit during another portion; he had no clerk, or elder pupil, to assist the new comer, and Story was left alone to work his own way as best he might. These were common difficulties, and no doubt many a youth sank under them—either gave up the pursuit in despair, or contented himself with a superficial knowledge. To the few, however, this rough mode has its advantages—what we acquire for ourselves, through many struggles, we make our own completely; by the strenuous effort and deliberate labour we gain power, our muscles are developed; we can, when we please, at any time make a great exertion, and we acquire a well-grounded self-possession.

So it was with Story, yet the trial was hard:—

'I shall never forget the time,' he says, 'when having read through Blackstone's Commentaries, Mr. Sewell, on his departure for Washington, directed me next to read Coke on Littleton. It was a very large folio, with Hargrave's and Butler's notes, which I was required to read also. Soon after his departure I took it up, and after trying it day after day with very little success, I sat myself down and wept bitterly. My tears dropped on the book and stained its pages. It was but a momentary irresolution—I went on and on—and began at last to see daylight, aye, and to feel that I could comprehend and reason upon the text and the comments. When I had completed the reading of this most formidable work, I felt *that I breathed a purer air*, and that I had acquired a new power. The critical period was passed—I no longer

Digitized by Google

longer hesitated—I pressed on to the severe study of special pleading, and by repeated perusals of Saunders's Reports, acquired such a decided relish for this branch of my profession, that it became for several years afterwards my favourite pursuit. Even at *this day I look back upon it with a lingering fondness.*'—i. 74.

Et nos in Arcadiâ. We cannot indeed quite sympathise with the learned judge in his fond and faithful doating on the ill-savoured pleader, of whom Roger North gives so racy an account, and whom Hale chides for being so naughty in his pleading—a circumstance which the naughty Brother evidently chuckles over in recounting; nor do we recollect that the Temple atmosphere seemed to clear up and our respiration to be freer when we had completed Coke on Littleton; but long ago, alas! as it is, we have a lively recollection of the difficulty of the work; often we had need to be consoled with the great commentator's own kind assurance—

'albeit the reader shall not at any one day (do what he can) reach to the meaning of our author, or of our commentaries, yet let him no way discourage himself, but proceed; for on some other day, in some other place, that doubt will be cleared.'

Students of the last generation, yet taking a lively interest in those of the present, we are sorry to hear that the study of this book is not so much a matter of course in the Temple as it used to be; undoubtedly it lies open to the charge of being undigested, unscientific, often redundant, sometimes even foolish; and utilitarians may urge that much of it has no direct application to the law in its altered state; but after all, the best authorities will agree that a thorough mastering of it will tend more than any other to give the practising lawyer that depth of legal principle and familiarity with legal analogies without which he cannot be accomplished in his art.

Upon the death of Washington in 1800, Congress and the General Court of Massachusetts having recommended that eulogies should be delivered in all the towns, young Story was nominated for that purpose at Marblehead. This occasion was a worthy one; but we have been struck with the passion for eulogies, addresses, and public speeches of every sort, which seems to pervade the Union; for a calculating, busy, go-ahead race, it is quite wonderful to what a childish extent the Americans (will they forgive us?) indulge in the fondness for these displays. Story, we conclude, was a successful performer, for throughout life he was very frequently called on for orations of this kind; he often spoke feelingly and forcibly—he appears to have sympathised with the national predilection.

After little more than a year of such teaching as Mr. Sewell had

Digitized by Google

had been able to give him, that gentleman was made a judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Story therefore migrated to Salem, and entered the office of Mr. Putnam, who also occupied afterwards a seat on the same bench. He had in this short space fitted himself to be a useful pupil; one or more of such may usually be found in the chambers of our special pleaders and conveyancers, young men who can really do work for their professed teacher—whose drafts and opinions on cases require little correction—who can usefully talk with his clients and discuss matters suggestively with himself.

'Although he read much, yet we talked more,' says Mr. Putnam, 'and I believe in my heart, that he even then did the greater part of my business. I had a pretty full practice, and his regular course of reading was frequently interrupted by the examination of the books touching the cases which were offered for my consideration, and I have no doubt that my clients were greatly benefited by his labours in my service.'—vol. i. p. 84.

We believe the late Mr. Justice Littledale could have said as much for the late (we grieve to say) Mr. Justice Patteson.

Salem was an enlarged sphere when compared to Marblehead—there was much more society; Mr. Story entered into it with zest, and was received with favour. Small clubs or associations existed among the young people, rejoicing in such names as the Moscheto Fleet, the Antediluvians, the Sans Souci, the Social Group; of these he was a member, and a spirited defender when they were slandered as immodest and immoral meetings. Yet he must have been somewhat stern and out spoken. It is a lady, ingenuous at least, one of the belles of those societies, who tells the following anecdote of him and herself:—

'One evening while we were playing whist at a small party, *I took up a card to which I had no right.* He saw it, and said, L——, that card does not belong to you; you must lay it down, or I leave the table. On our return home I said to him, Why were you so particular that I should lay down that card? Because, he answered, you had no right to it, and I will never countenance injustice or unfairness in the smallest matter. I shall never see you do anything in the least improper, without expressing my disapprobation.'—i. 88.

In July, 1801, at the age of twenty-two, Story was called to the Essex Bar, and 'opened his office' at Salem; he had nothing but his merits to depend on; he was without legal connexion, and his political and his religious views, at a time when party heats ran very high, were much against him; he was known to have dropped the Calvinism of his fathers, but to be steady in their democratic opinions; he found the Judges and the Bar strong Federalists, and he was looked on with coldness. Ere long, nevertheless, business flowed in upon him, and when at the end

Digitized by Google

end of ten years he was raised to the Bench, he says 'his practice was probably as extensive and lucrative as that of any gentleman *in the county*' (i. 97). His occupation, however, was not so absorbing but that he found time for a good deal of love and verse making; after many transient attachments, if they amounted to so much, he settled his affections on Mary Lynde Oliver, whom he married in December, 1804, and buried in June, 1805. She is described as 'a refined and accomplished woman, of a romantic and gifted intellect;' but she married in delicate health, the seeds of disease very speedily developed themselves, and the six months of his married life had throughout been darkened by anxieties and forebodings. Her death left him in the deepest distress; business and society were for a time equally distasteful, but he was a man of strong mind and purpose, and we do not mean to disparage the tenderness of his feelings, when we say that a love for his profession, a deep resolve to be a great lawyer, ambition to shine as a jurist and judge, were predominant over all other impressions. He returned to his work at first from a sense of duty, and his work soon recompensed him for his sacrifice; he became insensibly as much interested in it as ever, and in society regained, to all appearance at least, his usual spirits.

We spoke of his verse making—we had written the word poetry, but altered the phrase. He says something on one occasion of Blackstone's Farewell to his Muse. He never bid a farewell to his own; but in his lifelong intercourse with her, he never approached the ease and elegance of those well-known stanzas—to which, therefore, his allusion was an unlucky one. On the other hand, we wish he had handed down, or that his son could have collected, some more details of his life at the Bar; the particulars, we suppose, would have been common enough on the other side of the Atlantic, but here the humours of a Yankee Court might have presented much that was new and racy; nor needed Mr. Story to fear the smile of lawyers in England—the American Bar has so much real talent and learning to rest on, that it can afford a good-tempered laugh from across the water at any of its past or continued peculiarities. We think their Circuits must be very original; even in the Supreme Court at Washington, Story thus describes Mr. Pinkney's entry after his return from a mission to England, when ladies and gentlemen crowded the hall to hear him:—

'His personal appearance was as polished *as if he had been taken right from the drawer*: his coat of the finest blue was nicely brushed, his boots shone with the highest polish, his waistcoat of perfect whiteness glittered with gold buttons, he played in his hand with a light cane;

Digitized by Google

cane; in short he seemed perfectly satisfied with himself, and walked through the Court-house with an air of ease and *abandon* arising from perfect self-confidence.'—ii. 491.

This little specimen suggests the good sense of a professional costume; it would be difficult, if we had now to frame one, to say a word in favour of the wig; it is at all times a dirty article of dress, and in summer very oppressive—yet even with this unlucky addition the gown and band are full of convenience; it is not so much that they adorn or dignify the few on whom Nature has conferred her own unmatchable grace or dignity—though scarcely any thing more tasteful for the orator can well be conceived than the lawyer's silk gown—as that they raise the low and mean, separate all from the crowd around, attract respect from the multitude, and impose a wholesome restraint on him who wears them. Mr. Pinkney's weakness could not have exhibited itself so absurdly in Westminster Hall; he might perhaps have displayed his bands of more exact proportion, his gown more ample or better fitting than his neighbour's—but all must in spite of himself have been within the limits of sense and propriety.

It was while Story was rising at the Bar in 1805, in his twenty-sixth year, that he became the representative of Salem in the legislature of Massachusetts. Here again we could have wished that our author had borne in mind that he was writing for England as well as for America, and, in place of a good deal which can interest no one, had given us a succinct account of the members and ordinary composition and importance of the Assembly. We collect enough, however, to see how efficient the State Legislative Assemblies must be in the training of debaters for the National Congress; we read of divisions in the Massachusetts House of 219 to 198 and 272 to 158, showing numbers large enough to excite all the powers of an orator; and as by the Constitution many of the rights of independent Governments are retained by each Member of the Union, and the tendency of a very strong if not the dominant party throughout it is for the extension of those rights to the narrowing of the national Sovereignty, it may well be believed that the subjects of debate must often be of very grave moment. It is true these numerous local parliaments must help to nourish the spirit of local party and prejudice, which too often hampers the progress and distorts the course of the National councils—and so far they tend to contract the views of statesmen in Congress; still it must remain a great advantage to the debater there to have become familiar in his youth with all the forms and accidents of debate, by his training in the local legislature.

Digitized by Google

Story

Story entered the House, as we see, very young; but the condition of the Democratic party to which he belonged, and his gift in ready speaking, joined to his good sense and industry, forced him at once into the position of a leader. His course appears to have been both honourable and successful; he was on most of the important committees, and often the chairman to frame the report. One very serious question occurred, in which he took a leading and very useful part against his own friends. It is not creditable to the Democracy of the United States that wherever it most prevails will be found the greatest jealousy of the judicial power; evidenced not merely by a desire to lower the remuneration of judges, but to keep them dependent, both even as to the permanence of their salary and the tenure of their office, on the popular will. By the Constitution of the Union the Judges both of the Supreme and Inferior Courts 'hold their offices during good behaviour, and receive at stated times for their services a compensation *which cannot be diminished during their continuance in office.*' This is as it should be; and in Massachusetts the original Constitution had provided that '*permanent* and honourable salaries' should be established by law for the Judges. Chancellor Kent (*Commentaries*, i. 295) gives a melancholy account of the downward progress of several of the States in this matter. In Tenessee the Judges of the Supreme Courts hold for twelve, of the Inferior for eight years; in New Jersey for seven years; in Ohio and Indiana they have been reduced from seven years *to one;* in Alabama the Constitution of 1819 established the tenure to be during good behaviour, but that has been altered to six years; in Mississippi, under the Constitution of 1807, the Judges held during good behaviour or until sixty-five years of age, and were appointed by the joint-vote of the two Houses of Legislature, given *vivâ voce* and recorded; but by the Constitution reordained in 1833, every officer—legislative, executive, and judicial—is elected by universal suffrage:—that is, by every *free white* male of twenty-one, who has resided within the State for one year preceding, and for the last four months within the county, city, or town for which he offers to vote. In this way the Judges of the Supreme Court and the Chancellor are elected for six years; the Judges of Inferior Courts for a shorter term. In many States the salaries are fixed and cannot be diminished during the tenure of office:—in some both the amount and its duration rest entirely on the discretion of legislative assemblies themselves, eternally fluctuating in their composition, and often, of course, in their style of thought and feeling.

The 'permanent and honourable' salary of the Chief Justice of Massachusetts was 1200 dollars per annum, and, clearly in violation

Digitized by Google

violation of the Constitution, an addition of 500 or 600 dollars was usually made by an annual vote. A vacancy occurred, and the person admitted to be the most fit for the office, Mr. Parsons, whose professional income amounted to 10,000 dollars, was ready to accept the office, but only if the whole salary were made permanent as the Constitution required. Story on this broke from his party, moved for a committee, and was appointed chairman; he drew up a very able and judicious report, and finally succeeded in securing a permanent salary of 2500 dollars for the Chief Justice and 2400 for the Assistant Judges. Three years afterwards Parsons found the salary even thus raised so inadequate for his support that he sent for Story, and told him he should resign and return to the bar unless it was raised. Again Story undertook the cause in the House; he was not chairman of the committee, but he drew the Bill, and succeeded in carrying a salary for the Chief Justice of 3500 dollars, and for the Assistants of 3000. The report we mentioned speaks of the great and increasing labours of the Judges:—

'For six months every year they are travelling the circuits of the Commonwealth, and their expenses on this account are great. The other six months are absorbed in pursuits not less fatiguing to themselves nor less important to the people. In the vacations they are necessarily engaged in forming and digesting opinions (judgments) on special verdicts, or reserved cases, cases on demurrer, and other questions of law referred solely to the Court for decision, which are too intricate for judgment on the circuits, and require deep and minute investigation in the closet. Their whole time, therefore, both for their own reputation and for the despatch of justice, must be devoted to the public.' —i. 134.

The cause was an unpopular one. Story incurred much odium for the honest part he took in its support, and was denounced in the republican newspapers. Miserable as this salary would seem to be, we find that the Assistant Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States received but 3500 dollars during nearly all the long period for which Story held the office. Not the least evil resulting is this—that the position of the man on the bench is so very much below that of the man at the bar in point of income, as to interfere with their relative positions in society. The labours of the one imply a great demand for the services of the other; and although the popular mind is blindly niggard in its remuneration of the Judge, the selfishness of individual litigants will be profuse in securing, each for himself, the services of the Advocate. Thus the most distinguished lawyers are frequently induced—one might almost say compelled—to decline the bench, and the ablest who have accepted

Digitized by Google

accepted that elevation lie under a constant temptation to relinquish it and return to the bar. Story records of himself that when he had been a few years on the bench, Mr. Pinkney was about to go to Russia, as Minister for the States, and proposed to him to resign, and commence the practice of an advocate at Baltimore:—

'He promises to give me the whole of his business, and to *introduce and support me* exclusively among his friends. He states that his profits are now 21,000 dollars per annum, and that I may safely calculate on 10,000. He is the retained counsel of all the Insurance Companies at Baltimore, and will immediately place me in his situation with regard to them.'—i. 278.

This whole anecdote is very illustrative, and nothing will strike an English lawyer as more extraordinary than that a counsel should offer to transfer his business, and that a Judge should see nothing in it to disapprove of. It does not appear that Pinkney was doing anything which an American lawyer would have thought unfitting for the most scrupulous man to do: he meant to honour and benefit a Judge whom he highly esteemed. Story thought himself honoured: with his moderate means and increasing family the offer was a great temptation, and he declined it only because he was sincerely ambitious of the reputation of a great Judge and distinguished jurist. Such an arrangement as this could never have been contemplated by honourable members of any branch of the legal profession here. With us attorneys and clients are far too independent of their counsel to allow themselves to be thus transferred; a retiring barrister has no 'good-will' in his connexion, and there is—at least in our days there was—nothing which the bar, as a body, would more unanimously resent, or high-minded members more shrink from in practice, than any attempt to influence the course of general business by recommendation or favouritism. It would much afflict us to hear it said that feelings of this sort are chimerical, and should be allowed to pass as out of date; we should lament deeply to be told that the barrister does but trade with a venal tongue and intellect, and that his trade must be driven as other trades are. It cannot be denied that the spirit of the age, the course of legislation, and the great increase of the members of the bar all tend this way; but we appeal to common observation whether the character of the bar or its estimation with the public has been raised thereby. We fear that it is matter of mournful certainty for barristers that, as a class, they are neither so popular nor so respected and treated as they were only half a century since—and we think this is matter of just regret to more than lawyers;—*interest reipublicæ*—for we venture to predict that,

Digitized by Google

that, if the practices and opinions to which we allude should become influential, it will be in vain to expect from the ranks of the bar that ready supply, on which we formerly counted, of gentlemen, scholars, jurists, and orators—apt materials for statesmen—unflinching defenders of the prerogative when unjustly assailed—more ardent and no less bold, enduring, and independent champions of the constitution or the liberty of the subject when endangered.

In the spring of 1808 Story married a second time, and in the autumn, after three years' service in the provincial Legislature, he was elected a Member of Congress. He took an active part in some of the important debates of the Session of 1809, and at the close of it declined to be re-elected. His course was an independent one, and he gave offence on one or two occasions to the President Jefferson, to whose party he was originally supposed to belong. He opposed the establishment of the Embargo as a permanent system of policy, and he favoured the extension of the American Navy. It is fortunate for his lasting fame that he quitted Congress so early, for he was evidently acquiring a considerable position there, and politics must soon have absorbed him. Jefferson, writing in 1810, says bitterly:—

'The Federalists, during their short-lived ascendancy, have nevertheless, by forcing from us the Embargo, inflicted a wound on our interests which can never be cured, and on our affections which it will require time to cicatrize. *I ascribe all this to one pseudo-Republican, Story.* He stayed only a few days: long enough, however, to get complete hold of Bacon, who communicated his panic to his colleagues, and they to a majority of the sound members of Congress.'—i. 186.

Returning to Massachusetts, Story was re-elected to the House of Representatives, and resumed his influential position there; in January 1811 he was chosen Speaker, but in November of the same year he necessarily quitted the House on accepting (from President Madison) the appointment of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Though he had filled the chair for so short a time, he is described by a member 'as a most efficient and business-despatching presiding officer.' A sentence or two from his addresses to the House may be interesting on this side of the Atlantic. In the first of them he says:—

'The discretion confided to your Speaker is necessarily extensive, and may sometimes in its exercise be a source of jealousy or misapprehension. It is therefore always desirable, where it is practicable, to limit it by settled principles. With this view I shall with your good pleasure, in all cases where your rules are silent, govern myself invariably by those *Parliamentary* usages which, on account of their wisdom and propriety, have received the sanction of ages. Thus, gentlemen, you will have in your hands a text by which to correct my errors,

Digitized by Google

errors, and test those decisions the principles of which may not immediately suggest themselves to the candid mind.'—i. 199.

In his parting address, he says : —

'Cheered by your kindness, I have been able, in controversies marked with peculiar political zeal, to appreciate the excellence of those established rules which invite liberal discussion, but define the boundary of right and check the intemperance of debate. I have learned that the rigid enforcement of these rules, while it enables the majority to mature their measures with wisdom and dignity, is the only barrier of the rights of the minority against the encroachments of power and ambition. If any thing can restrain the impetuosity of triumph or the vehemence of opposition—if anything can awaken the glow of oratory and the spirit of virtue—if anything can preserve the courtesy of generous minds amidst the rivalries and jealousies of contending parties—it will be found in the protection with which these rules encircle and shield every member of the Legislative body. Permit me therefore, with the sincerity of a parting friend, earnestly to recommend to your attention a steady adherence to these venerable usages.'—i. 202.

Story was elevated to the bench at thirty-two, and took his seat as Assistant to Chief Justice Marshall: his son delights to compare the two to Buller and Lord Mansfield—the former appointed at the same early age; and considered as Judges and Jurists, our trans-Atlantic brethren may perhaps make the comparison without presumption. If Marshall wants the genius, the grace, and literature of Mansfield, Story had more varied learning, a greater range and more vigorous grasp of intellect than Buller, with his perspicuous and neat and well-ordered but somewhat contracted acquirements and faculties. Story was earning at the time of his appointment between five and six thousand dollars per annum —his income had been steadily increasing, and he could not but feel confident in his own powers that it must increase; he was beginning to be called to argue great cases at Washington—his reputation was spreading widely and rapidly; but he felt his vocation was judicial, and he wisely accepted an opportunity of following it in the most dignified and important sphere which his country opened to him, although—reducing his present income by nearly one-half—it involved a sacrifice of his certain prospects of future *wealth*.

The Supreme Court then held one term in every year, commencing early in January, and lasting about three months; but independently of this, the whole territory with some few exceptions being divided into circuits, one is allotted to each Judge, who holds for the most part two terms annually in each State comprised within it, with the district Judge respectively of each district. Of these the first circuit was allotted

Digitized by Google

allotted to Story, including the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, and extending along a very large portion of the sea-board of New England. Even an uninitiated reader will form some conception of what a judge of the Supreme Court, with his circuit duties, undertakes, when we state that his jurisdiction embraces not only what we commonly understand by Common law, Criminal and Civil, but also the administration of Equity and the trial of all Admiralty and Prize questions. But even this will give but an imperfect notion of the extremely important and delicate jurisdiction with which the Supreme Court is intrusted by the Constitution. That Constitution being a written compact between a number of States which, in forming it, consented only to a qualified amalgamation into one Sovereign State—and the Senate and Congress with the President being the exponents only of the will of that limited sovereignty—it was necessary that there should be some power to determine whether in any particular case the sovereign power had transgressed its constitutional limits—in other words whether an act of the Congress, Senate, and President was a constitutional law to be obeyed, or merely an unconstitutional resolution to be disregarded. This might arise between the Nation and any one or more of the States, or even between the nation and an individual: and, on the other hand, a question might sometimes arise, whether any State by its act had encroached on the limited sovereignty conceded to the united nation, or the reserved independent sovereignty of another State of the Union. The power of decision in all such cases is lodged in the Supreme Court: it may say that the Act of Congress transcends its powers; that the law which it has passed does not bind; it may decide individually between conflicting members of the Union; it may uphold the subject against the judicial determination or even the legislative power of any State.

It is obvious how vast a power this is to be lodged in any Court of Law, and how wisely and tenderly it requires to be handled, in order to survive the shock of parties, and resist the encroachments of a dominant executive. It is obvious too that in dealing with questions between State and State, or the subject of one State and the subject of another, or with that State itself, a conflict of laws and the nicest questions of international jurisprudence may frequently arise. But even these do not exhaust the subject: there is behind a question of very delicate consideration — What, namely, was the character of the several members of the Union before the compact made which united them—were they each and all, and in what sense, independent Sovereign States—and what is the aggregate body which they now

Digitized by Google

now form;—what attributes of a Nation has it—what attributes has it consented to forego? These latter questions, which go to the root of the American Constitution, and which, whether consciously or not to the individual, colour all distinctions of party, cannot but force themselves on the minds of the Supreme Judges; the conclusion which any one of these has been led to form in regard to them must on many occasions necessarily influence his judgment as to the case before him. Should any judge in England ever permit himself to be biassed by party recollections or associations, there could be no excuse whatever—for on the fundamental questions of constitutional law all are agreed. In America, thoughtful and honest judges may be of different schools as to the Constitution. Will his tendency be to merge the States in the Nation, or to enlarge the independent power of the States at the expense of the Nation?—must be a question which the President may properly ask himself, as of the last importance, before he raises a man to the bench. One cannot read Story's biography, or the judgments of Marshall, or the excellent Commentaries of Kent, or those of Story himself on the Constitution, without being sensible of this.

Such was the difficult and responsible position which Story was called on to fill at thirty-two. Where duties are so various, it is probable that in many cases the functionaries will discharge them in a superficial manner; but it cannot be denied, that where the duties, though various, are cognate, and all require the same general preparation of the intellectual powers, the variety of the employment is in itself strengthening and enlarging:—one pursuit throws light on the other—analogies are furnished, and principles ascertained. We should expect that, although an indifferently good judge in America would be inferior to an ordinary judge in England, yet the really able and learned one there would take a not less deep and correct, but also a more philosophic and scientific view of legal questions than one of equal ability and learning here.

We suspect however that—sufficiently employed as the American judges may be—they have not been so *oppressed* with business as the English judges till of late were. The hours of sitting seem to be fewer—eleven to three or four—and the methods of procedure such as would be really impossible if very many causes were pressing for decision. We do not forget that large numbers are mentioned in different pages of these volumes as crowding what is called the docket of the Court—but mere numbers are deceptive: of these causes a vast proportion must be of the kind which melt away when you touch them, or we could not see

Digitized by Google

so frequent accounts of causes lasting weeks, and speeches several days, and this stated not as matter of surprise or novelty. English barristers have no great credit for brevity, but they are most abstinent when compared with their Transatlantic brethren. It would seem, too, that in the tædium of fashionable life at Washington the ladies are fain to resort to the courts for the sake of pleasurable excitement; we rather collect that the great advocates delight in such an audience, and perhaps prolong their speeches for the sake of them; nay, if it be not contempt of Court, we must own to a suspicion that Story himself took a pride in the 'bevies of fair women' that thronged the hall on such occasions. In his familiar letters certainly he ever and anon records the fact with apparent self-gratulation.

In these duties, year by year, for more than thirty, was he employed, unvaryingly, unweariedly, with a reputation for unsullied integrity, the most careful industry, most widely-ranging learning, great ability. The habits of judicial life in America differ much from those in England: greater men in the State and far more important, their social position is evidently much lower. In the depth of winter Story left his home; in the early part of his career, while railways were as yet unknown, a fatiguing journey of twelve days brought him to Washington—partly by packet-boats, partly in stage-coaches over miserable roads:—then a lodging or a boarding-house received him. The Judges of the court were seven in number. They seem to have lived much together, as bachelors, and of course were absolved from all the duties of hospitality. We are glad to see that, like other old bachelor lawyers, they could be considerable boys together. Story tells his wife—

'Two of the judges are widowers, and, of course, objects of considerable attraction among the ladies of the city. We have fine sport at their expense, and amuse our leisure with some touches at match-making. We have already ensnared one, and he is now at the age of forty-seven violently affected with the tender passion. Being myself a veteran in the service, I take great pleasure in administering to his relief, and I feel no small pride in remarking that the wisdom of years does not add anything of discretion to the impatience, jealousies, or doubts of a lover.'—i. 219.

Pleasant fooling this, no doubt, between Justice Todd and Justice Story during the repetitions of a prosy argument.

The Washington term ended, Story's circuit would begin: we have mentioned how large an extent of sea-board was comprised within it. Soon after his appointment began the war between England and the United States. The miserable system of licences,

Digitized by Google

licences, collusive captures, and the more miserable system of privateering came into vogue. These necessarily created endless questions in Admiralty and Prize law, and he found that law uncleared and unmethodized in his own country—the most complicated and important questions, of frequent occurrence, still undecided. To this country, and to our most distinguished jurist, Sir W. Scott, was he to look for guidance, and he had the good sense to propose him for his model, and to follow him wherever he had the means. In later years occasional intercourse took place between them by letter, and courteous interchange of each other's publications. As Story approached the veteran jurist with something of veneration, so the latter evidently regarded Story with unfeigned respect for his ability and very varied acquirements. But at the time we speak of, the war itself, which, from the peculiar turn it gave to commerce, created peculiar difficulties, prevented also the intercourse which might have smoothed them, and he had to build up a system for his own court with but little help. Scott's approbation of his labours is testimony enough.

Several years passed in an uninterrupted routine of judicial duties; in 1828 he was pressed to become the Royall Law Professor at Harvard University—but declined it, with reluctance, because it involved a change of residence to Cambridge, and he feared that his health would suffer under the additional labour:—

'If I were there,' said he, 'I should be obliged to devote all my leisure time to drilling and lectures, and judicial conversations. The school cannot flourish except by such constant efforts, and I should not willingly see it wither under my hands. *The delivery of public lectures alone might not be oppressive, but success in a law school must be obtained by private lectures.*'—i. 537.

In spite of this determination, when, in 1829, Mr. Dane, the Viner of the United States, proposed from the profits of his Abridgment to found a Law Professorship in the same University, Story entered earnestly into the scheme, and consented to become the first Professor—which, indeed, Mr. Dane insisted on as a condition of the foundation. Of course all the same personal objections existed, but it was his vocation to teach law from the chair as well as declare it from the bench. The statutes of the new foundation, however, required more than this—it was to be the duty of the Professor not only to prepare and deliver, but to publish, lectures on the law of nature, the law of nations, commercial and maritime law, federal law, and federal equity. In England we should smile at the notion of a judge undertaking such a task; to what extent and in what manner Story redeemed his pledge, we shall presently see.

Digitized by Google

To the duties of the lecture-room he devoted himself without delay, and with characteristic earnestness and assiduity. The average number of law-students in the University had for some years previously been about eight; the year before he commenced, the number had dwindled to one: his name, however, attracted students, and before the end of his first season it rose to 30. In the course of sixteen years above 1100 attended his lectures; and in the last of those years the room was crowded with 140 pupils.

Legal education occupies at present much of the public attention, and deservedly. We do not think it a difficult question. In theory, nothing can be worse than the present system; in practice, it cannot be denied that lawyers, profoundly learned in our municipal law, have, we will not say been formed by it, but formed themselves under it. And not only this, but, speaking generally of the higher department of the profession, a want of due acquaintance with the municipal law is not to be imputed to them. But still, speaking of the few as well as of the many, we should say they bear the traces of their imperfect education as lawyers—and in proportion as the alterations by the legislature and the general spirit of the age have weakened the feudalism, and blunted the narrow precision of the law, these traces naturally become more apparent; the consequences, too, become more serious—because, in proportion as we become more broad and liberal, we require judges and practitioners whose minds are prepared by training and study to regulate and systematize, on scientific principles, those broad and liberal views the tendency of which, unchecked, is to run into vague uncertainty. Bad as it is to hold too fast to narrow and technical rules, it is worse to have no rule at all:—nothing so tends to practical injustice as the spirit of bending the rule of decision in each case in order to reach the supposed justice of it:—we say supposed—for, after all, the most experienced know this, that in the greater proportion of cases those who decide are but imperfectly informed as to the real merits.

Some amendment is, therefore, very desirable in our legal education: and this must be not by the entire abandonment of the present system, but by the addition of lectures, public and private—not merely in municipal law, but in the civil and canon —as well as the law of Nations. We quite agree with Story, that public lectures alone will never make an accomplished lawyer; private lectures, small classes, and catechetical examinations are indispensable: and these lectures should not be, as the public, compositions or discourses by the professor—but some first-rate author should be read with the class at the time, and made the basis of them. Beyond these there must be general examinations at

Digitized by Google

at stated periods, and probably honours bestowed. In all these respects we see very much to commend in the rules for the guidance of the Readers in the delivery of their public and private lectures, which have recently been printed by the Inns of Court—and we desire to bear our testimony to the readiness and liberality with which those bodies have answered the call made on them, and the great ability and discretion with which their measures have been framed. Still let it not be supposed that by lectures however good, examinations however searching, or reading however diligent, alone, great advocates can at once be made. Students should see and handle actual business in chambers—and after having traced it, ripening there to the issue in law or fact, they should follow it into Court, and attend the argument or the trial there. Students and young lawyers must sit in the Courts, if they wish to see what should be avoided or imitated, and familiarise themselves with the adroit management of a cause; in the quiet and apparently artless movements of great advocates they should learn to detect the real skill, to watch the results of an unlucky question or unexpected answer, and to mark how they are repaired.

Story, as a lecturer, seems to have been excellent; his style conversational, his matter sound, relieved by much apposite and amusing story-telling, his manner lively—the whole animated by his zealous concern in the topics handled and his affectionate anxiety for the advancement and well-doing of his pupils. To his lectures and examinations he added moot-courts, at which fictitious cases were argued before him. In these cases he took the greatest interest; he prepared them himself while at Washington or on his circuits with much thought, and, we dare say, with much pleasure, while a two or three days' argument dragged on before him. Twice a year he had jury trials, conducted by the students before a jury of undergraduates; he summing up and giving judgment with his usual care. We are not sure that we should recommend the adoption of these moot-courts in our own Inns of Court—certainly, we should dissuade any imitation of these mock jury trials. There is a mischief for young lawyers in too great facility and fluency of speaking, which more than counterbalances any good resulting from them; where there is real learning and ability, these, with care, will come soon enough; considering who they are that are the real arbiters between advocate and advocate, the less of these flashy advantages the better. We do not see how the jury trials could be managed so as to give really any training in the examination of witnesses; and this, after all, is the great test of a young barrister's skill in the real forum.

Before

Digitized by Google

Before we part from Story as a teacher, it is but justice to give our readers an extract from a letter to his son, written by the author of 'Two Years before the Mast':—

'His pupils in all parts of America, whatever may be their occupation or residence, will rise up as one man and call him blessed. He combined in a remarkable manner the two great faculties of creating enthusiasm in study and establishing relations of confidence and affection with his pupils. We felt that he was our father in the law—our elder brother—the patriarch of a common family.—We felt as if we were a privileged class—privileged to pursue the study of a great science, to practise in time in the cause and courts of justice before men, where success must follow labour and merit; where we had only to deserve and put forth the hand and pluck the fruit. The pettifogging, the chicanery of the law, were scandals or delusions or accidents of other times. The meanest spirit was elevated for the time, and the most sluggish and indifferent caught something of the fervour of the atmosphere which surrounded him. If he did not, it was a case in which inoculation would not take.

'You remember the importance that we attached to the argument of moot-court cases; yet no ambitious youth on his first appearance showed more interest in the causes than your father, who, as you know, had usually heard them argued before at Washington, or on his circuit, by the most eminent counsel. Saturday, you remember, is a *dies non juridicus* at Cambridge. To compel a recitation on Saturday afternoon among the undergraduates would have caused a rebellion. If a moot-court had been forced on the law-school, no one would have attended. At the close of a term there was one more case than there was an afternoon to hear it in, unless we took Saturday. The counsel were anxious to argue it, but unwilling to resort to that extreme measure. Your father said: "Gentlemen, the only time we can hear this case is Saturday afternoon; this is *dies non*, and no one is obliged to attend. I am to hold court in Boston till two o'clock; I will ride directly out, take a hasty dinner, and be here by half past three o'clock, and hear the case *if you are willing*." He looked round the school for a reply. We felt ashamed in our own business, where we were alone interested, to be outdone in zeal and labour by this aged and distinguished man, to whom the case was but child's play—a tale twice told—and who was himself pressed down by almost incredible labours. The proposal was unanimously accepted. Your father was on the spot at the hour; the school was never more full, and he sat until late in the evening, hardly a man leaving the room.

'Do you remember the scene that was always enacted on his return from his winter session at Washington? The school was the first place he visited, after his own fireside; his return, always looked for and known, filled the Library; his reception was that of a returned father; he shook all by the hand, even the most obscure and indifferent; and an hour or two was spent in the most exciting, instructive, and entertaining descriptions and anecdotes of the events of the term. Inquiries were

Digitized by Google

were put by students from different States, as to leading counsel or interesting causes from their section of the country; and he told us—as one would have described to a company of squires and pages a tournament of monarchs and nobles on fields of cloth of gold—how Webster spoke in this case, Legaré, or Clay, or Crittenden, General Jones, Choate or Spenser in that, with anecdotes of the cases and points, and "all the currents of the heady fight." '—ii. 319.

It is no wonder that the pupil-room of such a professor was crowded, but, as we have stated, more was required of him than merely oral teaching—he was to revise and publish his lectures; and, no sooner had he entered on his new function, than he set himself deliberately to work on this part of its duties. We do not know whether anything in his life and character is so astonishing as the industry which he displayed in this respect; loaded as he was with official engagements of his time, and adding to his occupations as he did by miscellaneous writings, contributions to Reviews, assistance on a large scale to brother-authors—all which, within our narrow limits, we have been compelled to pass over—he now began to pour forth in rapid succession the following works: Commentaries on the Law of Bailments, on the Constitution of the United States—followed by an abridgment for younger readers—on the Conflict of Laws, on Equity Jurisprudence, on Equity Pleadings, on the Law of Agency, on Partnership, on Bills of Exchange, on Promissory Notes. Of this long list on themes so varied, and some of them embracing so wide a range of inquiry, it would be too much to expect that all should be of equal merit; but we believe we do not overstate the opinion of the legal profession here when we say of the merely legal treatises that all are respectable—many of them constantly cited by English Judges with approbation and confidence; while of the two which treat of more extended or higher subjects—the Commentaries on the Constitution and on the Conflict of Laws—and which therefore invite a wider class of readers, the settled judgment of the most competent critics is entirely favourable. To an uninitiated reader it would be appalling to look only at the references in any page of the Conflict of Laws opened at hazard—to see the various works in how many languages to which he has had recourse. We know how deceptive a criterion this may often be; but though Story made many books, he was not, in a bad sense, a book-maker. But the Commentaries on the Constitution is a work of universal interest; whoever desires to trace the progress, to mark the workings, to speculate on the destinies of that most remarkable problem in the world's history, the Constitution of the United States, should give these volumes an attentive perusal; they

Digitized by Google

they are written in a most patriotic spirit, but calm, dispassionate, and unprejudiced — by one who loved England, and venerated ancient wisdom, and the literature and glories of bygone days—by one who did not merely see things through the medium of books, but had entered with ardour in his youth and manhood into the political conflicts of his countrymen, and taken an active and distinguished part in them ; and who, although he renounced politics in the narrow sense from the moment he ascended the bench, still retained, as his letters testify, the liveliest interest respecting all the great questions of the time; one, lastly, whose very position as a judge, in the way we have before explained, made it a part of his duty to inform himself thoroughly in all the bearings and workings of the American Constitution.

We have hardly afforded our readers any specimen of Story's own writing ; they will not regret our selecting for them the concluding paragraphs of this treatise :—

'The slightest attention to the history of the national Constitution must satisfy every reflecting mind how many difficulties attended its formation and adoption, from real or imaginary differences of interest, sectional feelings, and local institutions. It is an attempt to create a National Sovereignty, and yet to preserve the State Sovereignty, though it is impossible to assign definite boundaries in every case to the powers of each. The disturbing causes, which more than once in the Convention were on the point of breaking up the Union, have since immeasurably increased in vigour. The very inequalities of a Government confessedly founded in compromise were then felt with a strong sensibility; and every new source of discontent, whether accidental or permanent, has added to the painful sense of these inequalities. The North cannot but perceive that it has yielded to the South a superiority of representatives, already amounting to twenty-five beyond its due proportion; and the South imagines that, with all this preponderance in representation, the other parts of the Union enjoy a more perfect protection of their interests than her own. The West feels her growing power and weight in the Union, and the Atlantic States begin to learn that the sceptre must one day depart from them. If, under these circumstances, the Union should once be broken up, it is impossible that a new Constitution should ever be formed embracing the whole territory. We shall be divided into several nations or confederacies, rivals in power and interest, too proud to brook injury, and too close to make retaliation distant or ineffectual. Our very animosities will, like those of all other kindred nations, become more deadly because our lineage, laws, and language are the same. Let the history of the Grecian and Italian republics warn us of our dangers. The National Constitution is our best and our only security. United, we stand—divided, we fall.

'If these Commentaries shall but inspire in the rising generation a more

Digitized by Google

more ardent love of their country, an unquenchable thirst for liberty, and a profound reverence for the Constitution and the Union, then they will have accomplished all that their author ought to desire. Let the American youth never forget that they possess a noble inheritance, bought by the toils and sufferings and blood of their ancestors, and capable, if wisely improved and faithfully guarded, of transmitting to their latest posterity all the substantial blessings of life, the peaceful enjoyment of liberty, property, religion, and independence. The structure has been erected by architects of consummate skill and fidelity; its foundations are solid, its compartments are beautiful as well as useful, its arrangements are full of wisdom and order, and its defences are impregnable *from without*. It has been reared for immortality, if the work of men may justly aspire to such a title. It may nevertheless perish in an hour by the folly, or corruption, or negligence of its only keepers, the *People*. Republics are created by the virtue, public spirit, and intelligence of the citizens. They fall when the wise are banished from the public councils because they dare to be honest, and the profligate are rewarded because they flatter the people in order to betray them.'

Labours such as had long been habitual with Story began to tell even on his strong constitution. In November, 1842, he had a very serious illness, and was obliged to give up his attendance in Court for the session of that winter—the only occasion on which he was absent for the thirty-three years during which he held his office; he was also compelled to intermit his lectures; and though he recovered, it became clear to him that he must soon elect between the two offices, for both of which together his strength would be insufficient. He was not slow in deciding for the Lecture-room: the Bench was no longer what it had been to him; all the colleagues with whom he had commenced his judicial course had passed away—among them the great Chief with whom he had lived in the most entire sympathy of opinions, public and private, and on terms of mutual love and admiration; the new race treated him indeed with respect and regard, but they were of a different age; they did not sympathize with him in his constitutional opinions; differences occurred more frequently than he had been accustomed to, and, in numberless small particulars, more easily felt than described, his situation in the Supreme Court was less agreeable to him than it had been. On the death of Marshall he had been passed over, and not placed at the head of the Court, as he might reasonably think without due consideration of his great claims; and, though he made no complaint, not the less it may have operated on his feelings. On the other hand, the duties of the law school were of undiminished interest, and they did not involve the long periodical absences from home which

Digitized by Google

which of late, in the decline of health and vigour, had become more and more irksome.

Before he resigned, however, he determined to clear 'the docket of his Circuit Court,' that his successor might enter on his duties without any arrear. At the beginning of September, 1845, he had heard all the cases, and drawn up the judgment of the Court in all but one, which he had nearly completed. But this involved very severe and continuous labour in a very hot season; he took a slight cold, which was followed by more alarming symptoms—and, the relief from these leaving him under a hopeless general prostration of the bodily powers, in a very few days he died. He had anticipated this termination of the illness: he waited it with a calm expectation, was surrounded by an affectionate wife and family, and breathed his last in pious hope and in peace.

It need not be mentioned that the end of such a man in the United States was attended by demonstrations of regret and honour, public and private; addresses and orations, processions and meetings, were sure to be bestowed on his memory; but what his son justly dwells on with mournful pride, was the affectionate anxiety of friends and neighbours during his illness:—

'The alternations of his condition were the engrossing subjects of interest in Cambridge and Boston, and most touching instances of the affectionate feelings which his kindly nature had created were manifested among the townsfolk. Many of them thronged the gate, lingering round it, or returning from hour to hour, to learn the tidings of his health, and cautiously refraining from noise. Tears stood in the eyes of the roughest while they asked of him. All felt that they were about to lose a friend, or, as one of them expressed it to me, that a part of the sunlight of the town would pass away with him. Everywhere a cloud hung over the village, business stopped in the streets, and even over the busy stir of the city his illness seemed to cast a shadow.'—ii. 548.

Our sketch already covers more space than we had designed—but we feel that it would be very imperfect if we omitted some account of his personal habits, and some explanation how he accomplished so much; it was, at least, not by a slovenly discharge of his duties. Writing to Chancellor Kent, he says—

'I am sadly overworked, and yet I can scarcely avoid it; so important, so pressing, and so intricate are the cases flowing constantly in upon me. My health, however, is not broken down by the labour, although I live in constant dread that it may be. I know not how some judges get over or round their judicial duties; they are either much quicker and clearer and stronger than I am, or they are more easily satisfied by giving their first off-hand opinions. This I cannot do; I feel bound to do my best, and to examine and, as far as I may, exhaust

Digitized by Google

exhaust the learning of the books, before I venture on my judgments.' —ii. 469.

This was in 1844, when he had already received one warning.

His son, however, describes the daily course of his life at home, and in justice to the original part of this work, from which we have extracted little or nothing, we will give the passage:—

'The secrets by which he was enabled to accomplish so much in so short a space of time, were systematic industry, variation of labour, and concentration of mind. He was never idle. He knew the value of those odds and ends of time which are so often thrown away. There was always something ready for the waste time to be expended upon. He varied his labour; never overworking himself on one subject—never straining his faculties too long in one direction. "Le changement d'étude est toujours relâchement pour moi," said D'Aguesseau; and so my father found it. He never suffered himself to become nervous or excited in his studies—but the moment that one employment began to irritate him he abandoned it for another which should exercise different faculties. When he worked it was with his whole mind, and with a concentration of all his powers upon the subject in hand. Listlessness and half attention bring little to pass. What was worth doing at all he thought worth doing well.

'He arose at seven in summer and at half-past seven in winter—never earlier. If breakfast was not ready, he went at once to his library and occupied the interval, whether it was five minutes or fifty, in writing. When the family assembled he was called and breakfasted with them. After breakfast he sat in the drawing-room and spent from a half to three quarters of an hour in reading the newspapers of the day. He then returned to his study, and wrote until the bell sounded for his lecture at the law-school. After lecturing for two and sometimes three hours he returned to his study, and worked until two o'clock, when he was called to dinner. To his dinner he gave an hour, and then again betook himself to his study, where in the winter time he worked as long as the daylight lasted, unless called away by a visitor, or obliged to attend a moot-court. Then he came down and joined the family—and work for the day was over. Tea came in about seven o'clock, and how lively and gay was he then, chatting over the most familiar topics of the day, or entering into deeper currents of conversation with equal ease! All of his law he left up stairs in the library—he was here the domestic man in his home. During the evening he received his friends, and he was rarely without company, but if alone he read some new publication of the day—the reviews, a novel, an English newspaper—sometimes corrected a proof-sheet, listened to music, or talked with the family, or what was very common, played a game of backgammon with my mother. This was the only game of the kind he liked—cards and chess he never played. In the summer afternoon he left his library towards twilight, and might always be seen by the passers-by sitting

Digitized by Google

sitting with his family under the portico, talking, or reading some light pamphlet or newspaper, often surrounded by his friends, and making the air ring with his gay laugh. This, with the interval occupied by tea, would last until nine o'clock. At about ten he retired for the night, never varying half an hour from that time.

'His diet was exceedingly simple—not because he did not enjoy the luxuries of the table, not from asceticism or whim, but from necessity. Yet though debarred from them himself, he enjoyed the satisfaction which others derived from them with a peculiar gusto.

'He had great bodily activity, and the energy shown in everything he did, expressed itself in his motions, which were sudden and impulsive. He walked very rapidly, taking short quick steps and never sauntering. The exercise he took was almost entirely incidental to his duties, and consisted in driving to Boston to hold his court or attend to other business, and in walking to and from the law school. In the summer he used to drive about the surrounding country in the late afternoon, and sometimes to stroll for half an hour in the garden. But *his real exercise was in talking*. Conversation was his gymnasium: and his earnestness and volubility of speech, and vivacious gesticulation, afforded the necessary stimulant to his system. Scarcely anything more rouses the internal organs to activity or gives more movement to the blood than talking or singing. To talk was natural and necessary to my father; but he was never more out of his element than when he set forth to take a walk for exercise, and he used to join in our laugh when we jested him upon it—admitting that he could not bring his mind to it seriously. Yet he never seemed to feel the want of it; and I am fully persuaded that the constant activity of his body and mind, and especially the excitement of conversation, stood him instead of the exercise which is necessary to taciturn and phlegmatic persons.'—ii. 152.

In reviewing the life of an American jurist of so much celebrity, an English journal ought not to pass over in silence his generous admiration and ardent love of England—they break out again and again in his correspondence and elsewhere; as he watched our proceedings both in the courts of justice and Parliament with intense interest, so it was among the highest objects of his ambition to have an English reputation; that his works should be known and cited as authority by English lawyers was very dear to him; he cultivated a friendly intercourse by letter with several of the English judges; at one time he had intended to visit us, and was so fully expected that Mr. Everett had announced his arrival for a certain day: and invitations had been sent for him from Lord Brougham and Lord Denman. His disappointment when compelled to give up the voyage was extreme; he was moved even to tears when he read of the kindly and distinguished companies who were prepared to greet him: 'Would to God,' said he, 'that I could see Westminster Hall, and the Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament—

Digitized by Google

Parliament—a cluster of recollections belongs to them almost unexampled in the history of the world.' In a letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge he speaks of England and America as 'the admirable parent and advancing child;' and, writing to Mr. Everett, he says, 'I look upon England as the great European support of the cause of free government, and law, and order, and well-regulated liberty.'

These are feelings pleasant to record, honourable to him who entertains them, honourable as well as gratifying to those for whose country they are entertained. We are delighted to believe that they are not uncommon; nothing has appeared to us of late years more marked and unequivocal than the kindly and respectful feeling which the most distinguished Americans visiting this country express towards our institutions, our society, and our population; it is creditable to them that no unworthy jealousy restrains them from expressing this, and we think we may assure them that reciprocal feelings are spreading and strengthening among ourselves. England and the United States can afford to bestow love and honour on all that is lovely and honourable in each other. Great as they are, the world is wide enough for both; where there are so much activity and enterprise, such intimate intercourse, and so many points of contact, it cannot be but that questions will from time to time arise between them, and there will never be wanting selfish or inconsiderate spirits to blow the flame and make arrangement less easy; but wise governments will surely find the means of solving such questions with safety to the real dignity, advantage to the real interests of their people. In the truest sense, harmony between the two is the interest of both; it is also the condition on which depends the due discharge of their most honourable mission. For it should always be borne in mind that the common origin, the common language, the common law, and the common faith should bind both together in one common cause—the advancement of the happiness of mankind and the development of well-ordered freedom: and here the contest for precedence has this remarkable happiness attending it, that if it be indeed pre-eminently glorious to win the first honours of the race, to stand second is not inglorious. *Sunt et sua præmia victis.*

Digitized by Google

ART. III.—1. *British Colonial Library—East India Company's Possessions.* By R. Montgomery Martin, F.R.S. 1844.
2. *History of British India.* By Charles Mac Farlane. 1852.
3. *Modern India and its Government.* By George Campbell, Bengal Civil Service. 1852.
4. *Remarks on the Affairs of India.* By The Friend of India. London. 1852.

WE are so familiar with the connexion between Britain and India, that we are apt to overlook the wonderful political and social phenomenon which that connexion presents. Whether we regard our Indian Empire in its origin, progress, or actual extent, there is no analogous fact in the History of the World. A region including — according to Mr. Campbell, (p. 231) — 626,176 square miles, with a population of 101,062,916, has been gradually acquired and administered by a company of English merchants, without imposing any charge on the national treasury. Until some twenty years ago, when the commercial functions of the Company were suspended by Act of Parliament, the costs had been defrayed from the profits of the India and China trade, and from the territorial revenues of India; but since 1833 the whole charge of the connexion with this country has been borne by India.

During the period that embraces the commercial and territorial advance of the Company, England gained extensive possessions in other parts of Asia, and in America, by means of colonization and conquest, pursued and achieved through the direct agency of the Crown and Parliament. What has been the result? Within the years in question she lost by her own mismanagement provinces in North America that now form one of the greatest States in the civilized world. The maintenance, if not the acquisition, of those territories had always been attended with heavy charges on the National Treasury, and their abandonment was preceded by a long war, which has left a permanent burthen on the mother-country. This chapter of her history, it is true, affords no other case of such signal and complete disaster:—but as a whole, the upshot is, that our administration of colonial dependencies had, in spite of many warnings, continued to exhibit folly and feebleness as its main characteristic—until at last, under the severest pressure of alarm, the principle of *self-government* was adopted, as the only means of protecting the National Treasury from intolerable charges, and yet avoiding—or deferring—a total breach with the outlying communities of our own blood.

This comparison is no doubt favourable to the system of Indian Government, home and local. Here we find, even now, no

Digitized by Google

no active elements of separation; there has been no strain on the hawser that keeps India in the wake of England; and, although the form and rigging of these imperial vessels be different, the conjoint progress has been steady and uninterrupted.

The commercial monopoly of the Company was necessarily opposed to the free admission of European colonists; for, advanced as the natives were, such colonists could only have been agents for importation and exportation, and the Company very naturally reserved the agencies to its own servants. The population of India was not composed of shepherds and hunters; the soil was assiduously cultivated in minute subdivisions, and the native sovereigns derived their principal revenue, as the British Government does still, from a large share of the produce. In the numerous and crowded cities were to be found bankers and merchants possessing great capital; nor were there wanting manufactures upon which that capital could be advantageously employed, whether for domestic consumption or for exportation. The only obstacle to the development of the agricultural wealth and the commerce of India was, in fact, the administrative decomposition of the native governments. There was, consequently, no necessity nor space for colonization; there was indeed a large opening for increased production and for foreign trade, and had India been free from civil war and under a settled government, there was no reason why the commercial intercourse with England should not have been as disconnected with territorial dominion as that with China has hitherto been. In process of time, the insecurity of person and property within the English factories led to the erection of forts, and the defence of forts required disciplined troops: still there was no colonization, for the reasons against it subsisted in full force; and although the commercial agency was gradually merged in the necessity of military occupation and political government, the number of Europeans employed did not exhibit an increase at all proportionate to our successive additions of territory. The Greeks under Alexander, and the Persians under Nadir Shah, successfully invaded India, but made no permanent settlements. The Tartars and Afghans, on the contrary, at periods distant from each other, not merely overran and subdued the peninsula, but established there an empire almost coextensive with that now subject to Britain. In both cases the intruders were sufficiently numerous to overawe the Hindoos, and to occupy large portions of the country, where to this day their descendants, of mixed races, constitute no inconsiderable part of the population. In a word, those Mahomedan hosts had come with the firm intention of remaining:—but the English, strange to say, have never entertained such a design. Civil

Digitized by Google

Civil servants, military officers, merchants, mechanics, go there now, as they did in the earliest days of intercourse, with the purpose of returning to Europe as soon as their pecuniary necessities or requirements are satisfied. Their number has never reached 50,000; at present it includes 31,000 soldiers, exclusive of commissioned officers:—the latter, together with civil servants, may amount to 7000.

Many writers still dispute whether this system of continual immigration without settlement has, on the whole, been advantageous to the security of our empire? We, however, are not among the adverse critics of a system from which, in the first place, it has arisen that the British master caste has never degenerated: while another result equally merits reflection—namely, that as we have but slightly interfered with the occupation of the soil, the natives, undisturbed upon the fields of their fathers, have been more tolerant of the dominion of strangers. Our rule has already exceeded in duration that of dynasties, and yet the fluctuating instrumentality seems to take from it the character of permanency, and thereby diminishes jealousy. The people of India look at it as the peasant at the stream:—

> Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
> Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

The history of the Company, and of the progress of the British dominion, is, however, so generally known, that we need not enter more largely on the subject. It is sufficient that we recommend to such as lack information the neat summary of events by Mr. Macfarlane, and the comprehensive view of statistics by Mr. Martin. From the volume entitled 'Modern India and its Government,' for which the public is much indebted to Mr Campbell of the Bengal civil service, we shall have to make various citations as we proceed.

This able writer says:—

'The year 1720 is the date from which the governments now existing in India may be most conveniently traced. It was our fortune that the Mahomedan and Hindoo powers broke their forces against one another for when the Mahrattas had broken the Moghuls, and the Afghans had again broken the Mahrattas, there was among the natives of India somewhat of a *balance of power*.'—p. 113.

We should rather say an absence of all concentrated power and regular government. But in the same year, 1720, as he goes on to say:—

'The French also appeared in India—and a private French company established themselves for trade at stations near Madras and Calcutta

Fo

Digitized by Google

For trade they showed little aptitude; but in politics they found a field much more suited to their genius; and though much more recently established, and with greatly inferior resources, they first led the way in brilliant political success, and, had their efforts been backed by the same resources, and by the same support from the mother country, it seems highly probable that they and not we might have been the present masters of India.'

We believe that the existence of our present empire in India is to be traced to the successes of Lord Clive in Bengal. We from that period made the productive provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa the base of our military operations, as they were the support of our finances. We found there a population industrious but unwarlike, and we had to contend against weak, debauched, and at the same time tyrannical native princes. We probably never should have been able to force our way to empire either from the South or the West; and it was therefore from the North-Eastern coast that we directed our advance to the Mahomedan capital of India.

Our next extract will indicate much of the author's opinions and purposes:—

'We have then at last reached the limit, and become supreme in India. We have seen how and with what obligations we acquired our present territory. We have noted the origin of the native States, and may judge how far they are in the possession of nationalities, how far they have any right better than those who may conquer and succeed them.—It appears that hardly one of the native princes had so ancient and legitimate an origin as ourselves; that many of them were in fact established by us—and especially that many of those nominal princes who draw the largest political stipends from our treasuries are not ancient, national, or rightful rulers, but mere creatures of our peculiar policy.'—*Campbell*, pp. 148, 149.

There is truth in this description, but the statements are too general and the conclusions too absolute. No doubt, if we assume the Emperor of Delhi to have been the sole rightful sovereign of India, the Nabobs of the Carnatic, the Chiefs of Mysore, the Nizams of the Deccan, the Viziers of Oude, the Nabobs of Bengal, and the Mahratta Chiefs had no more right to independent sway than the Christian merchants who subdued them. But we are precluded from the absolute application of this description by the fact, that we have throughout our progress of conquest dealt with these usurping and rebel chieftains as if they were legitimate rulers; and while the East India Company was officially styled the 'slave' of the Emperor of Delhi, that 'slave' did not hesitate to accept the cession of large territories in entire sovereignty from other imperial vassals, who had no authority to confer it.

Digitized by Google

We derive our title from the sword, but it is undeniable that our conquering sword has almost invariably been forced from the scabbard either by hostile intrigues, or by the positive aggression of the native princes, who, on their part, it must be confessed, followed a very natural course. They could never shake off the feeling that our continuance in India as sovereigns of any considerable part of it was incompatible with their independence; and no wonder—for it is indeed as inevitable that barbarian states must succumb in the contiguity of regular governments, as it is for hunter-tribes to be gradually extinguished by the proximity of civilized and agricultural immigrants.

We now come to the latest and perhaps the most important of these publications—a skilful and condensed argument, by, as we understand, a gentleman who lately held the high position of Member of Council at Madras, against the whole system of our Indian administration, at home and abroad. Such a production, published at such a moment by such a person, must attract many readers, and seems to demand our best attention.

This 'Friend of India,' in his opening pages, says '*it is the interest*' of his own countrymen in the East, '*of all classes*,—

'that establishments should be kept at the maximum; that as large a revenue as possible should be drawn from India; that our territory should be extended to its utmost limits, in order that the field for the employment of Europeans should be co-extensively enlarged. It is the interest of the native millions, on the other hand, that the Government of India should be administered with the greatest economy, that the smallest amount of revenue should be drawn from their pockets, that our territory should be rather abridged than extended, because the extension of territory is the creation of a field of employment and emolument for Europeans at the expense of the natives.'—p. 3.

'If India is hereafter to be governed for her own sake, we shall require to make some change in our arrangements; but if it is still to be treated as no other than a carcase for a certain number of English to prey upon, to be considered as a patronage preserve for a President of the Board of Control and twenty-four East India Directors, then we need no change, for the existing system is admirably adapted for that object.'*—p. 7.

If the foregoing allegations were supported by facts, it is not *some change* in our arrangements that should be made, but an entire change, if not the abandonment of India altogether by Great Britain. The system of administration would not merely

* In M. Thiers's book on the Consulate and the Empire there is the following passage:—'India, in fact, under the sceptre of England, is only a conquest ruined by the progress of European industry, and made use of to support some officers, some clerks, and some magistrates belonging to the metropolis.' It will be, no doubt, gratifying to 'The Friend of India' to find this agreement in opinion between himself and so sincere a 'Friend of England.'

be

Digitized by Google

be what it is called in a subsequent paragraph, a 'great sham,' but a monstrous wrong, sufficient to consign the perpetrators to eternal infamy. Can the author, with an utter forgetfulness of the despatches from the Court of Directors which he has himself read—which he was bound officially to act upon—and which enjoined reduction of posts and salaries, and the strictest economy in every branch of the administration—persist in affirming that the governing bodies at home encourage wasteful expenditure—including even the frequent creation of utterly needless places—for the benefit of the Company's servants, civil and military? As to the actual scale of official emoluments in the author's own walk, may we venture to ask whether he considers himself to have been extravagantly paid?—does he feel that the competency which he has acquired was not well earned by thirty years of zealous and laborious service? We will go even further, and ask whether he believes that the important duties intrusted to him in the highest offices of revenue administration would have been as well and as uprightly performed by native officers, who, we readily admit, would have thought themselves well off with much lower salaries?

He tells us—

'The Slave kings ruled a mighty empire. About the year 1300 Alaeodeen completed the conquest of the Deccan, and he and his successor, Mahommed Toglak, appear to have been emperors of all India, the Hindoo chiefs of the south being at least tributary. Their empire was great and prosperous, and there yet remain great public works to testify their magnificence and munificence.'—*ib.* p. 14.

A similar description applies to India under the reign of Akbar and his immediate successors, that is, during a period of 150 years, employed by them in extending their rule over the whole of India. Why, then, we ask, should our intelligent native subjects, reasoning from these historical epochs, deplore the extension of the British territories? Where objections to this extension exist, it is not from any fear—far less experience—of misgovernment or extravagant expenditure, but because of the inevitable substitution of European for native agency in many departments: it is not, accordingly, from the inhabitants of our old dominions that the murmur of discontent is heard—the feeling exists only among the official class in the new acquisition. It is quite true that, as extension of empire has been the consequence of success in war, great expense has been incurred in the first instance; but, as the territory acquired has brought large increases of revenue, no augmented burthen has really fallen upon our earlier possessions; the public debt has been increased, but so have the funds for the payment of it.

Digitized by Google

The author indignantly demands (p. 7), 'Shall we then continue to legislate sordidly and hypocritically for class and caste objects, or shall we begin to legislate for humane and national objects?' Parliament, it is to be hoped, will continue to legislate for the maintenance of the British rule, which implies a sedulous anxiety for the security of life and property among 100 millions of British subjects, and every possible exertion for the development of the resources furnished by a fertile soil to an industrious population. But—however 'The Friend of India' may vituperate our bigotry—we make bold to add that it is impossible for us to retain India without what he calls caste legislation by a British Parliament. The English are the master caste in India, and we cannot weaken this position without incurring the risk of losing it altogether. The Home Administration of our Indian empire, in whatever hands it may be placed—whether divided, as at present, between two executive bodies, or confined to one—must be exclusively European; even the 'Friend' indeed does not propose that the Board of Control and the Court of Directors should have a large infusion of Asiatic blood. With respect to his recommendation of a much more extensive employment of natives in the civil administration of our Eastern dominion itself, we may observe that even at present, according to what seems a fair calculation, 97 per cent. of the business is done by them, leaving 3 per cent. to European agency. We should, however, feel more distrust than we actually do in differing from such great authorities as the 'Friend' quotes in support of his view on this subject, were we not convinced that their arguments, if admitted, must lead directly to the conclusion that the civil administration of the country, except in a very few high offices, should be given up to the natives: a conclusion as much opposed, in the present condition of the Indian people, to good government as to British supremacy.

Sir Thomas Munro, it seems, has written thus:—

'It certainly would be more desirable that we should be expelled from the country altogether than that the result of our system of government should be such an abasement of a whole people. If we make a summary comparison of the advantages and disadvantages which have occurred to the natives from our government, the result, I fear, will hardly be as much in its favour as it ought to have been. They are more secure from the calamities both of foreign war and internal commotions; their persons and property are more secure from violence; they cannot be wantonly punished, or their property seized, by persons in power; and their taxation is on the whole lighter. But, on the other hand, they have no share in making laws for themselves, little in administering them, except in very subordinate offices; they can rise to no high station, civil or military: they are everywhere regarded

Digitized by Google

regarded as an inferior race, and often rather as vassals or servants than as the ancient owners and masters of the country.'

We willingly accept the description given by Sir Thomas Munro of the advantages that have accrued to the people of India from our government, and perhaps the majority of readers will think with us that in them are comprised the most essential objects of all government. Under the old princes the *people* had no share in making laws for themselves: our native subjects have not, therefore, been losers in that respect; and as the laws are, by Sir Thomas Munro's own admission, better administered by us than they were before, the people at large have no reason to regret the change of agency. The native sovereigns were certainly the ancient masters and considered themselves the owners of the country, but we do not really see by what process, short of leaving India altogether, we can replace them in that paramount situation. Although the actual Government is unavoidably absolute in its form, the great interests of society are guarded by laws that are regularly and impartially administered; there is neither tyranny nor caprice, for the spirit of British justice has passed over the waters, and is scarcely less prevailing at Calcutta than in London.

Lord Metcalfe is also quoted; and Mr. Elphinstone has said—

'Men who, under a native government, would have held the first dignities of the State—who, but for us, might have been governors of provinces,—are regarded as menial servants, are often no better paid, and scarcely permitted to sit in our presence.'

The venerated person here appealed to can hardly on this point be accepted for a sufficient witness as regards the present practice: we believe, on the contrary, that no civil or military officer would now treat a native of high rank and ancient family as a menial servant, but would naturally, were it only with a view to his own interest, follow the example given by the English representatives of sovereign power in their behaviour to native noblemen and gentlemen. The passages adduced by 'The Friend of India,' from Munro, Metcalfe, and Elphinstone, reflect the chivalrous generosity of the writers, who, brought into official and social intercourse with the immediate representatives of houses recently powerful, were disposed to feel that the superior stations which they themselves held partook of the nature of an usurpation; and thus the exigencies of a changed policy and of altered circumstances were overlooked in sympathy for reverse of fortune. But we remain assured that all these enlightened administrators would, in practice, on any occasion when an European officer, civil or military, was conversant with the language in which important

Digitized by Google

portant business was to be transacted, have preferred *him* to any native as the depositary of confidence; nor would this preference have depended merely upon comparative probity, but upon the conviction of superior fitness.

Has history preserved the names of any eminent and virtuous native statesmen, in the service of the Nabobs of Bengal, of the Carnatic, and of the Soobahdars of the Deccan, when we first came into contact with them? Had the chiefs or their ministers so acted as to acquire the affections of the people? Were their cazees, pundits, and officers of revenue more efficient and honest than the well-educated English gentlemen by whom the laws are now administered and the revenues collected? On the contrary, was not the whole internal government, from the prince to the lowest public servant, stained with corruption, oppression, and profligacy?

The late Runjeet Singh, the old Lion of Lahore, may be taken as a fair specimen of a native prince. He governed his dominions with energy and vigilance, and there was ample scope under his sceptre for the display of those great talents for administration that are attributed to the natives of India while as yet undebased by habitual subordination to Europeans. Let us consider, for one example, Dhyan Singh, Prime Minister to the Maha-rajah. On the accession of Khurruck Singh to the throne he was dismissed from his office, and what was the conduct of the Sikh statesman? 'The dismissed Vizier lost his habitual moderation; he entered the Durbar, and slew the new Prime Minister before his master's eyes; the treasurer and some others shared the same fate.' (*Mac Farlane*, p. 581.) Dhyan Singh fell afterwards by the hands of the mutinous soldiery. Is this the description of man that would have been deserving of high office under a civilized government? A Member of Council of that temperament would, no doubt, be a very useful and agreeable colleague for an English Governor-General! Such of our readers as are the least conversant even with the most recent events in India will be aware that we might multiply illustrations of the same stamp, *usque ad nauseam*. We utterly deny the debasement of the natives under the British Government. That under our power and influence they have already been both morally and intellectually improved is our firm belief—though we do not believe that, putting aside imperative considerations of policy, they are as yet fit for the higher offices of administration.

As regards the departments with which another of our authors must be best acquainted, let us request attention to the following passage:—

'It is, I think, a remarkable distinction between the manners of the natives

Digitized by Google

natives and ours, and one which affects our dealings with them, that there does not exist that difference between the higher and lower classes, the distinction, in fact, of a gentleman. The lower class are to the full as good and as intelligent as with us; indeed, they are much more versed in the affairs of life, plead their causes better, make more intelligent witnesses, and have many virtues: but these good qualities are not in the same proportion in the higher classes; they cannot bear prosperity; it causes them to degenerate, especially if born to greatness. The only efficient men, with of course a few exceptions, are those who have risen to greatness. The lowest of the people, if fate raised him to be an Emperor, makes himself at home in his new situation, and shows an aptitude of manner and conduct unknown to Europeans similarly situated. But his son is altogether degenerate; hence the impossibility of adapting to anything useful most of the higher classes found by us, and for all fresh requirements it is necessary to create a fresh class.'—*Campbell*, p. 63.

We have already stated the common calculation, that 97 per cent. of the civil business is actually transacted by natives: we must add our conviction that, if this be the case, the individuals so employed belong, with few exceptions, to a class that has grown up under English superintendence and instruction.

Our Government, as locally administered in India, has gradually raised the standard of qualification amongst the European public servants. The knowledge of the vernacular languages has rendered them, as a body, independent of native assistance in the duty of superintendence, while well-directed vigilance has checked the natives holding subordinate posts in their tendencies to corruption and oppression. The lower courts of justice may be safely intrusted to the Presidency of native judges as long as an immediate appeal can be made, and an immediate inquisition into complaints of wrong inflicted can be obtained from an European gentleman—but no longer; nor is strict superintendence less indispensable in the affairs of the revenue, to be collected chiefly in many parts from cultivators who possess little capital beyond their cattle and implements, and often require abatements to meet the vicissitudes of the climate. To satisfy such exigencies great discretion must be allowed to those with whom the final decision rests. We recommend an attentive perusal of the description given by Mr. Campbell in his sixth chapter of the duties performed by the civil servants in the judicial and revenue departments, and we think most who do study it will come to the conclusion that the European gentlemen so employed, instead of being numerous beyond just demands, are too few for the weight and variety of the tasks imposed upon them.

The 'Friend of India,' while he extols the Mahomedan emperors for the confidence reposed by them in their Hindoo subjects as governors

Digitized by Google

governors of provinces and commanders of armies, does not push his recommendation of their practice as respects the latter class of trust. Military command, he well knows, must be reserved to European skill and energy, and he is even compelled to admit that we could not exclusively rely upon the courage and fidelity of an Asiatic soldiery. Perhaps, indeed, no man who has spent half of thirty years in India would venture to dispute these points. In war the native troops must be led by the example of English gentlemen, and in peace they must be held in obedience by the presence and undoubted devotion of English battalions. The Mahomedan soldiery did not hesitate to obey a Hindoo general; they were both children of the same soil, and did not differ essentially in physical or moral qualities; but no European would submit to the command of an Indian, and it has therefore been found impossible to give native commissioned officers authority over English non-commissioned officers and privates. In the early times the number of European officers in native regiments was much smaller than at present, and yet good service was rendered by them. But, nevertheless, we believe there is no military authority who would recommend that the increased proportion of our own countrymen now attached to every corps should be diminished. On the contrary, all such authorities are well aware that great inconvenience has been felt on service in the field, and even during peace, from the paucity of European officers. Our native army has necessarily increased with the extension of our dominions; and as we have strode on towards uninterrupted territorial empire, a cautious and long-sighted policy has dictated the augmentation of European superintendence in the native regiments; and we believe that in accordance with the same policy it would be desirable to increase the proportion of European regiments also.—Assuming, however, that no great change can be made in the system of the native army without danger to discipline, and admitting at the same time that our empire there mainly depends upon the good feeling and steadiness of that army, we will ask those who recommend that the highest civil offices should be open to natives, whether it is likely that our native soldiers, seeing their fellow-countrymen raised in one career, would continue to acquiesce in their own exclusion from all the higher professional functions? Is the soldier to be the Helot and the penman the Citizen? Under the present system the command in both branches of the service rests with the master caste, the sojourning European; and the various Asiatic castes will be satisfied with their condition until they are stimulated into a conflict, first for equality, and next for superiority in military as well as civil position, by the

Digitized by Google

the declamatory statements of possibly sincere, but, at all events, of irresponsible philanthropy.

The 'Friend of India' complains grievously that clause 87 in the Act of 1833 has remained a dead letter. It declared

'That no native of the said territories, nor any natural-born subject of her Majesty resident therein, shall, by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, colour, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment, under the said company.'—

But whatever the 'Friend' may think, we have no sort of belief that the framers of this clause intended to alter materially the existing system of nomination from England to the civil service; in fact, a directly contrary inference may be drawn from the enactments respecting the number of persons to be nominated to that service, and the regulations of the College of Haileybury. The sole real object of the clause was to give the local governments a greater latitude in the choice of their humbler instruments—taking away, *pro tanto*, the exclusive eligibility of the covenanted servants of the Company. It would, in practice, be scarcely less difficult to mix Europeans and natives on an equal footing in the civil than in the military service. The former would feel degraded even more than the latter would feel elevated. If the employment of the natives in civil offices is to be extended, it can only be as colleagues to functionaries of the master-caste. In Courts of Appeal and at Boards of Revenue their local knowledge might be useful, while the effects of prejudice and risks of corruption might, perhaps, be nullified by the presence of English colleagues. We have, however, already stated our general objections to any serious alteration in the distribution of administrative authority, and we will not, therefore, stop to discuss the details of any measure directed to that purpose.

Of late years public opinion in England has, on one important point of Indian administration, undergone a very great change. We allude to the relations between the British Government and the Native States. Few are now found to raise their voices in favour of the treaty-rights of those native princes who stand to us in the relation of allies: a sweeping charge of mismanagement is preferred against them:—we are, it is said, responsible for the welfare of all India, and, as the paramount State, should on no account allow any of her population to be oppressed by rulers whose existence depends on our protection.

We fear but few of our readers would accompany us through a full examination of the system of subsidiary alliances established by Lord Wellesley: we must content ourselves with expressing our belief that, if it had been administered in its original spirit, the allied princes might have continued to govern at

Digitized by Google

at home as well as they had done before, although their external relations would have been under control; but the fact is, that there has been at times too much interference with the internal affairs of such States, and on other occasions too little. Too much has depended on the personal character of the British Resident at the native Court. Lord Wellesley intended that officer to have been the *amicus curiæ* of the Prince, and not the Proconsul of the Province; but, besides other obvious temptations, the part of Proconsul was much the easiest to play.

There can be no difficulty in admitting that the absence of all relations with foreign powers took away one great legitimate interest from the functions of sovereignty; while at the same time the security afforded by British protection from the consequences of internal revolt may have increased that indifference to the feelings of the people which is a very general defect with Asiatic rulers; but we are most reluctantly compelled to add the confession, that there seems to have been little hesitation about straining the language of the subsidiary treaties to our own ends. As we have already said, the extremity of war has generally been forced upon us by the perfidy and folly of native princes, and in *annexing* portions of their dominions we have only exercised the just rights of the victor; but treaties concluded with them ought to have been interpreted in their favour, and not litigiously used as titles for confiscation or further encroachment. One remarkable case is the assumption of the Mysore territory upon the flimsy pretext that a defective revenue-administration had endangered the regularity of the annual payments due to the British Government. The same fate probably awaits the King of Oude and the Nizam, and we regret to think that neither of these princes, with whom we have concluded treaties in their capacity of independent sovereigns, would, if hardly used, find any effective sympathy in Parliament. The deposition of the young Rajah of Lahore, a minor, the ward of the British Government, and not even suspected of any act of disaffection towards it, has been justified upon the plea of political necessity. We are inclined not only to question very much the alleged necessity in that case, but, in general, to reject the policy of deposing the native princes. Their existence as the administrators of their remaining territories does not endanger our supremacy; on the contrary, by presenting the tranquil prosperity of our provinces in contrast with the daily experience of those under native rule, the attachment of our subjects is confirmed, and a certain feeling of pride from belonging to a great and well-governed state is generated in their minds. We have to add another not perhaps unimportant consideration. The condition of our sepoy is, as to

Digitized by Google

to pay and personal treatment, greatly superior to what it would be in the army of any Hindoo or Mussulman prince, and, moreover, he certainly does look down upon all other military service —because such could only be found among the vanquished, while the banner over his own head is that of the conqueror. Good pay and the *esprit de corps* are the surest guarantees for military fidelity; the first might be kept up—but could we answer for the continuance of the other influence where there were no troops of native powers to form a standard of comparison?

Many doubt—and we confess to be of that number—whether the extension of our direct dominion beyond the Sutlege has added to our security. We have now in immediate contact with our frontier the Afghans, a warlike, marauding, and treacherous race, backed by populations of a similar character, with whom we can maintain no lasting relations of amity. Judging from the course of recent events, and from the policy as much suggested from home as conceived in India, we apprehend future wars and further extension of territory; but sure we are, that if we are to engage in regular war, directed to the destruction of all semi-barbarous states on our frontier that give us just cause for arming against them, we can never be at peace; even an empire extending from the Indus to the Oxus would not secure it. We must protect our own subjects and chastise plunderers, whether they appear in bands or armies, but we ought to rest satisfied with driving them back within their proper bounds, and not advance our own.

The two regulating statutes of 1813 and 1833, by taking away the commercial privileges of the Company and restricting that body to the territorial government of India, have given all requisite facilities for the employment of British capital and industry in developing the productive resources of the country; and it cannot be said that the well-administered, though absolute, Government existing there presents an obstacle. There is indeed no Legislative Assembly at Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay to vote the annual taxes and to control the Executive; but the local authorities are responsible to the Imperial Parliament, and no wrong can be inflicted that is beyond the ready means of redress. We are not, therefore, disposed to think that the condition of home-born British subjects, not in the civil and military service of the Company, requires any further legislative enactment.

The 39th clause of the Act of 1833 declares—

'That the superintendence, direction, and control of the whole civil and military government of all the said territories and revenues in India shall be and is hereby vested in a Governor-General and Councillors, to be styled *the Governor-General of India in Council.*'

The

Digitized by Google

The Governor-General's Council consists of four ordinary members: three taken from the East India Company's service, and a fourth from the legal profession in England, who, however, is only summoned to attend on deliberations for making laws and regulations. The Commander-in-chief in India, or in the Bengal Presidency alone, is *ex officio* an *extraordinary* member of Council. It was clearly the intention of the Legislature that these great powers should be exercised by the Governor-General *sitting in Council*, and assisted by the members of that Council. The authority given by the 49th clause to the Governor-General to act upon his own responsibility in opposition to the Council, and the further licence given him by the 70th clause to visit any part of India unaccompanied by any member of Council, when such visit should be deemed expedient by *the Governor-General in Council*, were legalized exceptions to the general practice; but, of late years, the absence of the Governor-General from the capital and from the Council-board has been more usual than his presence there: and thus the only Councillors actually near him have been the Secretaries to Government, irresponsible for their counsel, and too subordinate in office to give effect to or to record any difference of opinion on their parts. The excuse—we will not employ the invidious term pretext—has been, within the last few years, the Afghan, Mahratta, and Sikh wars; but the practice had begun to prevail during peace; for the European climate of Simla is indeed a powerful attraction, and perhaps it would have been too much to expect either that Governor-Generals, especially if married men, should resist it firmly, or that Members of Council, ordinary or extraordinary, should refuse their consent to the health-fraught retreats of their noble presidents. The visits of those personages to distant parts of the empire, when the journeys are by land, bring no trifling charge upon the treasury; and we believe that the necessity for such expeditions must be of very rare occurrence: indeed, we might almost say that the only real exigency is when the offices of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief are united in the same person. An appearance of the direct representative of the Crown at one of the minor presidencies may indeed again, as before, be found useful; but there is little likelihood that this plea will be hastily made use of.

One instance will indeed recur to every memory, when the Governor-General's absence from the seat of Government was of incalculable advantage; but Lord Hardinge's services on the great days of Moodkee, Feerozeshah, and Sobraon were those of an accomplished general, and not of the head of the Supreme Government

Digitized by Google

Government of India. We admire the chivalrous spirit that carried Lord Ellenborough to the battle of Maharajpoor; but the noble Earl might have settled the future relations of Gwalior to the British Government from his council-chamber at Calcutta quite as well as at the head-quarters of the army. Let it be borne in mind that Lord Wellesley was seldom absent from the capital during his eventful administration—distinguished as it was for the triumphant conduct of wars that involved the very existence of our Indian empire.

Mr. Campbell, writing with the reserve that belongs to a member of the civil service, tells us :—

'All recent Governors-General have been more away from than with their Councils, because all the most important transactions have for a long time been those of Northern India, very far removed from Calcutta, and the *climate of the northern hills* is much more favourable to European life, energy, and efficiency than that of the plains of Bengal. The Governor-General, therefore, marches about (wherever he is most needed) in the cold weather, and spends the hot season at Simlah, in the Himalaya. About seven out of the last ten years have been thus spent, and the remaining three at Calcutta. From this frequent separation, the Governor-General becomes practically the whole executive Government, and the Council but his legislative advisers and assistants in matters of detail.'—p. 218.

Assuming this description to be correct, 38,400*l.*, the amount of salaries paid to the ordinary members of Council, must be considered a very extravagant expenditure for such partial assistance as they have of late given in the business of Government; but let the blame rest on the right shoulders—the vast powers delegated by the Crown and Parliament to the Governor-General are intrusted to the Governor-General *in Council*, and not to a perambulating Viceroy. In our humble opinion, in short, the existing practice is a great abuse, and ought to be put an end to without delay.

In various respects, no doubt, the extension of our territories towards the north may have rendered Calcutta an inconvenient place for the seat of the Supreme Government, and one of the old residencies of the Moghul empire, Delhi or Agra, might be considered preferable; on the other hand, there are many objections, financial and political, to a removal from Calcutta; and as the absence of the Governor-General ought to be a very rare occurrence, that of itself does not present a sufficient reason for the change of capital. At all events, if the Governor-General move to the far north, let some members of the Supreme Council accompany him; the additional expense, as those high functionaries

Digitized by Google

tionaries have no staff attached to them and would require only their personal servants, must be trifling, and would be amply compensated by the fulfilment of the intentions of Parliament. Whether is it of most expediency that great questions, involving the commencement of war and the conclusion of peace, should be determined with the assistance of responsible counsellors—gentlemen meant and chosen to be the regular assessors of the Civil Chief of British India—or that they should only be employed on the internal administration of the southern provinces of the Bengal Presidency, where all is order and prosperity?

We cannot see that any advantage arises from confining the functions of the legal member of the Supreme Council to questions of legislation—for, assuming that a proper selection for the office be made by the home authorities from the legal profession, there can be no doubt that the salary is such as to procure men fully qualified to act, not only as lawyers, but as generally efficient members of the Indian Cabinet.

A Law Commission was created by the 53rd clause of the Act of 1833. At the head of it was placed the then newly appointed legal Member of Council, Mr. Macaulay, and there was therefore every ground for expecting that within a few years codes of law, civil, criminal, and commercial, for British India, would be ably compiled. It is however the melancholy fact that this task remains unexecuted. We find it very difficult to account for the failure. The work was not one demanding any very strenuous exertion of great faculties. The grand desideratum was the authoritative announcement of such a body of laws as might be applicable to the whole of our Indian territory, producing uniformity of administration, and restricting to the utmost the influence of caprice or crotchet on the part of individual functionaries. It was necessary to consolidate the laws and regulations of the East India Company, which constitute a system of administration judicial and fiscal. As respects the ordinary relations of social life—under the advice of Mahomedan and Hindoo lawyers codes of Mahomedan and Hindoo law might have been compiled and declared to be the laws of British India; and the commercial code, to be in like manner framed and declared, need not have differed materially from that regulating mercantile transactions in other parts of our Sovereign's dominions. An uninterrupted application of five years would have been sufficient for all that either the English or the Anglo-Indian public required or expected; and we heartily wish that the title of Lawgiver had been added to Mr. Macaulay's many claims upon the respect and admiration of his contemporaries.

In

Digitized by Google

In the Law Commission, as originally constituted, two members were named from the Madras and Bombay presidencies; it would, in our opinion, be desirable that a similar practice should obtain in the composition of the Supreme Council; for as all legislative and financial powers are vested in that body, immediate and correct information as to the interests and condition of our southern and western territories are as necessary at the Council Board as similar knowledge respecting those comprised in the Bengal presidency. Moreover, there is much injustice in confining these and other great prizes of official life to the Bengal Civil Service. The sole and direct superintendence of the political department is very properly attributed to the Governor-General, but it is his duty to look for persons qualified for usefulness in that department to the general service, and not exclusively to the section in his immediate neighbourhood.

While we admit that it would be most unwise to restrict the Governor-General in his choice of diplomatic agents to the civil service, it cannot be denied that civilians have *primâ facie* a preferable claim to such offices; of late, however, there has been a strong disposition to choose young military men almost to the exclusion of civilians. The absence of the individuals so chosen from their regimental duty is in itself an evil, and there can be no assignable reason why persons who, generally speaking, have received a more finished education before their arrival in India, and who have become thoroughly acquainted with the native languages, should be held to be almost disqualified, because they have not commanded a company of infantry or a troop of cavalry.

Our empire has, from the annexation of Scinde and the Sikh provinces, acquired such extent and continuity, that the question has been seriously stirred whether the present division into three presidencies, having separate armies and separate civil services, should be maintained?—whether increased unity of action and diminution of charge would not be promoted by a different arrangement? Lieutenant-Governors over large provincial divisions, exceeding in number the existing presidencies, might advantageously, as many think, be substituted for the governors of Madras and Bombay. The salaries of those Lieutenant-Governors might be the same as that of the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces. The Secretariat offices might be greatly reduced, if not abolished; and although Courts of Appeal would probably still be found necessary, the scale of them would be different from that of the existing Sudder Udowluts. Under consolidated revenue-laws separate boards would

Digitized by Google

would not be required in these provincial divisions. On the more important subjects of administration, the governments of Madras and Bombay are entirely subordinate to the Supreme Government — and yet the official machinery at these presidencies is adapted to the supposed exigencies of independent authority. Boards of Council cannot be required to advise and control Governors who refer every weighty affair to a superior executive. The civilians would under this new system receive their appointments to one service, and would on arrival in India be locally distributed according to the wants of the different branches of the administration; the preference now given to the Bengal civil service would cease; no locality would be crowded with gentlemen hopeless of promotion, while elsewhere advancement was disproportionately rapid; and thus a general equality of official advantages would be established: but, above all, the details of administration would be, with few exceptions, the same throughout the empire, and the duties of general superintendence would be simplified, to the great relief of the authorities in England. The division of British India into large provinces for the purposes of judicial and revenue administration, the consolidation of the three Civil Services into one, and the establishment of Lieutenant-Governors instead of Governors in Council, must, however, of necessity be accompanied by a consolidation of the armies of the three Presidencies into one Indian army, enlisted for general service, and similarly constituted in every respect. Great territorial divisions for military occupation could without difficulty be fixed upon, each under the command of a general officer, with one Commander-in-Chief for the whole. Reduction of charge would be thus effected—for the two Commanders-in-Chief at Madras and Bombay, with their respective staffs, would be suppressed:—we might count, moreover, on such an uniformity in internal organization as cannot possibly prevail in distinct military establishments; professional advantages too would be equalized and local jealousies extinguished.—All this is said, and let us for the moment grant it to be all true; but is it clear that, on the other hand, the spirit of emulation now existing in the three armies might not be lost, and any tendency to disaffection be more formidable? Certainly, the history of the past shows that serious discontent, and even mutiny, may exist in one army, while the others remain satisfied and obedient.

It seems to be agreed that the Home Government of this remote Empire could not safely be left to a 'Secretary of State for the Indian Department,' with a couple of under-secretaries and some clerks. We concur in this opinion; but the danger of throwing a great

Digitized by Google

a great additional patronage into the hands of Ministers, usually ranked as the chief objection — though by no means to be treated lightly even in these days of publicity and consequent caution — is not what most weighs with ourselves. We believe that the peculiarity of our connexion with India requires that the Home administration should not be subjected altogether to the vicissitudes of Parliamentary parties; and that a Council or Agency, having in some measure an independent, and certainly a permanent existence, is on the highest grounds of policy indispensable. The utility of an electoral body for the nomination of the persons exercising the Home executive authority has been recognized even by the opponents of the present system; and, if such a body be necessary, some means must be found of connecting the interests of those composing it with India. Property is the great principle of the parliamentary franchise: the analogy has prevailed throughout our municipal and commercial corporations—and therefore it very naturally found its place in the East India Company. The Court of Proprietors has been the body by which the Directors have been chosen, and to which their conduct has been subjected for animadversion or approval. This Court of Proprietors is as independent of the influence of the Crown as any constituency in the United Kingdom; and in it are to be found persons not merely possessing the qualification of property, but of experienced knowledge in every branch of Indian affairs. The existence of such a body in its political capacity, now that the Company has ceased to be connected with the trade to India, is certainly an accident; but one so eminently useful, that an equivalent, even apparently sound in theory, is very difficult to be found. These propositions seem to form a strong and cumulative argument in favour of the continuance in its present functions of the Court of Proprietors; but, property connected with India being the qualification, we can discover no reason why the public creditors of the Indian Government should not be added to the Court, on the same terms and with the same privileges as the holders of India Stock. Those creditors would generally be persons who had resided in India, and who would bring to the exercise of their privileges habitual interest in the conduct of the Indian administration, both at home and abroad. On the other hand, we think the right of voting now conceded to lady-holders of Stock ought to be abolished, for, although of little real disadvantage, the practice has a tendency to throw ridicule on the qualification itself.

The 'Friend of India' says,—

'The mere privilege of expressing an opinion is valuable; and if to this was added the power of reporting those opinions in the form of

 rosolutions

Digitized by Google

resolutions to be submitted to Parliament, the Court of Proprietors might become, if freed from the baleful influence which now weighs it down, possibly a wholesome instrument in the Government of India.' —p. 39.

We do not see that any advantage, not now existing, would be gained by submitting formally to Parliament resolutions passed by the Court of Proprietors. The requisitions to that Court by a regulated number of proprietors, for a distinct discussion of any act of the local governments in India, or of the Home authority, are announced by advertisement; the ensuing debates are duly reported in the newspapers; attention is thus very sufficiently directed to the arguments and the decisions; and, in fact, questions of any consequence once mooted in the Court of Proprietors do find their way into Parliament.

Colonel Tod, as quoted by the 'Friend,' speaks thus:—

'The Court is useless for any purpose save that decreed by the Directors, to whom it is utterly subservient. It is notorious that no subject at all unpalatable may be initiated there with any prospect of being carried; but, to use a vulgar phrase, whatever the proposition, it can always be swamped by the snap of a finger. As long as patronage shall be distributed as at present, so long will this preponderating influence crush every other.'

This is the language, *mutatis mutandis*, of every opposition in the House of Commons when defeated on any motion of censure against a Government; yet defeat has not prevented the renewal of similar motions, nor has it been held to establish the uselessness of the deliberative body before which the inquiry was instituted. The very recent case of the Rajah of Sattarah was as unpalatable to the President of the Board of Control as to the Court of Directors, for he was equally answerable,—yet it was discussed in the House of Commons as thoroughly as in the Court of Proprietors, and with the same result: surely the former assembly could not be said to be weighed down by the same baneful influence that, as we are told, presses upon the latter. We could easily refer to many other cases of no ancient date: and with them in our recollection, we feel justified in affirming that the present system gives sufficient publicity to all transactions connected with Indian administration, and furnishes ample means of inquisition and censure, when such may be needful.

While the Company possessed the monopoly of trade with India and China, the leading influence in the Court of Directors was mercantile, and was mostly in the hands of the representatives of the great commercial banking firms of the City of London; but since the Acts of 1813 and 1833 a great change has taken place: the Court now contains a large proportion of civil

Digitized by Google

civil and military servants returned from India—gentlemen possessing precisely the qualifications most insisted upon by those who demand a reform in the composition of the Court. Not satisfied with this, the 'Friend of India' insists—

'That members of banking and mercantile houses and of insurance companies should be expelled from that body. Other avocations manifestly preclude them from taking any real interest in the business of India, except in the distribution of the annual patronage.'

He seems to forget that such persons are considered very competent, as Members of Parliament, to deliberate on all the great interests of the nation—and to overlook especially the fact that, with the consent of all parties, an eminent banker, Mr. Thomas Baring, presided over the Committee appointed by the late House of Commons to report on the past and future administration of our Eastern empire. Although we attach great importance to the presence in the Court of Directors of individuals who have been employed in India, we think the infusion of purely European views and sentiments no less desirable; long residence abroad may very naturally conduce to the formation of dogmatic opinions, requiring to be counteracted by such considerations of national policy as are likely to have superior influence among subjects who have not left Britain.

'The correspondence between the Court of Directors and the governments of India is conducted,' says Mr. Martin, 'with a comprehensiveness and in a detail quite unexampled. Every the minutest proceeding of the local governments, including the whole correspondence between them and their subordinate functionaries, is placed on record, and complete copies of the Indian records are sent to England. The knowledge on the part of the local governments that their proceedings will always undergo this revision operates as a salutary check on their conduct, and the practice of replying to letters from India paragraph by paragraph is a security against remissness or oversight at home.'—*Martin*, ii. pp. 14-21.

Objections are made to the minuteness of detail here described—and no doubt the correspondence is formidably voluminous—but that inconvenience is amply compensated by the complete information thus concentrated in England; indeed, without it we do not see how a sufficient control could be exercised over the local governments, more especially as regards the interests of individuals employed in the public service. The general result of the system is, that those functionaries in Leadenhall Street, whose peculiar business it is to examine the correspondence, are scarcely less conversant with persons and proceedings in India than the secretaries at the Presidencies, and any attempt to mislead the home authorities by one-sided statements would be utterly hopeless.

Digitized by Google

For the despatch of business

'The Directors are divided into three committees:—finance and home, eight Directors; political and military, seven; revenue, judicial, and legislative, seven. The duty of each is partly defined by the title: but there is a Committee of Secrecy forming the Cabinet Council of the Court, and consisting of the Chairman, Deputy Chairman, and Senior Director; its functions are defined by Parliament.'—*Martin*, ii. p. 5.

The distribution of business amongst the Directors—liable as it is, with the exception of the Secret Committee, to alterations as circumstances may require—does not call for much observation. This is not the case as regards the number of Directors. If the patronage be left to them, the share of each would, under any considerable reduction of their number, be greater than would be tolerated by public opinion, and really might throw too much influence into the hands of individuals. There is, as respects business to be done, no disadvantage in the number of Directors now on each committee, for the correspondence with India affords ample occupation for them all—and, as to the economy of the matter, the salary of a Director being but 300*l.* per annum, the difference of charge between twelve or fifteen and twenty-four of them can hardly be regarded as of serious consequence. The patronage annually exercised in England by the Directors, extending over the civil, military, medical, and marine services, is in pecuniary value, were the nominations susceptible of sale, considerable, and certainly constitutes a public trust of great importance. Parliament has a right to ask—how has that trust been performed? But we have no doubt at all that, on candid inquiry, the answer would be creditable to the Court. It must be that, emanating from their nomination, there exists a body of public servants, than which none more distinguished for probity, zeal, and capacity, could be pointed out in any dominion or in any age known to history. In India there are no sinecures. As the conditions of promotion are much less affected by favour or party than in the dependencies of the Crown, public servants of whatever order, feeling confident of obtaining the just measure of recompence, are laborious in habits as well as independent in spirit. Finally, no individuals are brought into high and responsible office without having had previous training; and thus there is hardly a chance that the real work may be done by subordinates, while the larger emoluments go to indolent or incapable chiefs.

If this general description be accurate—and it would be easy to support it by details—the patronage could not, for the welfare of India, be better placed than it is: nor when we look at this disposition of a vast patronage, in reference to domestic interests,

Digitized by Google de

do we find that the influence of the Company has any disturbing effect on the course of public administration. There is no great East Indian party in either House of Parliament; the patronage is noiselessly exercised, and never affects the acquisition or the loss of ministerial power. Many are the schemes that have been devised for the exercise of this patronage, in the event of Parliament thinking fit to create another machinery for the government of India; in no one of these, however, do the propounders themselves seem to have any great confidence. Some have suggested the sale of appointments; others, that a larger share of them should be assigned to the Universities; others, that they should be divided among the proprietors of India stock, or given to the sons of persons who have served in India. We will not go so far as to say that all these schemes, or parts of them, are utterly impracticable—but we do not see in any of them the same individual responsibility that attaches to the Directors—and we are quite convinced that none of them would produce a result more beneficial than that which is now obtained.

Mr. Campbell thus sums up his observations on the Indian civil servants:—

'I should say that in all administrative duties they succeed, generally speaking, exceedingly well, but that the judicial part of the work is very indifferently performed. It has long been remarked that they are not *juris periti;* and they are not likely to become so, unless we have, first, good, clear, intelligible codes—and secondly, a good judicial training.'—p. 281.

We agree with the writer, and are convinced that the training should begin in England. Special nominations should be made to the judicial department, and a certain amount of legal knowledge required. If the establishment at Haileybury be maintained, that line of study might well be pursued there, but it would be necessary to provide the means of instruction in the laws of British India, whether originated or adopted by British authority. Two years (the period of residence in college at present) would not be sufficient for this; and on arrival in India, some increase of salary might be given as a compensation for the postponement of actual service.

While none deny that the fitness of candidates ought to be tested by a searching examination, great doubts have of late been expressed as to the necessity for a special collegiate establishment here at the expense of India. It is argued that the preliminary education might be safely left to the families or friends directly interested in the final success of young aspirants, and the public charge altogether avoided. We must refer our readers to Mr. Campbell's work (p. 264, &c.) for the details of the

Digitized by Google

the course of education at Haileybury. Our own conclusion is that the college has fairly answered the objects of its foundation; and that on the whole—more especially as still further benefits may be anticipated from it—the expense is not sufficiently heavy to justify the risks of its abolition.

As the sovereignty of the Indian territories has never passed from the Crown, although the administration of them has, by successive acts of the Legislature, been intrusted to the Company, the Crown has always reserved to itself the right of controlling the Trustees, and has practically exercised that right through a board entitled 'The Commissioners for the Affairs of India.' This arrangement finds no favour with the 'Friend.' He says:—

'By the Act of 1833 the territory of India is placed under the government of the East India Company, in trust for the Crown; but hardly is the ink dry of this enactment than another body is created, with such powers as completely to override the so-called Trustees, and to make them a positive encumbrance on the estate. This body is a Board of Commissioners, composed entirely of Her Majesty's Ministers, who are invested with full power and authority to superintend, direct, and control all acts, operations, and concerns of the said Company which in anywise relate to or concern the government or revenues of the said territories. And by the same statute the Directors of the Company are prohibited from issuing any orders, instructions, official letters, or communications whatever relating to the territories or governments of India, until the same shall have been submitted for the consideration of, and approved by, the Board of Commissioners.'—*Friend*, p. 8.

The Directors are moreover required to elect from amongst themselves a Secret Committee, through which the Board of Commissioners may, in all matters wherein Indian or other States are concerned, and which, in their opinion, require secrecy, transmit orders to the Governments and Presidencies, by whom such orders shall be obeyed as if they had been sent by the Court of Directors. The members of this Committee—namely, as we have seen, the Chairman, the Deputy-Chairman, and the senior member of the Court—are bound by oath not to disclose these communications. The 'Friend' observes, and he is, to a certain degree, borne out by the words of this particular clause, 'that it is impossible Ministers could have been armed with more perfect powers if the Act had, in express terms, made them the Trustees instead of the Company.' The force of the conclusion at which he arrives will, however, be much shaken by the consideration that this absolute power in the Board of Commissioners is exceptional. In no department of affairs excepting the political, does the Board of Control originate any communications or orders to India, unless the Court of Directors shall

Digitized by Google

shall have omitted to prepare and submit the necessary despatches for consideration; and in the event of despatches submitted to the ministerial Commissioners not being approved of by them, they are bound to give their reasons in writing for the dissent, which reasons receive the attention of the full Court of Directors, and are subject to remonstrance from that quarter before the matter is finally disposed of. This proceeding takes place, not as between superior and inferior, but as between co-ordinate authorities. The decision is indeed with the Commissioners; for, in administration, action cannot be indefinitely delayed, nor consultation pushed beyond a certain limit. Still the Commissioners are responsible to Parliament for the exercise of the powers of control, and the result, in practice, is, that the official intercourse between them and the Court of Directors is generally harmonious, and such as ought to exist between two bodies so constituted and for such an object.

A provision, first made in the Act of 1833, is as follows:—

'If the Court of Directors deem the orders of the Board contrary to law, a case, agreed upon between them and the Commissioners, shall be submitted to the Judges of the King's Bench for their opinion, which opinion, when duly certified, is to be conclusive.'

This provision seems greatly preferable to the former remedy —that of suing for a mandamus, which exposed a conflict between authorities whom the Legislature meant to be jointly consulting and executive.

It would be hazardous to assert that the exceptional authority given to the Board of Control as to the political department may not, on some occasions, have been pushed beyond the actual necessity, and almost in contravention of the deliberately expressed purpose of the Legislature that British India should remain under the government of the Company. We do not, indeed, apprehend that the 36th clause of the Act of Parliament, granting this secret and peremptory authority, is often enforced without some modification. The Chairman and Deputy-Chairman are in constant and confidential communication with the President of the Board; and as they are cognizant of the events respecting which secret instructions are to be issued, some —at least verbal—discussion must take place on the purport of them, and differences of opinion then expressed may not be without influence on the measures finally adopted. But we cannot pretend to be quite satisfied with this state of arrangements. If the Company is to exercise, even under control, the government of India, the great questions of peace and war, and of political relations with the native princes, should never, we must

Digitized by Google

must think, be decided without the knowledge of the Court of Directors, or, at least, of an official committee chosen from among them. It would, we must add, be highly expedient, were the latter method favoured by Parliament, to modify and strengthen the actual Secret Committee of Directors. In the supposed case, its number ought not to be less than five—including of course the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman, while the three others should be chosen annually by the whole Court, without reference to seniority.

Our belief being that, in the words of the Preamble of the Act of 1833, 'It is expedient that the territories now under the Government of the Company be continued under such Government,' we would increase rather than diminish the weight and efficiency of the Court of Directors, and therefore we should regret to see the power of recalling the Governor-General withdrawn from them. The Directors, as a body, are free from the influence of political party. With very few exceptions, the Court has been found ready to accept the individual recommended for the high office of Governor-General by the Ministers of the Crown, and to conduct the official intercourse with him on terms of courtesy and consideration. A determination to remove the Governor-General can seldom, on the part of the Directors, be the result of prejudice or personal resentment; it must, in all probability, arise from a painful conviction of an imperative necessity; and as a power of removal is vested in Ministers, we do not see any principle of policy or analogy upon which it can be withheld from the co-ordinate authority.

An alteration was made by the 23rd clause of the Act of 1833 in the composition of the active part of the Board of Control. The two paid Parliamentary Commissioners were abolished, and two paid secretaries, capable of sitting in Parliament, were established instead of one chief secretary. Unless as reducing in some small degree the Parliamentary patronage of the Ministry, we do not understand what advantage any one could discover in the new arrangement. The ex-officio Commissioners, with the exception of the Prime Minister, take no part in the transaction of the business, and he only on those few occasions when important nominations are to be made, or when serious differences of opinion have arisen between the President, who is practically the Board, and the Court of Directors. In general, when Downing Street receives a new set of masters, both the President and Parliamentary secretaries of the Board of Commissioners labour under such a deficiency of information as would be almost fatal to the exercise of control, if the first part of the business

Digitized by Google

business were not so perfectly executed at the India House, and if the senior clerks of the establishment in Westminster were not well competent to furnish their in-coming superiors with instruction. In this way—but in this way alone—an admirable brief is put into the hands of the newly appointed President, and he, from parliamentary habits, is enabled to discuss questions as they arise with the Chairman and Deputy Chairman of the Court of Directors. It may be said that something analogous occurs in most other great departments of the State. Let us not, however, overlook the fact that the affairs of India very seldom occupy the attention of Parliament—whereas the time of both Houses is so taken up in debates on the domestic, colonial, and foreign policy of the Empire, that the leading members are conversant not only with the general principles but with the details of administration in any office to which Parliamentary conflicts may raise them. There is usually found, we must repeat, in a newly appointed Board of Control, utter ignorance as to the judicial and revenue systems of India. Nor is this all: much of the composition and organization of the native army is peculiar—and, were it only with a view to military questions, it surely would be desirable to introduce Indian experience into the Board itself. A Board composed of a president, vice-president, and chief secretary, having seats in Parliament, together with two paid and permanent commissioners selected by the Crown from among the experienced servants of the Company, and not sitting in Parliament, would certainly be more efficient than the present Board. As there would be only one parliamentary secretary, supposing the salaries of the permanent commissioners to be 1500*l.* each, and that of the vice-president 2000*l.*, the increase of charge would amount to 3100*l.* A Board such as this would present the foundation of a system that might hereafter replace the East India Company in the government of India:—it is in fact clear enough that a further addition of five commissioners not in Parliament, with one other non-parliamentary secretary, would complete the requisite machinery. This speculation does not include the distribution of the Indian patronage, for which some arrangement, almost entirely disconnected with the administering authority might—and indeed in the supposed case *must*—be made: but, well satisfied as we are to leave the great Indian trust, as it now is, with the Company, we are not called upon to discuss eventualities which, it is to be hoped, will not arise.

We have not space for a detailed examination of the financial position of British India; but we must not wholly omit it. In his tenth chapter Mr. Campbell estimates the gross revenue of all

Digitized by Google

all India at about 48 millions sterling, which he distributes as follows:—

Native States, but the revenue probably exceeds the estimate	£13,000,000
Alienations in our own territories, inferior states, rent-free lands, &c. &c.	5,000,000
Sacrificed by permanent settlement at Bengal	2,000,000
Political pensions and assignments, Bombay hereditary officers, &c. &c.	2,468,969
Total	£22,468,969
In our own hands	£25,288,884

From this he says—'It appears we possess little more than half the revenues of India; whereas, if we appropriated the whole, we should undoubtedly always have a large surplus, and India might be more lightly taxed than any country in the world.' But here we cannot believe the writer to have weighed his words with his usual care. They certainly suggest something too like an anticipatory apology for wholesale spoliation.

According to the latest accounts of Indian territorial revenues and disbursements submitted to Parliament,

The net revenues amount, for 1850 and 1851, partly estimated, to	£19,906,502
The total charges for 1850 and 1851, partly estimated, to	20,537,675
Leaving a deficiency of	631,173

This deficiency admits of easy explanation. Mr. Campbell is quite justified in saying that 'our ordinary revenue has defrayed our ordinary expenditure. Our debts are, almost without exception, the result of extraordinary expenditure in war.' Large cash balances are kept in the Indian treasuries to meet extraordinary expenditure; and the last stated amount of these balances was, in round numbers, eleven millions sterling: but at next reckoning this amount will be found diminished by the Burmese war, and no portion of the Treasury balances will be applicable to the reduction of debt.

In the year 1835-36, under Lord William Bentinck's government, the surplus income amounted to 1,466,848*l.*; and in 1837, the last year of surplus revenue, the Indian debt was 30,446,249*l.* It stands now, after the wars in China, Afghaniston, Scinde, and the Punjaub, at 46,908,064*l.*, bearing an interest of 2,236,140*l.*—about a ninth part of the ordinary net revenue. The debt itself does not exceed the net revenue of two years and

Digitized by Google

and a half. To this debt, indeed, must be added the bond debt at home, amounting to nearly four millions; but even with this addition the whole public debt is under the revenue of three years. We do not consider the capital stock of the Company a charge upon India, for the Act of 1833 provided a security fund of two millions, destined to accumulate for the redemption of it.

Such a financial condition would, in any powerful European monarchy, be considered highly satisfactory; but in the case before us the same conclusion cannot be come to without some reservation; for in India the great branch of permanent revenue derived directly from the land does not admit of increase according to the varying necessities of the State; and the next considerable receipt, that from opium, fluctuates with the demand in China, and, were the moral habits of that extraordinary region improved, might greatly fall off, if not altogether cease. The salt monopoly is another most important branch of revenue; but it is one that, from the universal demand for the article, and its pressure upon the indigent multitude, must at all times be considered a grievous burthen, and cannot, under any circumstances, admit of augmentation. It may be hoped, that with the full development of the resources of the soil, and more especially with an increased production of cotton and sugar, and an amelioration in the quality of both, the condition of the community may be so improved as to allow of more variety in the objects of taxation, by which the poor industrious cultivators of the soil may be relieved, and wealthier classes compelled to contribute in a larger proportion. Peace is the great desideratum in India—peace, that will bring with it a reduction of charge, and restore a surplus revenue.

Where the form of government is absolute, the people have a right to expect that great works of public utility shall be undertaken by the Sovereign Power, and not left altogether to the enterprise and association of individuals. Few perhaps in Britain are at all aware of the extent to which such duties have, during a lengthened period, and signally within our own times, been encountered under the administration of the India Company. The whole world may be challenged to show anything comparable with what that government has already done for the improvement of internal communications of every sort—but above all, with what has been achieved by the skill of British Engineers in the extension of canals for drainage and irrigation in many districts of India. On this last subject—at least on the most important part of it, the wonderful operations in the sub-Himalayan region—our readers will find most ample and most interesting information in a work lately published by Captain

Digitized by Google

Captain Baird Smith, of the Bengal Engineers—a work which every candid Englishman will peruse with pride; * and assuredly whenever a surplus revenue exists in India, the best employment of it, even in preference to the reduction of debt, will be found in a still wider application of the methods thus successfully exemplified.

Before we close our observations on one of the greatest questions awaiting the decision of Parliament, we are anxious to guard ourselves against the charge of indifference to the welfare of the Asiatic millions intrusted by Providence to the Crown of England, and of making their best interests a question entirely subordinate to the maintenance of her Eastern supremacy. It is true that we have presumed to differ in opinion from some very considerable authorities in regard to the introduction of natives into the higher ranks of office — on the ground that such an innovation would be dangerous to the connexion subsisting between Britain and India. Policy commands, we think, the avoidance of this danger — but philanthropy equally recommends it; for the internal tranquillity and prosperity of all India itself are at stake. Were the rule of the sojourning strangers to be subverted or weakened, there are now no elements amongst the natives for constructing either a general government or independent sovereignties; and the inevitable result must be anarchy and civil war, even to a greater extent than when a Company of merchants laid the foundations of our marvellous dominion.

The preceding article was in the press before the Evidence taken by the late Committees of both Houses had been published. It is satisfactory to find that in most of our views we concur with Lord Hardinge, Lord Elphinstone, Sir George Clerk, Mr. Shepherd, and Mr. Melville. We have not been so fortunate as regards Lord Ellenborough, more especially as respects the expediency of intrusting the future government of India to the old Company. However, Lord Ellenborough can scarcely be considered an unprejudiced witness on this point.—

Manet altâ mente repostum
Judicium Paridis, spretæque injuria formæ.

---

* 'Italian Irrigation—a Report to the Court of East India Directors.' 2 vols. 8vo. 1852. See the Appendices to vol. i.

ART.

Digitized by Google

ART. IV—1. *Recherches sur les Etoiles Filantes.* Par MM. Coulvier-Gravier et Saigey. Introduction Historique. Paris. 1847.
2. *Catalogue of Observations of Luminous Meteors.* By the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford. *In Reports of British Association*, for 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851.
3. *Humboldt's Cosmos.* Translated under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. Sabine. Vol. I. Section on Aerolites.

IN former articles of this Journal we have dwelt at some length on those peculiar characters which designate the physical science of our own time, and which have mainly contributed to its astonishing progress during the last half-century. Such are, first, the higher principles of inquiry into nature; involving in the case of each particular science the action of elements heretofore unknown, and the establishment of laws more general and profound than any before recognized:—secondly, the infinite increase of exactness required and obtained in all the methods of research, whether by observation or experiment:—and, thirdly, the intimate connexion established amongst different sciences—affording new illustrations to each—and tending towards those great generalizations which it is the object of all philosophy to obtain, not solely for the perfection of theory, but also for the most various and valuable application to the uses of man. We now revert to these characteristic distinctions because they are, all and each, strikingly illustrated by the subject before us—one of the most recent departments of physical knowledge, and hitherto very slenderly provided with facts fitted for the establishment of general laws; but gradually moulding itself into the forms of a science, and acquiring connexions with other branches of general physics, which every day tends to make closer and of higher interest.

In every age of the world, and in every region of it, there have been witnessed, amidst the more constant aspects and phenomena of the heavens, those strangely irregular and vagrant lights, those 'fiery shapes and burning cressets,' which suddenly kindle into brightness above us, and as suddenly are lost again in darkness. Sometimes seen as globes of light in rapid movement—much more frequently under the aspect and name of *falling* or *shooting* stars, and these occasionally even crowding certain parts of the sky by their number—such appearances in former times were regarded either with dull amazement, or with superstitious awe as the omens of approaching events. Throughout all ages, moreover, reports have existed of masses of stone of various size falling from the sky, preceded by vivid light and explosion; and these occurrences,

Digitized by Google

rences, as might be supposed, have in all former times, and by every people, been similarly made the subject of superstitious belief. The Ancyle or sacred shield of Numa, the holy Kaaba of Mecca, the sword of the Mongolian Emperor, and the great stone of the pyramid at Cholula in Mexico, have all the same history annexed to them. They fell from heaven, and were venerated in their presumed divine origin. These falling stones, however, though more wonderful in many respects, were much less frequent than the meteoric lights which blazed before the eyes of nations; and they were for the most part very vaguely recorded. As we shall see afterwards, it is only within the last half-century that science has fully admitted them within her pale—reluctantly, it may almost be said, as well as tardily; and resting even more on proofs furnished by the physical characters of the falling bodies, than on the historical evidence of their descent.

Nevertheless, it is chiefly to the recognition of these Aerolites, or falling stones, that we owe the zealous scientific research which has since been given to the subject of meteors. However wonderful these phenomena might be in themselves, their aspects and periods were seemingly so irregular as to render them insusceptible of that classification of facts which is the basis of all true science. The untutored gaze of the multitude was for ages as productive of results as the observation of the naturalist; and until very recently the theories of the latter scarcely went beyond certain vague notions of inflammable gases or electrical actions in the atmosphere. The bog-vapour kindled above the earth, instead of on its surface—and, yet more, the phenomenon of lightning in its various forms—offered explanations just plausible enough to check further investigation; and when Franklin (now exactly one hundred years ago) first drew electrical sparks from a thunder-cloud, it seemed as if a sufficient cause for meteoric appearances had been fully obtained. Yet, though the dominion of this great element of Electricity has been extending itself to our knowledge ever since, we shall presently see that other causes are here concerned; and that we must carry our speculations still higher, before we can compass all the facts which modern observation has placed before us.

It will be readily conceived how much the admission of the fact, that Meteors are sometimes accompanied by the precipitation of stones or earthy and metallic matters from the sky, affected every part of this inquiry. And when Chemistry intervened, disclosing the singular and very similar composition of the bodies thus strangely conveyed to us, it became obvious that new elements were concerned, of which science was required to take larger cognizance. About the same period, research was more exactly

Digitized by Google

exactly applied to determine the height, velocity, and direction of meteors, and especially of falling stars, while luminous to the eye; the results of which inquiry, though embarrassed by various difficulties, tended yet further to remove their physical causes beyond the region of our globe, by showing their elevation above the atmosphere, their vast rapidity of passage through space, and lines of movement involving other forces than that of simple gravitation towards the earth. And when to such researches were added, more recently, certain remarkable facts as to the periodicity of falling stars, the inquiry assumed at once a *cosmical* character, associating itself with some of the movements and higher laws of the planetary system.

We have sketched this preliminary outline of the subject, from a feeling of the interest which ever attaches to the successive stages of a new science—those steps by which we ascend from the rude, doubtful, or superstitious record of isolated facts, to the absolute proof, the classification of phenomena, and the determination of the physical laws which govern them. Such notices are not more instructive as to the philosophy of the material world than in relation to the history of man himself, thus advancing in knowledge and power amidst the elements which surround him.*

Though the subject of Meteors was thus brought within the domain of science, the difficulty remained of giving any classification to the phenomena, on which to base inquiry into their causes and physical connexions. On what principle was it possible to arrange appearances so vague and various in time, place, magnitude, and brilliancy? The simplest division is the only one yet admissible; expressing little more than those external aspects to which we have already alluded, without reference to the physical causes which are doubtless concerned in their varieties. First in order we have the globes or balls of light (*bolides*), appearing suddenly, and having certain physical characters, to which we shall afterwards advert. Secondly, falling or shooting stars (*étoiles filantes*), seen at all times and in all countries, but more numerously at certain periods, and more frequently under the clear skies of tropical regions. Thirdly, Aerolites, or meteoric stones, differing greatly in size and form, but with various characters showing a common origin, and this wholly alien to the planet on which they fall.

The spirit of inquiry awakened on the subject of Meteors, and the objects thus far defined, it was natural to recur to history and

* It has been well said by Laplace, 'La connaissance *de la méthode* qui a guidé l'homme de génie n'est pas moins utile au progrès de la science, et même à sa propre gloire, que ses découvertes.'

tradition

Digitized by Google

tradition for evidences of similar phenomena in prior ages. This research, as we have already intimated, was fertile of curious results—derived as well from the classical writers of Greece and Rome, as from the records of the dark ages and of every intervening century to our own time. The most remote regions, as well as periods, contributed to this testimony—the facts sometimes coloured by superstition, sometimes obscured by imperfect report; but numerous and exact enough for comparison with our own observations, and giving full proof of the uniformity of the phenomena throughout. Poetry naturally busied itself with these vagrant lights of heaven, and we might cite various passages from the Greek and Latin poets, which, though in some part ambiguous from the association of lightning with meteoric appearances, yet manifestly include the latter in their appeal to the imagination.* The historians of antiquity denote them in more or less detail, and with various degrees of belief. The naturalists of Greece and Rome, from Aristotle down to Seneca and Pliny, have not only left descriptions copious enough to identify all the appearances with those of our own time, but have here and there offered suggestions as to natural causes which are fairly admissible among the hypotheses of more recent date.

But the highest interest in these records of past times attaches itself to the fall of Aerolites; and as we propose to take this class of meteors first into view, we may reasonably dwell for a moment upon their early history. The phrases of *Lapidibus pluit, Crebri ceciderunt a cœlo lapides*, &c., are familiar to us from Livy, and may no longer be disregarded as the idle tales of a superstitious age. Æschylus, in the fragment we possess of his Prometheus Unbound, alludes to a shower of rounded stones sent down by Jupiter from a cloud. But the most remarkable and authentic record of antiquity is that of the massive stone which fell in the 78th Olympiad (about the time of the birth of Socrates), at Ægospotamos on the Hellespont—the place soon afterwards dignified, or defaced, as opinion may be, by that naval victory of Lysander which subjected Athens and Greece, for a time, to the Spartan power. The philosopher Anaxagoras was said to have predicted the fall of this stone from the Sun—a prediction, doubtless, like many others, following after the event. It is expressly mentioned by Aristotle; by the author of the Parian

* Virgil, in the more practical description of his Georgics, connects falling stars with the approach of wind—

Sæpe etiam stellas, vento impendente, videbis
Præcipites cœlo labi, &c.

Both Theophrastus and Pliny admit the same idea. If this connexion were generally true, which we doubt, it probably depends merely on the rising wind dispelling vapours which before hid these meteors from sight.

Chronicle

Digitized by Google

Chronicle; by Diogenes of Apollonia, who speaks of it as 'falling in flames;' and most fully by Plutarch and Pliny, both of whom distinctly state it to be shown in their time—that is, in the sixth century after its fall. Pliny's description is well marked — *Qui lapis etiam nunc ostenditur, magnitudine vehis, colore adusto;* and he adds the fact that a burning comet (meteor) accompanied its descent.*

We see no cause whatever to doubt the authenticity of this statement, of which the very phrase *colore adusto* is a striking verification. If the mass remained visible, and of such magnitude as described, down to Pliny's time, it is far from impossible that it may even now be re-discovered—with the aid, perchance, of some stray tradition attached to the place—surviving, as often happens, the lapse of ages, the changes of human dominion, and even the change of race itself on the spot. Only one slight effort, as far as we know, has been made for the recovery of this ancient aerolite. We marvel that some of our many Oriental travellers *do* not abstract a few days from the seraglios, mosques, and bazaars of Constantinople—(and, we fear, we must further add, from the lounging life of the Pera Hotel)—to engage deliberately in the attempt. Fame earned by discovery in travel is no longer so common a commodity that the chances of it should be disdained. In this case the research, if successful, would be of interest enough both for history and science to perpetuate a man's name.†

While

* Plutarch, who reasons with force and pertinency as to the origin of this stone (*in Vitâ Lysandri*), explicitly states that it was still held in much veneration by the inhabitants of the Chersonesus. He also speaks of its vast size, and of the tradition of a fiery cloud or globe which preceded its fall. In his book *De Placit. Philos.* he alludes to it again, as πυροειδοῦς κατενεχθέντα ἀστέρα πετρῶον. Pliny mentions a smaller meteoric stone, religiously preserved in the gymnasium at Abydos, also said to have been predicted by Anaxagoras. This coincidence of time and place might lead to the suspicion that both were derived from the same meteor. He further notices a stone of recent fall which he had himself seen at Vocontii in the province of Gallia Narbonensis—now Vaison in Provence.

† Though the locality of this stone is not further indicated than by the statement of its fall at Ægospotamos, yet the invariable manner in which it is thus described defines tolerably well the district to be examined. We learn from the old geographers that there was a town called Ægospotami on the Thracian side the Hellespont, and we may infer a stream or streams, from which its name was derived. The description of the naval fight and the situation relatively to Lampsacus (the modern *Lamsaki*) further define the locality within certain limits. The traveller devoting himself to the research might make his head-quarters at various places near to the spot in question. He should render himself previously familiar with the aspect of meteoric stones, as now seen in the Museums and Mineralogical Cabinets throughout Europe. He must study the character of the rocks and fragmentary masses in the vicinity, so as more readily to appreciate the differences of aspect. He must expect the possibility of a small part only of the mass appearing above the surface; and his eye must be awake and active for any such partial appearances. If the stone sought for were wholly concealed by alluvial deposits, the research of course would be vain, unless happily aided by some local

Digitized by Google

While the antiquity of Greece and Rome, as well as the middle ages of Europe, furnish us only with scattered notices of these aerolites, it is far otherwise with the Chinese—that singular people, whose language, institutions, and methods of thought might almost suggest them as a race of men struck off from some other planet. There exist in China authentic catalogues of the remarkable meteors of all classes, aerolites included, which have appeared there during a period of 2400 years. To give an idea of the minuteness of these records — the translation of which we owe to the lamented Ed. Biot—it is enough to mention that in the three centuries from A.D. 960 to 1270 not fewer than 1479 meteors are registered by the Chinese observers, who seem to have been officially employed for this purpose.* It is only of late years that the science of Europe has placed itself in competition with these extraordinary documents. Though instances of falling stones were continually multiplying themselves in France, England, Germany, Italy, and elsewhere, the only memoirs we know on the subject, before the time of Chladni, are that of the Jesuit Domenico Troili, and another we shall afterwards notice. The work of Chladni in 1794 formed an epoch in the study of meteorites. This philosopher, still better known by his admirable mode of demonstrating the vibrations and quiescent lines which enter into the phenomena of sound, was the first to collect all the authentic instances of aerolites: a catalogue much enlarged since, but very valuable at the time, and showing great zeal of research. Until this moment scarcely one man of science had given assent to, or even considered the subject as a matter of evidence. The speculations of Kepler, Halley, Maskelyne, and others, as to meteoric matters in the planetary space, scarcely touched upon the history or theory of meteoric stones. Yet it would seem a case where history had some claim to credit, since the facts were of a nature which imagination or fear could hardly mystify or distort. Meteors seen and heard to explode—stones at the same time falling to the earth, and frequently discovered and examined at the time of

---

local traditions, as we have noticed above. Such traditions, even in the outset, should be sedulously sought for; the manner of doing which most effectively must be determined at the time and place. We will add further that the autumnal months should be avoided, as the malaria fever is rife at this season on the shores of the Dardanelles.

We could hardly hope to recover any remnant of the great stone which was seen to fall at Narni, A.D. 921, and is described as projecting four feet above the water of the river into which it fell.

* The observations from the seventh century before Christ to 960 were derived by M. Biot from the work of Ma-touan-lin, an eminent Chinese author towards the end of the 13th century. Those of the three centuries succeeding A.D. 960 come under the annals of the dynasty of Soung, which during this period had dominion in China.

their

Digitized by Google

their fall—sometimes falling as single and heated masses, sometimes numerous enough to be described as a shower—these are things so simple and distinct in narrative that we could not easily refuse belief to them, even had we less testimony from similar occurrences in our own time. It is one of the many instances furnished by science of ancient truths, long obscured or discredited, coming suddenly into fresh light, and receiving illustration from new and unexpected sources. The chemist's crucible, and the eye of the mineralogist, disclosed results as to these stones which no conjecture could have anticipated, and eventually compelled the belief so long and obstinately denied.

The stone which fell at Wold Cottage in Yorkshire, in 1795, was that which contributed most explicitly to this conversion. Its fall was seen by two persons, following an explosion in the air. It had penetrated to a depth of 18 inches in the soil and chalk, whence it was taken. It weighed about 56 lbs. Happily it was placed in the hands of an able chemist of the time, Mr. Howard, whose analysis of it was published in the Ph. Transactions for 1802. Yet when Pictet, who had just come from England, read a communication to the French Institute on this subject, 'il y trouva une incrédulité telle qu'il lui fallut une sorte de courage pour achever sa lecture.' A month after, however, Vauquelin produced to the Institute an analysis of his own, fully confirming that of Howard—a few months later the great fall of stones, 2000 or 3000 in number, 'une véritable pluie des pierres météoriques,' occurred at L'Aigle, in Normandy:—the information was obtained at the same time of a numerous shower of stones at Benares, on the Ganges—and similar evidences multiplied from every side. The fall at L'Aigle, however, may be noted above all, as it led to a minute local investigation by Biot; who hastened himself to the spot, and with characteristic zeal and ability not merely authenticated the event, but obtained proof as to various incidents attending it, of great value to the true theory of these falling bodies. Of these the most important was the fact, well ascertained, that the direction of the meteors from which the stones fell must have been oblique to the horizon.* The convictions of a man like Biot, founded on personal investigation, may be fairly admitted as another epoch in the history of aerolites.

The striking concurrence of such instances with those of more ancient tradition overcame all remaining doubt; and when Chladni

* This was most ingeniously determined by observing the outline of the surface upon which the fall occurred—found to be elliptical, and not circular, as it would have been had they dropped vertically. The meteor was circular, large, and brilliant—and explosions were heard over a wide tract of country. The stones were hot, and exhaled a strong sulphureous smell.

Digitized by Google

published his second and more valuable work in 1819, with a copious record of aerolites, registered according to the periods and places of their fall, as well as the directions of their line of descent, his statements were received with entire assent by the scientific world. His details had the effect not only of authenticating the fall of such stones from the sky, but further of assigning a meteoric character to certain strange ferruginous masses found in different countries, regarding which only vague traditions existed, or which had no history at all but that of their outward aspect.* These masses, some of them of vast weight and dimensions, and manifestly foreign to the localities in which they are found, have enough of kindred with aerolites to justify the name of meteoric iron, and to make it probable that they are of common origin. The largest yet known is the one estimated to weigh about 14,000 lbs.,—discovered at Otumpa, in Brazil, in a locality where there is no iron, nor rock of any kind near the surface. Another, little inferior in size, has been found near Bahia. A smaller mass, but nearer to us, is that from the neighbourhood of Andernach, weighing 3300 lbs. The volcanic locality might render the origin of this ambiguous; but its analysis by Professor Bischoff of Bonn, in showing a compound of soft metallic iron with a small proportion of nickel, leaves little doubt of its belonging to the class of meteoric bodies. Another remarkable specimen is the Siberian stone, described by Pallas, and which we have ourselves seen in the Imperial Museum at Petersburgh, composed of soft spongy iron and olivine. The Tartars on the spot had a tradition of the fall of this stone from the sky, as the Mongolians have of a fragment of black rock, 40 feet high, near the sources of the Yellow River. The great Brazilian mass, as far as we can tell, has no story belonging to it.

Before proceeding to the theory of the bodies thus admitted to have been cast upon the earth, we must say something more of their chemical composition — inasmuch as this is not only remarkable in itself, but closely concerned in their theory, and with other speculations of high interest. Collecting the results of all the best analyses down to the present time, we find the actual number of recognised elements discovered in aero-

* The total number of aerolites which Chladni has registered from the commencement of the Christian era to 1818 is 165, but some of these must be regarded as doubtful. The distribution of them by countries is chiefly of value as showing, what might have been expected, the universality of the phenomena over the earth. From 1600 to 1818 we have the record of 17 in Great Britain, 15 in France, 17 in Germany. As to the hours of falling, a large proportion are registered as having fallen during the day; but this difference is readily accounted for, and does not alone justify any inference as to inequality in the event.

lite

Digitized by Google

lites to be nineteen or twenty — that is, about one-third of the whole number of elementary substances (or what we are yet forced to regard as such) discovered on the earth. Further, all these aerolitic elements actually exist in the earth, though never similarly combined there. No new substance has hitherto come to us from without; and the most abundant of our terrestrial metals, Iron, is that which is largely predominant in aerolites; forming frequently, as in some of the instances just mentioned, upwards of 90 parts in 100 of the mass. Seven other metals —copper, tin, nickel, cobalt, chrome, manganese, and molybdena —enter variously into the composition of these stones. Cobalt and nickel are the most invariably present; but the proportion of all is trifling compared with that of iron. Further, there have been found in different aerolites six alkalies and earths; namely,—soda, potash, magnesia, lime, silica, and alumina; and in addition to these, carbon, sulphur, phosphorus, and hydrogen. Finally, oxygen must also be named as a constituent of many aerolites, entering into the composition of several of the substances just mentioned.

As respects the manner of conjunction of these elements, it is exceedingly various in different aerolites. A few there are, especially examined by Berzelius and Rose, containing olivine, augite, hornblende, and other earthy minerals; and closely resembling certain crystalline compounds, which we find on the surface of the earth. But in much the larger proportion, as we have said, iron is the ruling ingredient; and we are justified in concluding that this metal, so remarkable an element in the composition of our globe, exists yet more abundantly in those parts of space, or in those aggregations of matter, whence such stones are projected upon the earth.

We need not expatiate on the value of these results. Curious and unexpected in themselves, they will be found, as we pursue our inquiry into the origin of aerolites, to possess a still higher interest as the exponents of conditions of matter extraneous to our own globe. We shall revert to them afterwards in this sense; expressing, meanwhile, our hope that these analyses will be sedulously multiplied as occasions may occur, so as to obtain some larger and more exact generalization of facts, or perchance the discovery of some element hitherto unknown to us. The same age which has created a circuit for human language and intelligence through wires, water, and rock; and has made the sunbeam execute in a few seconds the most delicate delineations of man and nature; may well aspire to carry its Chemistry into space, and to seek conclusions as to other matter than that which surrounds us on the surface of the earth. We may justly apply to the

Digitized by Google

the science of our own day a sentence of older date and other application—*Si computes annos, exiguum tempus—si vices rerum, ævum putes.*

We have yet to notice briefly other physical characters belonging to these singular bodies. An important fact is their general fragmentary aspect, as if struck off or detached from some larger mass. Their specific gravity varies greatly according to the proportion of metallic constituents, ranging from twice even to six or seven times the weight of water. The mean is considerably above that of the mineral masses on the surface of the earth, though much below 5·5, or the mean of the whole earth. A notable and very uniform character of aerolites is the shining dark crust enveloping them. It is generally very thin; but indicates by its aspect, and by its entire separation from the mass within, some rapid action of heat, which has not had time to penetrate more deeply into the substance of the stone.

The question as to the mean velocity of aerolites, in approaching the earth, can only be settled by approximation, and this perhaps not a very close one. The observations bearing on this point are limited, in great part, to the meteoric appearances preceding the fall. The conclusions obtained by Olbers and others would justify the belief in a mean velocity exceeding twenty miles in a second; a rate of movement further attested by the depth to which many of them penetrate into the earth; and becoming, as we shall presently see, an important element towards the solution of many questions in the theory of these bodies.

The main facts as to Aerolites thus authenticated, the question as to their origin comes yet more forcibly into view. And, in truth, there are few questions more curious—not less to the unenlightened than to men of science—in the novelty and vastness of the suggestions they press upon the mind. Whence, and by what force, do these stones—some of them so massive, all so remarkable in composition—descend upon the earth?

It could scarcely perhaps be surmised that five different solutions have been offered in answer to this question. We might even name six, could we for a moment admit the vague notion that these aerolites may be the product of our own volcanoes—stones forcibly ejected thence, partaking for a time of the motion of the earth, but in the end returning to it. The negative evidence here is so obvious and complete, that we have no need to do more than slightly refer to it. This opinion has no longer a single advocate.

A second hypothesis, involving telluric origin, has little more of proof or probability to recommend it. This is, that stones do not actually fall, but that lightning or electricity in some meteoric shape,

Digitized by Google

shape, impinging upon the earth, fuses the earthy and metallic materials on the spot so as to admit of their re-consolidation in these new forms. Other refutation of this opinion is not needed than a simple regard to the composition of aerolites, to their occasional magnitude, and to the great number often appearing at the same time. But, in truth, the notion is one that was never more than vaguely held, and has long since been given up as untenable.

Another solution still has been proposed, also deriving the phenomena from terrestrial causes. This is the hypothesis of atmospheric origin; adopted by many in the outset of the inquiry, from the seeming difficulty of carrying speculation beyond the limits of our globe. Using the fact just ascertained of the identity of the materials of aerolites with elements existing on the earth, they assumed (but without explaining the manner or course of such operation) that these elements might be slowly absorbed into the atmosphere, and retained there in a state of extreme diffusion, until some accidental agency (either electrical or force of other kind) caused their sudden aggregation, and precipitated them on the surface of the earth under the forms and conditions actually observed. In this theory the light, heat, and detonation attending their fall, were attributed to the vehemence of the forces and actions bringing these substances into a solid form, from their highly diffused or gaseous state. The opinion derived its chief authority from Dr. Izarn's *Lithologie Atmosphérique*—a book of merit as an historical record, but largely imaginative in all that relates to these metallic and earthy vapours—*massées sphériquement, et isolées les unes des autres*—which he presumed to exist in the atmosphere around us.

We speak of this theory in the past tense, because, though at first taken up by many, it was impossible long to maintain it, in the absence of all proof, and in the face of facts which gave it every character of physical impossibility. Vauquelin, to whom Izarn addressed his views, explicitly repelled them:—'J'aime encore mieux croire que ces pierres viennent de la lune, que d'admettre que les substances les plus fixes que nous connaissons se trouvent en assez grande quantité dans l'atmosphère pour y produire des concrétions aussi considérables que celles qu'on dit en être tombées.' We hardly, indeed, need comment on the infinite improbability that such materials as iron, nickel, silex, magnesia, &c., should be absorbed into, and exist in the atmosphere—exist, too, in its upper and lighter stratum, since the most refined analysis has detected no such elements in the lower. Not less improbable is it that matters diffused with such exquisite

Digitized by Google

site minuteness, as these hypothetically must be, should thus suddenly coalesce into a dense solid. The action of centripetal aggregation must be carried on simultaneously over a vast extent of space to produce such effect; nor, in truth do we yet know any physical force or law capable of the peculiar action required. A more positive objection to the atmospheric theory is the direction of movement and fall, as repeatedly ascertained in the case of these bodies. Had they been formed in the atmosphere, whatever the process of aggregation, their fall must have been perpendicular to the earth's surface at the place, instead of oblique, as we generally find it to be.

Thus compelled to seek for a source beyond the limits of terrestrial action, the hypothesis of lunar origin next came into notice, and was discussed or advocated by philosophers of much higher eminence. Wonder has been called the mother of Wisdom, and bare conjecture has oftentimes long anteceded the researches and results of more exact science. A fall of stones at Milan, about the year 1660, by which a Franciscan monk was killed—(one of three or four recorded instances of death from this cause)—led a naturalist of that country, Paolo Terzago, to publish his conjecture that these stones might come from the moon. Another great fall of aerolites at Sienna, 134 years afterwards, brought the higher genius of Olbers to researches founded on the same idea, which seems to have been dormant in the interval. In 1795 he examined the question of the initial velocity required to project a body from the surface of the moon so that it might reach the earth, and determined this to be about 8000 feet in a second. The lunar theory, and the dynamic questions connected with it, which Humboldt whimsically entitles the *ballistiches problem*, speedily engaged the attention of other philosophers. A characteristically bold and terse speech of Laplace, at the Institute, in December, 1802, gave impulse as well as sanction to the inquiry. It was made on the occasion, already alluded to, when the report of the analysis of meteoric stones by Howard and Vauquelin, and the inferences thence derived, still found an incredulous audience in this learned body.

To that of Laplace may be added the other eminent names of Poisson, Biot, and Berzelius, as successively engaged with the hypothesis of lunar origin; and their respective calculations of the projectile force required were sufficiently alike to justify the conclusion of Olbers, stated above. The argument then stood, and still stands, thus. It is well known that the hemisphere of the moon, permanently opposed to the earth, offers the aspect of mountains of great height, and of numerous craters — the latter resembling very exactly in character those of our own volcanos,

Digitized by Google

cases, but much more spacious and profound.* That internal forces exist, or have existed, within this satellite, capable of powerfully disrupting, elevating, and projecting from its surface, must be deemed certain in fact, notwithstanding that all astronomical observation goes to disprove the existence of a lunar atmosphere or lunar seas. Why not suppose stones to be projected thence (no atmospheric pressure existing to retard or arrest them) with force enough to depass the limits of the moon's attraction, and to come within that of the earth? The calculations just referred to concur in the result, that an initial velocity five or six times as great as that of a ball issuing from the cannon's mouth might carry a stone so far that it would not return to the moon, but either continue to revolve subordinately to new attractions, or be precipitated upon a body of more powerful attraction if approaching its sphere. Berzelius went further in his adoption of the lunar hypothesis; and, looking to the chemical composition of aerolites, ingeniously conjectured that an excess of iron on one side of the moon might fairly account for the fact of this side being constantly opposed to the magnetic globe of the earth.

The hypothesis, thus powerfully advocated, has been displaced, not so much by recent negative proofs, as by the want of further and more assured evidence; and by the introduction of different views, which connect the phenomena of aerolites more directly with those of other meteors, and associate the whole with the general conditions of the planetary system. The lunar theory, to say the least of it, has remained stationary at the point whence it started; nor is there, as far as we can see, any source of fresh knowledge within our reach. Even with the powerful telescopes we now possess no proof has been obtained of present volcanic activity in the moon; and, looking backwards to that which may have existed heretofore, we must admit the need of a projectile force much greater than that first presumed, to explain the actual mean velocity of aerolites in approaching the earth. It has been calculated by Olbers (and we believe not disputed) that the initial velocity at the moon, to satisfy this condition, must be twelve or fourteen times greater than that assigned by Laplace and others:—a projectile force far exceeding that of our own volcanos—and which, did it exist, would not cast these masses

* The great works of Schrötter, and Beer and Mädler, on the Moon, are well known to our astronomical readers. Not equally known are the singular researches of Mr. Nasmyth, of Manchester, on a certain definite portion of the moon's surface, about as large as Ireland, named in lunar topography *Morolychus*. Several years of constant observation given to that one region—a limitation of object generally fertile of results—have enabled this diligent observer to construct a model and maps on a large scale, wonderfully illustrating the volcanic character of the moon's surface, and the vast changes by disruption and elevation which have occurred there.

upon

Digitized by Google

upon the earth, but cause them, as Olbers and Bessel have shown, to revolve in orbits about the sun.

Another hypothesis, having kindred with the one just considered, is that which supposes these aerolites to be smaller fragments of that presumed ancient planet between Mars and Jupiter, the disruption of which has produced the numerous small planets or asteroids, whose excentric orbits cross and crowd each other in this part of the heavens. But a few years ago and only four of such ultra-zodiacal bodies were known to us. The position and peculiar orbits of these justified Olbers in his bold conjecture of their fragmentary nature; an opinion greatly strengthened by the later discovery of eleven others in the same interplanetary space, six of which we owe to the admirable observations of Mr. Hinde, working with his telescopes in the Regent's Park, almost in the midst of our foggy and smoky metropolis. These bodies are very various in size—some of them so small as to defy exact admeasurement. Astronomical considerations fully sanction the idea of a common origin; and if they be truly fragments of a larger body, we may reasonably infer that the same disruptive force which separated them must have projected into space numerous fragments yet smaller, and with orbits more highly inclined to that of the primitive planet in proportion to their smallness. It is another question, however, whether any of these orbits could be such as to bring them in proximity to, and within attraction of the earth. It will be seen that this is simply a question of possibility, to which little or nothing can be added, or hoped for, in the way of evidence. Like the lunar hypothesis, it remains a mere speculation; affected chiefly by the proofs which have given stronger presumption to another theory.

It is this theory of which we have yet to speak—the one which connects meteoric stones with meteors of other forms; and, recognizing in all an origin alien to, and beyond the limits of the earth, finds this origin in the interplanetary spaces which were heretofore regarded as void in nature; or, if not such, occupied by an imponderable ether, hardly known to us but as a name. Many circumstances have tended gradually to create new views on this subject; and especially the discovery of the vast number of cometary bodies traversing these spaces in all directions—varying infinitely in magnitude, orbits, and periods of revolution—undergoing great changes even while within our view—some of them seemingly lost—the orbits of others altered by their approach to the greater planets—one or two, of short periods of revolution—affording proof, by the successive abridgment of their periods, of a resisting medium through which they are moving in their orbits. While contemplating space as thus occupied by so many forms of matter,

Digitized by Google

matter, in such various degrees of concentration, yet all in constant motion, we cannot but suppose that portions of matter still smaller, or more attenuated, may be in movement around us; apparent only when they come into such contiguity to the earth as to be deflected, or rendered luminous, by its influence. Meteoric stones, we have already seen, are proved to come from beyond the limits of our atmosphere, and to enter it with vast velocity. Numerous and exact observations have proved the same to be equally true in the case of shooting stars and meteoric globes of light. Here, then, we have a bond of connexion, associating these phenomena under certain common physical forces; while yet leaving ample room for those causes of diversity on which depend the aspects of the different classes of meteors, as well as the individual character of each. Matter in one form or other, variously revolving in the space through which our own globe is moving, is the element with which our inquiry has to deal.

We refer here to the movement of the earth, as well as of these fragmentary or nebulous matters, because both must be supposed concerned in the results. Perhaps some readers, even though not wholly unfamiliar with these subjects, may take no offence at our reminding them that the globe on which we dwell is at every moment submitted to three separate but simultaneous motions—of rotation round its axis—revolution round the sun — and lastly, that vast and mysterious movement by which it is carried, with the sun and entire planetary system, through unknown regions of space—whether as the portion of an orbit round some remote centre of attraction, ages may yet be required to show. The grandeur which belongs to such combinations of force, space, and time, cannot be expressed by mere words, and can scarcely be appreciated by numbers. It needs a particular faculty to follow with full comprehension these greater phenomena of the universe; and especially those of sidereal astronomy, to which belongs the translation of the solar system just noticed. It is the peculiar glory of astronomical science in our own time—the glory of such men as Herschel, Bessel, Struve, and Argelander—to have determined proper motions in those great luminaries which bear the name of *fixed stars*—to have assigned orbits and periods of revolution to numerous double stars—to have obtained the parallax and measured the distance of many—to have determined not only the proper motion of our own sun but also its direction and rate of translation in space. Few can fully understand all that is required in such researches—the time and intense watchfulness; the exquisite delicacy of instrumental observation; and yet more the genius and mathematical power which can elicit certainty from amidst the conflicting conditions seeming to render it impossible. Tempted

Digitized by Google

Tempted by the subject to this short digression, we now recu to the argument before us, in which we may presume the secon motion of the earth—that of revolution about the sun—to b chiefly concerned. When we consider this orbit to be so vas that we are, on the 1st of July, distant nearly 190 millions o miles from the place we occupied on the 1st of January, return ing again to the same point six months afterwards, we obtai some conception, though a faint one in reality, of the space passed through in this great annual motion. If, then, there b other portions of matter—whencesoever derived, and howeve fragmentary or attenuated in form and kind—revolving round th Sun—(and we cannot suppose any matter to be stationary in space —it is easy to conceive that the progressive motion of the eart may bring it into such proximity to the numerous and excentri orbits of these meteorites or asteroids, that they become submitte to its influence, and deflected more or less from their course, as w know comets to be by the vicinity of planets—some actually impinging upon the earth in the form already described—othe simply becoming luminous through certain arcs of their orbits The number of such orbitual interferences or collisions—indi cated, as the theory presumes, by luminous globes, shooting star and aerolites—may startle some as an objection; but astronom everywhere deals in numbers which surpass all common compre hension, yet are justified in so many cases by certitude o proof that we cannot refuse belief in others where the evidenc is still incomplete. Arago, following one of Kepler's bold antici pations, has calculated that there may be eight millions of comet having their revolution within the solar system. Meteorite according to the present view, approach nearest to the characte and condition of comets. The orbits of the matter thus revolv ing, whether it be dense or infinitely attenuated, are probably a excentric, and have the same vast interplanetary spaces open t them. Numbers, then, need not perplex us here; and especiall if admitting a view we shall notice hereafter, as to the seemin periodicity of the great showers of shooting stars.

This *cosmical* theory of meteors in general has undoubtedl been gaining ground of late years—while other hypotheses hav been stationary or retrograde. It has derived argument an illustration from the whole course of physical research durin this period, with the effect of giving a new aspect to th phenomena, and associating them together as parts of a large system and more general laws. We have placed the Cosmos o Humboldt (though heretofore reviewed separately) among th works at the head of this article, because we desire all ou readers to recollect that no philosopher has been more earnest i expoundin

Digitized by Google

expounding and enforcing the opinion that asteroids or aerolites are independent portions of matter in space; becoming luminous meteors or projectiles, when their orbits approach within certain distances of that of the earth. He avows, when leaving the subject, that he has lingered upon it with predilection (*mit Vorliebe*), and the whole course of his argument shows this to be so. Sir J. Herschel, an equal authority, expresses the same view, as the only one which comprises, or adequately explains, all the phenomena; thus confirming and defining the expression of Laplace (in his speech of December, 1802) as to aerolites, that 'according to every probability they come to us from the depths of the celestial space.'

There arise out of this theory various physical questions—some of which we cannot omit to notice. One of these respects the luminous and ignited condition of meteorites when approaching the earth. Though it seems certain that some alteration of state beyond mere change of direction is produced by this proximity; and though condensation of the air, from the extreme velocity of falling stones, might doubtless produce the heat, combustion, and explosion attending their fall; yet, from the elevation of many meteors, brilliant in light, above the recognised limits of the atmosphere, we are bound to suppose other causes also concerned. Modern science teaches us that ignition (viz. light and heat) occurs in various cases without the presence of air. In this case it may possibly be magnetical in kind—a supposition authorised by the discoveries of the last few years, which make it probable that this great element is largely engaged even in the astronomical conditions of the universe. The paper recently published by Professor Faraday on the Physical Lines of Magnetic Force, while marked by all the modesty of his genius, is profoundly suggestive of relations of this kind yet unexplored, and of forces pervading space in lines of action differing from any other of which we have yet cognizance. But we have no right to carry suggestion further on a point to which even the ability of Poisson has been directed without any determinate conclusion.

Considering that all meteors involve the presence of matter in some form, and that aerolites show it by precipitation of solid masses on the earth, it is a question of interest what happens in the cases where we have not this direct result. The answer can hardly go beyond conjecture. Many meteors, even those containing solid matter, may be deflected in such degree towards the earth as to become luminous in a part of their course, yet still preserve their own independent orbits. Others, again, may undergo explosion or disruption during this contiguity, and throw down the same matters as those contained in meteoric stones, but under the form of powder or dust. Though this result is obviously

Digitized by Google

ously more difficult of discovery, yet we have numerous proofs of the fact in the records of every age. Then, further, it is to be remembered how very small a proportion of the aerolites falling can come within human observation. The chances against any one stone being seen to fall on the earth are so numerous as to be hardly calculable. The sight of such an event is the exception, and not the rule. Weighing this rightly, and taking into account also that the ocean covers about three-fourths of the globe, we shall not be greatly surprised at the estimate of Schreibers that upwards of 700 meteoric stones may fall annually upon our globe. It is only in the present state of science, when the most minute quantities are subjected to notice and calculation, that we could allude without ridicule to the fact of the increment thus made, and continually making, in the amount of solid matter of the globe. In theory this cannot happen without some certain amount of positive effect. In reality, we must consider the augmentation so small that it may be disregarded as a cause of any change in the motions or condition of our planet.

We may further notice here a curious remark of Olbers, that no meteoric stones have ever been found embedded in strata of the secondary or tertiary formations; and we have no direct proof, therefore, that any fell previously to the last great change of the earth's surface. This negative fact, however, cannot yet be admitted into argument. The careful examination of such rocks is still of recent date—fossils of other kind have alone been sought for—while many meteoric stones are so easily disintegrated, by the iron they contain passing into the state of hydrated oxide, that they may have become wholly incorporated with the earthy masses surrounding them. The chances, therefore, are very great against their detection in these rocks; but time may yet show, what must meanwhile be deemed probable as a fact, that the phenomenon of their fall existed long before man had his place allotted him on this our globe.

We have in some part already adverted to the remarkable inferences and suggestions derived from the composition of meteoric stones. These bodies afford us glimpses into the history of matter foreign to the world in which we ourselves live. They represent another domain of nature; yet connected with our own by the signal fact, also derived from them, that the matter is the same in kind as that which surrounds us here. One-third of the whole number of known elementary substances enter into their composition; iron, as we have seen, largely predominating over the rest —and associated occasionally with minerals resembling closely the hornblende, augite, and olivine of our own rocks. While the materials, however, are thus alike, they differ much in the manner of

Digitized by Google

of arrangement and proportions of their parts from any compound bodies hitherto known to us; and are of deep interest, therefore, as representing an aggregation, distinct from that of the earth, of the same elements diffused beyond its sphere. Almost might we venture to call them specimens of planetary matter, since that which exists in the space intermediate between the earth and other planets may have the same relation to both. And if indulging in such speculation, we might go yet further, and find argument in these facts for that great theory of modern astronomy, which regards all the planets as formed by the successive condensation of rings of nebulous matter, concentric with the Sun—the matter being the same, but variously aggregated, from physical causes varying during the condensation of each planet.

Our readers will thank us for quoting an eloquent passage from Humboldt in relation to this subject. After alluding to the several media, light, radiant heat, and gravitation, through which we hold relation to the world of nature without, he adds:—

'But if in shooting stars and meteoric stones we recognize planetary asteroids, we are enabled by their fall to enter into a wholly different and more properly material relationship with cosmical objects. Here we no longer consider bodies acting upon exclusively from a distance, but we have actually present the meteorical particles themselves, which have come to us from the regions of space, have descended through our atmosphere, and remain upon the earth. A meteoric stone affords us the only possible contact with a substance foreign to our planet. Accustomed to know non-telluric bodies solely by measurement, calculation, and the inferences of our reason, it is with a kind of astonishment that we touch, weigh, and analyse a substance belonging to the world without. The imagination is stimulated, and the intellect aroused and animated, by a spectacle in which the uncultivated hind sees only a train of fading specks in the clear sky, and apprehends in the black stone which falls from the thundering cloud only the rude product of some wild force of nature.'

Though no new element has yet been discovered in meteoric stones, we must not carry this negative beyond present proof. Analyses of other specimens may afford other results; and we are not yet warranted in omitting any opportunity of further research. Besides the chance of new ingredients, such examination enables us to classify with more certainty these products of other regions of space, and thereby better to interpret the mystery of their origin and movements.

Another speculation still occurs in connexion with aerolites. The researches of the last fifty years have disclosed to us some twenty new substances, hitherto undecomposed, and most of them metallic in kind. Certain of these substances exist only in single specimens—others are rare in occurrence and small in quantity. It has puzzled naturalists to conceive the purpose which

Digitized by Google

which matters thus rare and insulated can fulfil in the economy of our globe. It is hardly probable, though possible, that these minute superficial specimens represent larger quantities in the interior of the earth. But is it not conceivable, looking to the composition of aerolites, that some of their elements, thus rare with us, may enter more abundantly into the composition of other planetary bodies? In the varying conditions of magnitude, figure, and specific gravity, as well as in the especial peculiarities of rings, belts, satellites, &c., we have the certain proof of different modes of aggregation in each case. May we not reasonably suppose that this difference has extended to the kind and proportion of the elements thus segregated and condensed from the vast material for which we vainly seek a befitting name? Speculations such as these do not fairly enter within the domain of science, but they border upon it, and now and then become the paths leading to new and unexpected truths. The objects of research are seemingly, indeed, too remote for access; but we have just seen how strangely some of them are actually brought within our reach. And when a single small instrument, like the polariscope, suffices to tell us the condition of light, whether issuing or reflected from a body a hundred million of miles distant in space—or when the perturbations of certain known planets are made by the astronomer to indicate the place and motions of one yet wholly unknown—it becomes difficult to despair of anything which time and genius may yet effect in the discovery of truth.

So far on the subject of aerolites, more especially; of which we have spoken thus fully, regarding this class of meteoric phenomena as best interpreting the others treated of in the works before us. It will have been seen already how closely all are allied, as well in various points of outward aspect, as in regard to the questions which concern their real nature and origin. One effect of this has been to render somewhat obscure to the untutored reader much of what even the ablest men have written on the subject. In the work of MM. Gravier and Saigey, for instance, the history of Meteorites, though divided into periods, is perplexed by the continual passage from one class to another, and from observation to theory. We have at least endeavoured to avoid this perplexity as far as seemed to ourselves possible in our actual ignorance of many of the relations of the phenomena. In proceeding now to those of the meteoric globes or fire-balls, and the shooting-stars, we are following a provisional arrangement, which may hereafter be cancelled; and are adopting names as we find them, since no better nomenclature has yet been brought to this part of science.

Digitized by Google

The

The same thing has happened in other sciences; and such steps are natural in the history of all human progress.

The luminous globes are those in closest connexion with aerolites:—inasmuch as we have various well-attested instances of stones—single or numerous—falling at the time of such appearances, and in sequel to explosions which would seem to rend asunder some larger volumes of matter. The following description of the ordinary character of the *Bolide* we take chiefly from our French authors, who correct some exaggerations of Chladni on this subject. They have claim to be considered an authority, since one of them, by incessant observation for several years, witnessed as many of these great meteors as the actual number noted during the same period by all other observers in every part of the globe.

These meteors appear to move in the arcs of great circles. They do not come equally from all points of the horizon, but affect certain principal directions. No movement of rotation is recognized in them. Their apparent disk is greatly enlarged by irradiation; and is occasionally seen to exceed the circumference of the full moon—which, at the distance of 110 miles, would give a diameter of about a mile. Their form is always circular. The amount of their illumination is much less than that of the moon. Their height is various, but often far beyond the limits of our atmosphere. They appear and disappear suddenly, without sensible change of diameter; sometimes bursting, but without noise; and often leaving a train of light behind. Their duration seldom exceeds a few seconds. Their velocity approximates to that of the earth, or other planets.

One curious fact relating to these meteors, and still more to shooting-stars, is, that they appear now and then to ascend, or to alternate in ascent or descent, as if new and opposite forces were suddenly brought into action. Chladni and others have sought explanation of this, either in resistance of the air compressed by rapid descent, or in the effects of explosion or ignition in the masses themselves. More recently, however, doubt has been thrown on the reality of these appearances, and the authority of Bessel as to their improbability is one that must have much weight on the subject. Still it is a point open to future observation and inquiry.

As is the case in every other part of science, the record of facts regarding these igneous meteors has become of late years infinitely more copious and exact. We have already noticed the extraordinary Chinese register, brought down from a very remote date. No other country, nor any age before the present, furnishes a like document. The first formal catalogue of remarkable me-

Digitized by Google

teors, of all classes, is that of a very eminent observer, M. Quetelet, published in 1837; and again, with large additions, in 1841. There soon followed the catalogue of Mr. Herrick, in America, and that of M. Chasles, presented to the Académie des Sciences in 1841—containing much curious retrospective information, and particularly as to the recorded falls of shooting-stars. The latest catalogue is that by Professor Baden Powell—presented in series at the five last meetings of the British Association, and published in their Annual Reports. Professing to be merely a continuation of Quetelet's Catalogue, and to form a nucleus for future collection, it is, in truth, a most copious and valuable register of these phenomena, attesting—if any attestation were necessary—the equal zeal and ability of its author. We will not call it complete, because no record of these vagrant and fugitive appearances can be so. We do not, for instance, find noted in the Report for 1851 a very remarkable meteor, of which we ourselves witnessed the appearance and disruption on the 30th September, 1850, from the Observatory at Cambridge, in Massachussets; and which has been fully described by Mr. Bond, the distinguished astronomer of that university.* But many of these *lacunæ* will be filled up; and meanwhile the catalogue is ample enough to furnish an admirable basis for future observation and theory.

We have noted the frequent connexion of these igneous meteors with falling stones; and this is, in truth, the question of greatest interest regarding them. Are they always associated with some form of matter analogous to that of known aerolites, but which escapes detection, either by falling out of human sight, or by the passage forwards of the meteor in its orbit, without precipitation of its contents? Taking the question generally, we incline to answer at once in the affirmative. It must be admitted that stones have sometimes fallen from what seems to be a clear heaven; or with no other appearance than that of a small circular cloud suddenly forming in the sky. But these, as far as we know, are events of the daytime; and what is seen as a dark form under the light of the sun may appear a fiery globe in the darkness of night. If it be well proved in a few cases that these fire-balls exploding have thrown down stones upon the earth, the

* The most striking circumstances in this meteor were, the long time (more than an hour) the nebulous light was visible after the explosion—the great distinctness of the nucleus, an elongated luminous space being projected, as it were, *ahead* of it—the perfectly cometary figure and aspect of the meteor a quarter of an hour after its first appearance, a fact strongly adverted to by Mr. Bond—and the rotary motion of the luminous elongation—amounting to nearly 90° within twenty minutes, and producing a sort of whorl, resembling some of the nebulæ so beautifully depictured from Lord Rosse's late observations.

presumption

Digitized by Google

presumption becomes strong that analogous meteorical elements are present in all, whether precipitated or not. M. Saigey does not fully admit the relation of bolides and aerolites; but we believe the argument fairly to stand as we have stated it.

The subject of Shooting Stars (*étoiles filantes*) separates itself somewhat further from the phenomena already described, though still manifestly connected in various ways. The more important peculiarities here are the smaller size of these meteors; their infinitely greater frequency; the arcs they describe; their frequent occurrence in showers; and the observed periodicity in certain of these latter occurrences. The difference of magnitude is the least important of their characters; since we find every gradation of size, from the shooting scintilla of light to globes large as the moon. Those gradations, partially visible to any eye gazing into the depths of the sky on a clear night, are especially seen during the showers of stars just adverted to. The periodicity of some of these showers is the point of greatest interest in the inquiry; a research still very imperfect, but which time is certain to complete, and probably at no distant period.

The common aspect of shooting stars needs no description. It was one of the earliest objects of science, as directed to them, to determine their heights, duration, and velocity; and on these points we owe much to the persevering labours of Brandes and Benzenburg; an ample narrative of whose observations is given in the French work before us. Begun as early as 1798, they were continued at intervals of time, and in different places, for a period of thirty-five years; Brandes dying in 1834, just after he had received the account of that prodigious fall of shooting stars in America, on the 12th and 13th November, which gave at once larger scope and better definition to all our views of these phenomena. To determine the points just mentioned, it was essential to have two observers at least, and a base of sufficient length for separate observation. Equally essential was it to ensure the identity of the objects seen; for which recourse was had to the exact time of appearance, as well as to the apparent brilliancy, swiftness, and length of train of each star observed. Observation strictly simultaneous was needful to success; and this could only be got by knowing the precise difference of longitude between the stations. The base first taken, two leagues in length, proved too short to furnish the parallax required. In 1801 the inquiry was resumed, with the aid of two fresh observers; and four points were taken, the extremes of which, Hamburgh and Elberfeld, were about 200 miles distant. Here again it may be presumed that the separation was too great, since, out of a great number observed, only five shooting stars could be actually iden-

Digitized by Google

tified. But this paucity of positive results is familiar to practical astronomy; and Benzenburg consoled himself in quoting the phrase of Lalande: 'Il n'y a que les astronomes qui sachent par combien d'observations manquées on en achète une seule qui réussit.'

During the remainder of the period we have named, similar observations were repeated by the same and many other observers, in various parts of Germany, with different lengths of base, and aided by formulæ which Olbers and Erman had respectively suggested. Such, however, was the difficulty of establishing identity, that in 1823, a year particularly devoted to this research, out of 1712 shooting stars actually observed, only thirty-seven could be conclusively regarded as the same seen at different stations. Nevertheless many valuable results were obtained, sufficient to indicate the general character of these meteors, and to associate them more closely with the fire-balls before described. Their height—varying, of course, in different shooting stars, and at the moments of appearance and disappearance of each—was found to range from 15 to 140 or 150 miles—(some statements much higher than these are made doubtful by the smallness of the parallax); their velocity to be that of planetary bodies, reaching frequently to thirty miles in the second. These conditions, together with the directions of the paths they describe in reference to the motion of the earth, suffice to assign their place as parts of the planetary system, however small or attenuated the aggregations of matter thus presented to us.

A far more striking evidence, however, to this effect speedily followed, from the discovery of a periodical character in some of those showers of meteors, which at certain times startle the spectator by their number and brilliancy. The earliest suggestion of this arose from an extraordinary apparition of such meteors in the northern part of the United States on the nights of the 12th and 13th of November, 1833; the description of which in much detail was given by Professor Olmsted, of Newhaven, and other observers. The asteroids composing this fiery shower graduated from the simple phosphorescent line of the shooting star to luminous globes of the moon's diameter—all of them conforming to one condition (the most important of the facts observed), that of issuing from the same point in the constellation Leo; and continuing to proceed from this point, though the rotation of the earth during the progress of the phenomena had greatly changed its apparent place in the heavens. The value of this observation was at once recognised. Sporadic shooting-stars are observed to traverse the sky in all directions. But these multitudinous meteors of a night, in their radiation from one point, showed a common

Digitized by Google

common origin, and the approach of the earth in its orbit to some other revolving volume of matter, visible only through the changes made by this approximation.

Intelligence of this event, confirmed by other observers in different localities, awakened a new and keener interest in the subject. Reference was made to the same date in antecedent years, and several instances discovered in which about the 12th of November extraordinary falls of shooting stars had occurred;—the most remarkable, that described by Humboldt and Bompland in 1799, which occurred to their observation at Cumana, but was seen very extensively over the earth. Earnest expectation also was directed towards the future. On the night of the 12th November, 1834, shooting-stars were very numerously seen by the same American observers, and proceeding from the same point in the heavens; but the light of the moon rendered the results partial and uncertain. In succeeding years the phenomena were more vaguely seen, or altogether absent; except in 1837 and 1838, when they recurred, but more partially as to localities. In the former year, for instance, they formed a striking spectacle in some parts of England, while scarcely visible in Germany. Though M. Saigey imputes much exaggeration in numbers to the Transatlantic reports, they have been admitted by the very highest men of science—Arago, Biot, Herschel, Humboldt, Encke, &c.—as fully proving the periodical return of certain groups of asteroids, or of the matter generating them. To Encke we owe the calculation that the point in Leo, from which these November meteorites issued, is precisely the direction in which the earth was moving in its orbit at this particular time—a fact, the value of which in relation to their theory will readily be understood.

But the eager attention now given to the subject speedily evoked other results. It was found, as well from prior record as from present observation, that November was not the sole period of recurrence of such phenomena. Tradition, both in England and elsewhere, pointed out the 10th of August, St. Lawrence's-day, as frequently marked by these fiery showers. In some parts of Germany the belief ran that St. Lawrence wept *tears of fire* on the night of his fête. An old monkish calendar, found at Cambridge, reciting the natural events which belong to different days of the year, designates this day as one of meteors (*meteorodes*). We find a curious notice by Sir W. Hamilton of such a shower, as he witnessed it at Naples on August 10, 1799. In 1839 these August asteroids were very remarkable; and it has been distinctly ascertained that they proceeded from a point in the heavens between Perseus and Taurus, in direction towards which point the earth traverses a tangent to her orbit at the time—a very

Digitized by Google

very striking concurrence with the facts just stated respecting the November phenomena. Further research has indicated other times of the year—in April, July, and December—marked by like periodical appearances; but the evidence is less distinct, and does not go further than to justify the demand for future and multiplied observations.

The admission of these wonderful facts created instant inquiry into their cause. No theory was seemingly tenable which did not recognise in some form a revolution round the Sun of the matter composing or evolving these asteroids. Professor Olmsted, and other American naturalists, fresh from the spectacle that had been before their eyes, took up the question before it had been treated in Europe; and the former, collecting all the facts, deduced from them the existence of a nebulous cloud or mass of meteoric stars, approaching the earth at particular periods of its revolution, under conditions as to time, direction, and physical changes from proximity, which we have not space to detail. His speculation that this meteoric cloud might be part of the solar nebula known under the name of the Zodiacal Light, was taken up and enlarged upon by Biot, in a memoir read before the Académie des Sciences in 1836. The first exact observer of the zodiacal light, Cassini, had long before inferred that it consists of divided or diffused planetary matter. It is shown by Biot that on the 13th of November the earth is in such relative position that it must necessarily act by attraction or contact upon the material particles of which this nebula is composed, producing phenomena which we may reasonably consider to be represented by these meteoric showers. He carries the same theory to the explanation of the sporadic shooting-stars of ordinary nights, by supposing that the habitual passage of Mercury and Venus across the more central regions of this nebula must have dispersed innumerable particles in orbits very little inclined to the ecliptic, and so variously directed that the earth may encounter, attract, and render them luminous in every part of its revolution.

Objections have been raised to this theory, and it remains without any fresh confirmation. But under any form that can be given to the question before us, it seems needful, as we have said, to assume for its solution the existence of matter, revolving either in zones or in separate masses and groups, containing the material of these asteroids. The hypothesis of matter thus arranged, having periods of revolution more or less regular, and intersecting the orbit of the earth in certain points at certain times, has been adopted by Arago, Herschel, and other eminent astronomers; and the conception of a zone or zones of such matter is admitted as best fulfilling on the whole the conditions of the problem.

Digitized by Google

problem. Under this view of revolution, already expounded in a more general way as applied to meteors of every class, we obtain the only clear notion of a cause of periodicity—the law being the same which governs the planetary system at large, and even the most excentric motions depending on the great principle which maintains general order throughout the universe.

It must be admitted that this theory materially changes our manner of viewing the interplanetary spaces around us. No longer regarded as a void—or filled solely by a subtle ether, imponderable and unseen—these spaces now present themselves as occupied in various parts by matter apparently of the same nature as those of which our globe is composed—but either not yet aggregated into planetary forms, or detached from planetary bodies previously existing. If adopting this idea of meteoric zones or rings, we must necessarily admit several such; leaving open to future research the questions, whether they are of uniform composition and arrangement? whether there is any proof of a progression in the line of nodes, or of oscillation from perturbations? whether we may attribute to them the occasional obscuration of the sun for short periods, which we find on frequent record? and on what physical causes depend the luminous globes and shooting-stars which emanate from them on approaching the earth?

Other questions there are, awaiting the possible solution of the future, some of which our readers will already infer. To explain the appearance of single meteors, always so sudden, often so brilliant—as well as the more *substantial* phenomenon of falling stones—must we not suppose detached portions of matter, equally revolving as the zones which pour forth periodical showers, but each with an independent orbit of its own? What physical causes can have produced such separate accumulation or consolidation of these portions of matter? Both analogy and the known laws of the mechanism of the heavens furnish a certain explanation of zones or rings, but we have no similar aid to our understanding of these insulated masses moving in space. Are they *residual* merely upon the consolidation of larger bodies? or must we regard them as detached by some unknown force from bodies already consolidated? The fragmentary character of aerolites, as well as the materials composing them, might suggest the latter idea; and the numerous group of excentric planetoids between Mars and Jupiter give sanction to it; but we have already followed out the argument derived from these sources, and seen how much is wanting to its certainty and completion.

Before closing our article we must make more particular men-

Digitized by Google

tion of the valuable work composed by M. Saigey, but recording, in sequel to an Historical Introduction, those long series of observations by M. Coulvier-Gravier, in which latterly the writer himself took an important share. We prefer such separate notice, both because these researches are little known in this country; and because their purport will be better understood from the relation already given of the previous state of knowledge and opinion on the subject. We ought to begin with stating that M. Saigey acquiesces only very partially in the conclusions we have described, as adopted by the most eminent scientific men of the age. He contends that these conclusions are premature; based in many points on doubtful or insufficient observations, and pressed forward by the zeal of astronomers relying too much on analogies drawn from their own more certain science. He asserts that longer and closer research into facts is needful to all theory on the subject; and justifies this by the record of results which show at least that other and new conditions must be added to the theories of meteoric phenomena now received. Of the more remarkable of these results we shall give a short summary; such as may enable our readers to judge of their nature and bearing on the argument.

Observations on shooting-stars and other meteors were begun by M. Coulvier-Gravier at Rheims as early as 1811; under electrical and other theories of their origin, which he afterwards abandoned. It was not, however, until 1841 that, at the suggestion of Arago, he began carefully to register their number, times of appearance, and direction in the heavens. In 1845 M. Saigey associated himself to his labours, and aided greatly in generalizing and giving method to the results. In a period of 42 months, between 1841 and 1845, there were 5302 shooting-stars recorded—seen during 1054 hours of observation. The number would doubtless have been much greater but for the interference of the moon, which, when full, effaces nearly three-fifths of the stars otherwise visible. An estimate made, with allowance for this cause, brings out the mean horary number of 6; the actual mean number seen per hour being 5·6. The passing obscuration by clouds makes another void in the calculation, the amount of which it is difficult to estimate.

But this general horary mean loses its interest in another more curious and unlooked-for result of these observations, viz. the variations found to exist at different hours. With rare exceptions, the number of visible meteors increases as the night advances; and this at all times of the year, and with regularity enough to furnish the basis of tables for each successive hour of the night. A few instances we give from different hours between evening and

Digitized by Google

and morning. In the evening from 6 to 7 o'clock the mean number of stars falling is 3·3—from 9 to 10 o'clock 4—from 11 to 12 o'clock 5—from 2 to 3 o'clock in the morning 7·1—from 5 to 6 o'clock 8·2. And this gradation is maintained as well at the times of periodical return of such meteors as on ordinary nights.

Equally remarkable is the result as to the monthly or annual variations of these phenomena. A laborious reduction of observations has furnished a table expressing the monthly mean of the horary number at midnight. This table shows a singular disparity between the first six months of the year and the last; the mean number of shooting-stars in the former being only 3·4 in the hour—in the latter rising as high as 8—that is, a smaller number when the earth is moving from perihelion to aphelion, or receding from the sun—a much greater number in the after six months, when it is advancing towards its perihelion. The transition is rapid from one of these conditions to the other. In December the mean number in the hour is 7·2—in January only 3·6. In June it is 3·2—in July 7·0. It is well worthy of note that the two maxima in the table occur in August and November—corresponding exactly in date with the periodical showers we have described—and with the further concurrence of fact that these maxima do not present themselves every year. In 1842 the mean for August was 11·9—in 1844 only 5·4. In 1842 the mean for November was 11·3—in 1843 it was 5·4.

Another part of the researches before us regards the *direction* of these shooting-stars. Without entering into the details, which are also given tabularly, we may remark the general conclusion that almost exactly the same number come from the north and south conjointly, as from the east and west; but with this diversity in the two cases, that, while the number is nearly the same from north and south, the number coming from the east much more than doubles that from the west. The amount of this diversity, however, differs in different years. The copious accumulation of facts, and great exactitude in the manner of observation, afforded other curious results, as to the length of the visible trajectories, the position of the centre of the meteors, &c. The shooting-stars comprised between the N.N.E. and N.E. have the longest visible course, their mean line being upwards of 15 degrees—those between W.S.W. and S.W. are only seen through about 11 degrees. Whatever the time of year or hour of night the line is one of descent towards the horizon. Out of 5302 fifteen only were seen to describe curved lines.

The estimate of our authors as to the height of shooting-stars places their point of appearance at from 20 to 50 or 60 miles above

Digitized by Google

above the earth. Their relative size, colour, and manner of apparition were carefully observed. Of *Bolides* (luminous globes) eight were noted during the 42 months, three only of which burst, and these without any noise of explosion. Of the proper shooting-stars 80 were registered of the first magnitude, that is, having the apparent size and lustre of Venus or Jupiter. The others were classed down to the sixth magnitude, corresponding to the fifth of the fixed stars. The colour, especially of the largest, is generally a pure white. Those of reddish tint are rarer; but they are remarkable as seeming to be slower in movement, and not leaving trains of light behind. Some occur of bluish colour, but still more rarely.

We find it necessary to abstain from further details, but we believe we have said enough to show the value of these new researches. They clearly suggest many important considerations hitherto little regarded; and some of these, as we have already remarked, at variance with the conclusions generally adopted before. We must needs admit that a revision of those conclusions is required; and their adaptation, if such be possible, to the new facts brought before us. Assuming the authenticity of the latter, we are bound to say that no theory of meteoric phenomena can be valid or complete which does not include and explain the horary and annual variations just described. They are problems of high interest, but doubtless of great difficulty. And while recording the most recent researches in this part of science, we must repeat our opinion, that a much larger basis of observation is required before we can raise the phenomena to the class of astronomical facts. Time alone is capable of affording this. We cannot follow the fleeting meteor as we do the planet, or even the more excentric comet, night after night, on their paths. But modern science has taught us to derive certainty from averages as well as from more direct observation; and the multiplication of insulated facts, if exact and authentic in kind, is sure in the end to conduct us to the truth desired, or as near to it as human powers are permitted to approach. Happy those who can detach themselves at times from the turmoil and troubles of the busy world we inhabit, and find repose among the more silent wonders of the universe without!—a contemplation scarcely disturbed even by these flaming ministers of the sky, which now no longer come to affright mankind, but to enlighten and enlarge their intelligence and power.

ART.

Digitized by Google

ART. V.—*The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.* By W. Stirling, M.P. 8vo. 1852.

SEVEN years have passed since the Spanish Handbook made us acquainted with Mr. Ford's visit to the convent of Yuste, where Charles V. breathed his last. Previously no Englishman of any note — Lord John Russell, we believe, excepted — had penetrated into that remote retreat, which certainly no one had described. Now that Spain is replaced in the Anglo-Saxon travelling map, a change has come over the spirit of the scene:—this secluded spot, so beautiful in itself and so rich in associations, forms a popular point to our pilgrims, and the solitude of the cell ceases when the long vacation begins. In welcoming again to our pages one of these more recent tourists—the accomplished annalist of the Artists of Spain—we rejoice to see such good use made of the precious boons of leisure and fortune, and trust that the new member for Perthshire will not forswear type in disgust of bales of blue books, but continue from time to time to entertain and instruct us with tomes like this.

It is not unlikely that, in the choice of his present subject, Mr. Stirling was influenced by the feeling that it would be peculiarly becoming in a Spanish student born north of the Tweed, to make the *amende honorable* to history, by refuting some gross errors to which two of his countrymen had given currency nearly a century ago. We cheerfully admit the merits of the Robertson school, the first to cut down the folio Rapin phalanx into reasonable proportions. They deserve lasting gratitude as the pioneers who made history accessible; and if they sacrificed too much to style, it was the French fashion of the day, when authors, relying more on rhetoric than research, trusted to mask the shallowness of the stream by the sparkle that danced on a clear surface; and graceful writing—the secret of pleasant reading—does indeed cover a multitude of sins. History thus made easy, and speaking the language of *bon ton*, was sufficient for our forefathers, who, provided general outlines were drawn with a free hand, neither cared for correctness in particulars, nor were displeased with touching incidents, invented by ingenious gentlemen, either contemners of real facts or too indolent to hunt for them, and who, like contemporary geographers, 'placed elephants instead of towns' in the open downs of guess-work description. No Niebuhr had then arisen to separate truth from fable, to fix precision of detail, and furnish a model to modern investigation and accuracy. 'Oh! read me not history,' exclaimed Sir Robert Walpole, 'for *that* I know

Digitized by Google

I know to be false'—and no writer of it ever was satisfied with more imperfect sources of information than Dr. Robertson, who, according to Walpole's son, 'took everything on trust; and when he compiled his Charles V.—[the bulky biography of a great Emperor of *Germany* and King of *Castile*]—was in utter ignorance of German and Spanish historians.' He cited, indeed, says Mr. Stirling, 'the respectable names of Sandoval, Vera, and De Thou, but seems chiefly to have relied upon Leti, one of the most lively and least trustworthy of the historians of his time.' This Italian—like M. Thiers, Lamartine, and Co., of our day—was a glozing, gossiping, historical-romancer. His four Duos., published at Amsterdam, A.D. 1700, were much read at the time, but are now forgotten and rare. Dr. Robertson was followed by Dr. Watson, his ape. The dull Aberdeen Professor just re-echoed the elegant Principal's blunders in his Philip II.—a production at once clumsy and flimsy, that will shortly receive a due quietus in the great work on which Mr. Prescott has long been occupied.

When these misstatements were first pointed out in the Handbook, reference was made to a certain MS., purchased by M. Mignet, who, it was prophesied, would some day 'publish it as his own.' M. Gachard, a learned Belgian, next made known that this MS. was deposited in the archives of the foreign office at Paris. Mr. Stirling, not as yet contemplating the performance before us, but anxious to solve a collateral question, went there in the summer of 1850, and endeavoured in vain to conciliate the good offices of some literati commonly supposed to take a special concern in historical inquiries. No help from them!—but on a subsequent visit in winter, his application for permission found favour with President Buonaparte himself—and being further backed by Lord Normanby and M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who interested themselves in 'getting the *order* obeyed by the unwilling officials,' our author at last grasped in his hands the dragon-guarded MS.—and found it a real prize. Its writer, Canon Thomas Gonzalez, was intrusted by Ferdinand VII. with the custody and reconstruction of the national archives at Simancas, after the expulsion of the French invaders, whose plunderings and dislocations M. Gachard has truly described. Don Thomas fully availed himself of his unlimited access to treasures which had been so long sealed alike to natives and foreigners by the suspicious government of Madrid. Hence the MS. now in question—entitled 'Memoir of Charles at Yuste.' Gonzalez himself supplied little more than the thread on which the pearls were strung—leaving it, as far as possible, for the actor

Digitized by Google

to tell their own tale in their own words—in short he depended substantially on the correspondence that passed between the Courts at Valladolid and Brussels and the retired Emperor and his household. More authentic evidence cannot consequently exist; the dead, after three centuries of cold obstruction, are summoned to the bar of history—for sooner or later everything shall be known. Unfortunately the full bowl was dashed from Mr. Stirling's lips by his not being allowed to 'transcribe any of the original documents, the French Government [M. Mignet?] having entertained the design of publishing the entire work;'—a project which the Ledru-Rollin revolution of 1848 had retarded, and which this English forestalling may possibly not advance. Meantime, until the MS. Memoir be printed *in extenso*—which we hope ultimately will be the case—we must, and may well, content ourselves with its having supplied the groundwork and chief materials of Mr. Stirling's volume—which, moreover, collects and arranges for us illustrations from a multitude of other sources, all critically examined, and many of them, no doubt, familiar of old to the owner of the rich Spanish library at Keir.

The first printed account of Charles at Yuste, and hitherto the best, is to be found in Joseph de Siguenza's comprehensive history of St. Jerome and his order. The learned author of this monastic classic, born in 1545, and the friend of many who had known the Emperor intimately, was appointed the first prior of the Escurial by Philip II., who held him to be the greatest wonder of that monastery, itself the eighth wonder of the world; and there to this day his thoughtful portrait, painted by Coello, hangs in the identical cell in which he lived so long and wrote so much and so well. 'Of the existence of Siguenza,' says Mr. Stirling, 'Dr. Robertson does not appear to have been aware;'—but very possibly, had the book itself (or rather a translation of it) come into his hands, the Principal would have run over it with no careful eye—for it seems to have been one of the dogmas of his creed that Charles, when once scheduled to a convent, was *civiliter mortuus*—beyond sober historical jurisdiction—and at best entitled to point a moral and adorn a tale. Be that as it may, the imperial hermit might well have been studied as he was even by pious Siguenza; for he had filled the first place in this world at a most critical epoch, when the middle ages ended and the modern began; when old things were passing away, and change and transition, political and intellectual, were the order of the day. The monarchical system had then superseded the feudal, and the balance of the powers of Europe, now one great family, was shadowed out. His was the age of Leo X., when printing and the restoration of the classics acted on literature—

Digitized by Google

Michael

Michael Angelo and Raphael on art—gunpowder and infantry on warfare—and when, last not least, Luther with the Bible struck at fallacies and superstitions, shivering the fetters forged at Rome for the human mind. Many circumstances rendered Charles the chief and foremost personage, the centre and cynosure, in this most remarkable period. The accident of birth had indeed thrust greatness on him. The sun never set on the dominions in the old and new world of one man, who, when he assumed *Plus Ultra* for his motto, striking the negative from the pillared limits which bounded the ambition of a demigod, gave to other monarchs a significative hint that his had none;—and fortune, when a King of France was his prisoner at Madrid, a Pope his captive in Rome itself, seemed to favour his gigantic aspirations. In later times abdication has so often been made the escape of weak and bad rulers, legitimate and illegitimate, that we must place ourselves in the sixteenth century and think and feel as men then did, if we desire fully to understand the thunderclap effect produced when this monopolist of fame and power, this Cæsar and Charlemagne of his day, altogether voluntarily, and like Diocletian of old, his prototype and parallel in infinite particulars, descended from so many thrones—exchanging carelined ermine for the cowl, and burying himself for ever, far from courts and camps, in the solitude of a mountain cloister.

Charles, in bidding farewell to so much greatness, did not take the solemn step without due deliberation. He, too, like the recluse of Spalatro, had long meditated on such a conclusion, as one devoutly to be wished for; and now, when he felt his physical forces gradually giving way, worn as a scabbard by the steel of an over-active intellect—now when Philip, trained in his school, was in full vigour of mind and body, he felt the moment had at length come for shifting from his bending shoulders 'a load would sink a navy,' and preparing himself for heaven by the concentrated contemplation of that valley and shadow through which he must ere long pass.

Such a yearning was as much in accordance with Spanish character in general as with his own particular idiosyncracies. A similar tendency marked the earliest Gothic sovereigns of Christianized Spain. Elurico, king of the Suevi, died a monk in 583—and his immediate successor, Andeca, imitated the example; Wamba assumed the cowl at Pampliega, where he expired in 682; Bermudo I. went to his grave in 791 a friar; Alphonso IV., surnamed the Monk, followed in 930—as did Ramiro II. in 950. St. Ferdinand, one of the best and greatest of Spanish kings, delighted to spend intervals of pensive quietude among the brethren of St. Facundus. The hypochondrianism evident in Enrique IV. passed through his sister, the

Digitized by Google

the pious Isabel, to her daughter *Juana La Loca* (Crazy Jane), the mother of two emperors and four queens. She lived and died in the nunnery of Tordesillas, and the malady transmitted to her son Charles became fixed in the Spanish line of the Austrian blood to its close. Philip II. lived and died virtually a monk, in his Escurial; his son, Philip III., vegetated a weak bigot, as did his weaker grandson Charles II. The taint crossed the Pyrenees with Anne of Austria, whose son, Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, died every inch a monk, while his grandson, Philip V., first abdicated, then ended a melancholy recluse in the Guadarama. With the royal daughters of Spain the confessor so regularly replaced the lover, that the convent, as a finale, became the rule. Nor was this morbidly religious disposition confined to royalties; it has at all times peopled lauras, hermitages, and cloisters of Spain with her best and bravest sons. In that semi-oriental nation, a desire to withdraw from the world-weariness to the shadow of some great rock, grows as youth wears away—with love and war in its train;—then the peculiar *Desengaño*, the disenchantment, the finding out the stale, flat, and unprofitable vanity of vanities, urges the winding up a life of action by repose, and an atonement for sensuality by mortification. When the earlier stimulants are no longer efficient, abodes and offices of penance furnish a succedaneum to the uneducated and resourceless:—nor, in truth, can anything be more impressive than the hermit-sites of the Viernos and Montserrats of the Peninsula—their unspeakable solace of solitude, so congenial to disappointed spirits, who, condemning and lamenting the earthly pleasures that they have outlived, depart from the crowd, their affections set above—

> to mourn o'er sin,
> And find, for outward Eden lost, a paradise within.

Charles, even in the prime of life, had settled with his beloved Empress that they would both retire from the world and from each other so soon as their children were grown up. He had long prepared himself for monastic habits. During Lents he withdrew, when at Toledo, to the convent La Sisla, and when at Valladolid to a monastery near Abrujo, at which he built quarters for his reception: nay, fifteen years before he abdicated, he confided his intention to his true friend Francesco de Borja—himself, by and by, a memorable example of pomp-renouncing reflexion. The Emperor selected the Order of St. Jerome, hospitable rather than ascetic; and appears to have soon listened with special attention to the praises of their establishment at Yuste. He caused the site to be examined some twelve years before he finally determined—nor could any locality

Digitized by Google

locality have been better chosen. If Spain herself, unvisiting and unvisited, was the recluse of Europe, her remote Estremadura—*extrema ora*—became naturally the very Thebais for native anchorites. Here, indeed, the Romans of old had placed their capital Merida, a 'little Rome,' and the district under the Moors was a garden and granary; but administrative neglect and the emigration of the multitudes who followed their countymen, Cortez and Pizarro, to the 'diggings' of the new world, ere long grievously impoverished and depopulated the province, where—*absit omen!*—to this day uncultivated and uninhabited leagues of fertile land remain overgrown with aromatic bush, the heritage of the wild bee. The Hieronomite convent, so extolled to the Emperor, stands—or rather stood—about seven leagues from 'pleasant' Placencia, a town most picturesquely placed in a bosom of beauty and plenty, girdled by snow-capped sierras, moated by trout-streams, and clothed with forests of chestnut, mulberries, and orange. The fraternity had nestled on a park-like hill-slope which sheltered devotion from the wind, and still, basking in the sunny south, sweeps over the boundless horizon of the *Vera*—where spring indeed is perpetual. So much for the 'St. Justus seated in a vale of no great extent,' of Dr. Robertson, who, blundering from the threshold to the catastrophe, mistakes a Canterbury saint for a Castilian streamlet, the Yuste, which descending behind the monastery had given it its name.

In 1554, Charles, then in Flanders, finally sent his son Philip to the holy spot, to inspect its capabilities, in reference to a plan, sketched by his own hand, of some additional building necessary for his accommodation. Events were hurrying to the conclusion. Mary of England, on her accession, lost no time in personally informing Charles—to whom she had been affianced thirty years before—that she was nothing loth to become his second empress. Charles, in handing over the gracious offer to Philip, who was then engaged to marry his cousin of Portugal, added that, were the Tudor Queen mistress of far ampler dominions, they should not tempt him from a purpose of quite another kind. So much for Dr. Watson's assertion, that Charles was quite resolved to espouse the mature maiden in case Philip had declined taking her off his hands. The extirpation of heresy in England being alike uppermost in the minds of the Emperor and his heir, no objections were raised by the latter to this parental proposal. He as readily consented to marry the English princess destined for his father, as he afterwards did to marry the French princess destined for his son Don Carlos. The Portuguese cousin was thrown over; and when the bigot Philip wi

Digitized by Google

was duly linked to the bloody Mary, Smithfield contributed no inapt torch to hymeneals simultaneously illumined by the *auto de fe* of the Spanish Inquisition. The ambition of Charles, when he now prepared to shift the burdens of actual sovereignty from his own shoulder, was transferred, not extinguished; in exact proportion as he panted to denude himself of empire, he was anxious to aggrandise his son. His health had long been bad and broken. Feeble in constitution, and a martyr to gout, which his imprudences at table augmented, a premature old age overtook him. So far back as 1549, Marillac, the envoy of France, ever Spain's worst enemy, had gladdened his master with a *signalement* of the sick Cæsar:—'L'œil abattu, la bouche pale, le visage plus mort que vif, le col exténué, la parole faible, l'haleine courte, le dos fort courbé, et les jambes si faibles qu'à grande peine il pouvait aller avec un bâton de sa chambre jusqu'à sa garderobe.' The hand that once wielded the lance and jereed so well, was then scarcely able to break the seal of a letter; and now depressing disasters conspired to reduce his moral energy to a level with his physical prostration. Fickle fortune, which had smiled on him formerly, was, as he said, turning to younger men—the repulse at Metz, and ignominious flight to Inspruck, were terrible signs of it, and the death of his mother, in April, 1555, having at length made him really king proprietary of Spain, he carried out his intentions of a general abdication at his Flemish capital, Brussels, on Friday, October 25th of that same year. His last address was full of dignity, and pathos:—weeping himself, he drew sympathetic tears from the whole of the assembly; the scene is touchingly reported by our minister, Sir John Mason, who was present.*

Ill health detained the ex-monarch nearly a year longer in Flanders, which he finally quitted, September 13, 1556. His exit was imperial. He was accompanied by his two sisters, the dowager queens of Hungary and France, who indeed wished to be permanent sharers of his retirement, and was attended by a suite of one hundred and fifty persons, and a fleet of fifty-six sail. He reached Laredo on the 28th. Robertson prostrates him on the ground at landing—eager to salute the common mother of mankind, to whom he now returned naked as he was born. Neither is there the slightest foundation for this episode, nor for the Doctor's diatribes on the neglect he met in Spain. He was indeed put to a little inconvenience, from having appeared sooner than was expected, and before adequate preparations were complete, in about the poorest part of a country 'always

* See the paper in Mr. Burgon's industrious biography of Sir Thomas Gresham (ii. 74).

Digitized by Google

in want of everything at the critical moment:'—matters, however, speedily mended on the arrival of his chamberlain, an experienced campaigner, and cunning in the commissariat. The cavalcade set forth over some of the wildest mountain-passes in Spain —through poverty-stricken districts, where stones are given for bread, where the rich are sent empty away, and then, as now, miserably unprovided even with such accommodation for man or beast as Spaniards and their locomotive, the mule, alone could or can endure.—'Oh! dura tellus Iberiæ!' Charles, sick and gouty, travelled by short stages of ten to fifteen miles a-day, sometimes in a chair carried by men, at other times in a litter. The identical palanquin in which his Catholic Majesty was 'cribbed, cabined, and confined,' during this Cæsarean operation, is still preserved in the Armeria at Madrid; something between a black trunk and a coffin, it is infinitely less comfortable than the elegant articles furnished by Mr. Banting. His progress, the vehicle notwithstanding, was right regal. Provinces and cities emptied themselves to do homage, and he entered Burgos, the time-honoured capital of Castile, amid pealing bells and a general illumination: here he remained two days, holding a perpetual levee, highly delighted, and with every wish anticipated. So much for Dr. Robertson's moving 'tale of the deep affliction of Charles at his son's ingratitude,' and the forced residence at Burgos for 'some weeks' before Philip paid the first moiety of the small pension which was all he had reserved of so many kingdoms—with the tragical addition that the said delay prevented him rewarding or dismissing his suite, which, in fact, he neither did nor wished to do here. At Cabezon he was met by his grandson, the ill-omened Don Carlos, of whom he formed a bad but correct first impression, and forthwith recommended to the regent Juana 'an unsparing use of the rod;' the boy already, at eleven years of age, evinced unmistakeable symptoms 'of a sullen passionate temper. He lived in a state of perpetual rebellion against his aunt, and displayed from the nursery the weakly mischievous spirit which marked his short career at his father's court.' Mr. Stirling properly treats all the love for his father's wife, and his consequent murder, as the contemptible fictions of malevolent ignorance though adopted and revived of late by the Alfieris, Schillers and other illustrious dramatists.

Charles entered Valladolid, where the court was residing without parade, but by the usual gate. 'It would be a shame, said he, 'not to let his people see him'—a cause and monument of his country's greatness. He was received by all, high and low, most deferentially, and held frequent cabinet council

Digitized by Google

On resuming his journey, he 'thanked God that he was getting beyond the reach of ceremony, and that henceforward no more visits were to be made, no more receptions to be undergone.' He now approached the wild and rugged Sierra de Bejar, one of the backbones of the Peninsula; yet rather than face the episcopal and municipal civilities of Placencia, to which Dr Robertson takes him, he braved a shorter cut, over an alpine pass which might have scared a chamois or contrabandista—a route which recalled the miseries of his flight to Inspruck, and is almost described by Lactantius, in his account of the journey of Diocletian to Nicomedia:—'Cum jam felicitas ab eo recessisset, impatiens et æger animi, profectus hyeme, sæviente frigore, atque imbribus verberatus, morbum levem et perpetuum traxit, vexatusque per omne iter lecticâ plurimum vehebatur.' (*De Morte Persec.*, xvii.)

Mr. Stirling paints like a true artist the toppling crags, the torrents, and precipices amidst which nature sits enthroned in all her sublimity, with her wildest and loveliest forms broad-cast about her, where least seen, as if in scorn for the insect man and his admiration. When at length the cavalcade crept, like a wounded snake, to the culminating crest, and the promised land, the happy Rasselas valley, lay unrolled as a map beneath him—'this is indeed the *Vera*,' exclaimed Charles, 'to reach which surely some suffering might be borne.' Then turning back on the mountain gorges of the *Puerto Nuevo*, which frowned behind, and thinking, as it were, of the gates of the world closed on him for ever: 'Now,' added he, 'I shall never go through pass again.' He reached Xarandilla before sunset, and alighted at the castle of the Count of Oropesa, the great feudal lord of the district. Here he remained the whole winter—fretting and fuming at the delays in the completion of the new wing at Yuste, which had been begun three years before, and which Mr. Cubitt would have put out of hand in three months. The weather was severe; but while the winds and rain beat out of doors, and the imperial suite waded in waterproof boots, the great man himself, wrapped in robes wadded with eider down, sat by a blazing fire, and discussed heavy affairs of state for the public benefit, and heavier dinners and suppers for his private injury. The outlandish attendants almost mutinied from discontent; the chosen Paradise of the master was regarded as a sort of hell upon earth by the servants; they yearned for home, and dragging at each step a weightier chain, sighed as they remembered their sweet Belgian Argos. Yet, if Spaniards have written their annals true, these said Belgians and Hollanders looked plump and fair, and fed as voraciously as if they had been Jews upon the unctuous

Digitized by Google

hams and griskins of Montanches. Estremadura is indeed a porcine pays de Cocagne, an Elysium of the pig, a land overflowing with savoury snakes for his summer improvement, and with sweet acorns for his autumnal perfectionment; whence results a flesh fitter for demigods than Dutchmen, and a fat, tinted like melted topazes—a morsel for cardinals and wise men of the West.

Tel maître tels valets—and Charles set his faithful followers a magnificent example: his worst disease was an inordinate appetite, and his most besetting sin the indulgence thereof—*edacitas damnosa*. Nor did he voluntarily repudiate the old Belgic respect for god Bacchus. So long back as 1532, his spiritual adviser 'had bidden him beware of fish'—but added that he must be more moderate in his cups; or else both mind and body would go down hill—'cuesta abajo.' The habits of the Heliogabalic hermit are thus racily described by our genial author:—

'Roger Ascham, standing "hard by the imperial table at the feast of the Golden Fleece," watched with wonder the Emperor's progress through "sod beef, roast mutton, baked hare;" after which, "he fed well of a capon," drinking also, says the Fellow of St. John's, "the best that ever I saw. He had his head in the glass five times as long as any of them, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine." Eating was now the only physical gratification which he could still enjoy or was unable to resist. He continued, therefore, to dine to the last on rich dishes, against which his ancient and trusty confessor, Cardinal Loaysa, had protested a quarter of a century before.

'The supply of his table was a main subject of the correspondence between the mayordomo and the Secretary of State. The weekly courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was ordered to change his route that he might bring every Thursday a provision of eels and other rich fish (*pescado grueso*) for Friday's fast. There was a constant demand for anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish, and sometimes a complaint that the trouts of the country were too small: the olives, on the other hand, were too large—and the Emperor wished, instead, for olives of Perejon. One day the Secretary of State is asked for some partridges from Gama, a place from whence the Emperor remembers that the Count of Osorno once sent him into Flanders some of the best partridges in the world. Another day, sausages were wanted "of the kind which the Queen Juana, now in glory, used to pride herself on making, in the Flemish fashion, at Tordesillas," and for the receipt for which the Secretary is referred to the Marquess of Denia. Both orders were punctually executed. The sausages, although sent to a land supreme in that manufacture, gave great satisfaction. Of the partridges the Emperor said that they used to be better—ordering, however, the remainder to be pickled. The Emperor's weakness being generally known, or soon discovered, dainties of all kinds were sent to him as presents. Mutton, pork, and game were the provisions most easily obtained

Digitized by Google

obtained at Xarandilla; but they were dear. The bread was indifferent, and nothing was good and abundant but chestnuts, the staple food of the people. But in a very few days the castle larder wanted for nothing. One day the Count of Oropesa sent an offering of game; another day a pair of fat calves arrived from the Archbishop of Zaragoza. The Archbishop of Toledo and the Duchess of Frias were constant and magnificent in their gifts of venison, fruit, and preserves, and supplies of all kinds came at regular intervals from Seville and from Portugal.

'Luis Quixada, who knew the Emperor's habits and constitution well, beheld with dismay these long trains of mules laden, as it were, with gout and bile. He never acknowledged the receipt of the good things from Valladolid without adding some dismal forebodings of consequent mischief; and along with an order he sometimes conveyed a hint that it would be much better if no means were found of executing it. If the Emperor made a hearty meal without being the worse for it, the mayordomo noted the fact with exultation, and remarked with complacency His Majesty's fondness for plovers, which he considered harmless. But his office of purveyor was more commonly exercised under protest; and he interposed between his master and an eel-pie as, in other days, he would have thrown himself between the imperial person and the point of a Moorish lance.'

So much for 'his table neat and plain'—according to Dr. Robertson—(sheeps-head and oat-bannocks to wit!)—and here, if space permitted, we might point out to hero-worshippers other great men, on whose crests sat plumed victory, of even greater appetite, and who, succumbing to the spit, dug their graves with their teeth. We might compare the pickled tunny and iced beer of the invincible Charles with the polentas and fiery condiments of Frederick the Great, who planned a battle or a bill of fare with equal skill and solicitude; who appointed for each different dish or defile a different cook or colonel. Charles paid no less attention to medicine than to the *menu*—to the antidote than to the bane. His *manna* came express from Naples—his senna-leaves, 'the best from Alexandria,' were steeped in white wine of Yepes, selected by the general of the Hieronomites, an order of monks celebrated for their cellars. He accepted pills readily—but turned a deaf ear to his mentors, who—brother-graduates of poor Sancho's terrible Doctor de Tirteafuera (*Anglicè*, Dr. Take-away)—remonstrated as often as a liver-loading delicacy was placed before him. He had long been wont, when his physicians ('the wise Baersdorp and the great Vesalius') disputed his case, like those in Molière, to appeal to one Caballo (*Caballus*, called *Onagrus Magnus* by the suite); and this Spanish quack, whose art of dining and dietary was 'eat and drink what you like,' as usual carried the day. Hence cramps—the unavailing remorse of a non-digesting stomach—tossings

Digitized by Google

tossings and turnings by nights—and the next day's repetition of the sin and cause: so weak was the imperial flesh; so unfailing the portioning of pills, the weighing of scruples, the doctor's visit and gossip—all the concentrated egotism and immemorial consolations of the sick-room.

At last, as everything comes to an end, even in Spain, there arrived tidings that mason, carpenter, and upholsterer had finished the job at Yuste, and in January, 1557, nearly a hundred of the suite were paid off, and kindly dismissed. It was a sad sight to see the breaking up of so old a company of retainers, bursting now like a shell and never to meet again. On the 3rd of February—Dr. Robertson's 24th—the Emperor, accompanied by sixty attendants—Dr. Robertson's 'twelve domestics only'—reached the convent, and saluted the prior and his new brethren—

> An old man broken with the storms of state
> Is come to lay his weary bones among ye.

The picturesque Principal, wishing to enhance present lowliness with the contrast of past greatness, describes the 'humble retreat' prepared for fallen Cæsar as 'hardly sufficient for a private gentleman:—four out of the six rooms in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls, and all on a level with the ground!' Although the additional wing had neither golden gate nor temple of Esculapius, as at Spalatro, the elevation partook more of a cheerful Italian villa than a Spanish convent. The building was superintended by Antonio Villacastin, who afterwards, as surveyor of the works of the Escurial, saw the first stone laid of that gigantic pile, and its completion; there he lies buried like our Wren, and also aged 91, in his own St. Paul's, the best monument of his fame. The wing consisted of two stories, each containing four rooms, connected by sunny galleries outside, and well warmed inside by fireplaces, such as the chilly Charles everywhere introduced into his Spanish residences, even in the Alcazar of sun-roasted Seville and the Alhambra of sun-toasted Granada, to the merciless destruction of exquisite Moorish diapry and surface wall decoration. The Emperor inhabited the upper story; an opening was made, which enabled him, when confined to his bed, to see the high altar and the celebration of mass in the chapel; his cabinet looked southward—the garden below it easily reached by an inclined plane, and arranged in a succession of terraces down to the stream. The front of the monastery was shaded by a magnificent walnut-tree, even then called *el nogal grande*—'a Nestor of the woods, which has seen the hermit's cell rise to a royal convent, and sink into ruin, and has survived the Spanish order of

Digitized by Google

of St. Jerome and the Austrian dynasty.' The rooms were furnished to his peculiar simple tastes, and hung with plain cloth instead of the usual costly arras, of which however he had enough to tapestry the whole building. His supply of quilts and fine linen was greater still; whilst his friends were seated on velvet chairs, he himself reposed on one with wheels, six soft cushions, and a footstool. Mr. Stirling prints the inventory of all his goods and chattels. Of gold and silver plate he had 13,000 ounces; he washed his hands in basins of silver—nay, even the meanest utensil of his bed-chamber was made of that material, and, it may be suspected, from the very homely English name, imperfectly Castilianised, that the article had been a delicate attention from the enamoured Mary. Charles, who always had been plain to parsimony in his dress, did not turn dandy in the cloister; his jewels consisted chiefly of badges of the Golden Fleece, one of which is said, incorrectly, to have been worn by our Great Duke. He had some amulets against plague and cramp, many pocket watches, and dozen pairs of spectacles. His pictures were few, but select, and such as became the friend and patron of Titian: among them the portrait of his gentle, graceful Isabel, taken soon after the honeymoon, recalled to him the treasure he had lost, while another, of his son's English prize, reminded him of what horrors he had himself escaped. At the imperial command the convent choir had been reinforced by some sixteen picked melodious friars; Charles himself, ever fond of music and a singer of anthems, now performed *pro virili* as their precentor. His nice ear and musical memory detected alike a borrowed motet in the maestro de capilla, as a false note in a singer, whom he rated by name with some gracious addition of *Hideputa bermejo*—'a red-headed son of —:' an expression derogatory to the mother of any vocalist, let alone a church quirister, and, as Mr. Stirling says, 'certainly savouring more of the camp than the cloister.'

On the whole his regular habits accorded well with monastic life, in which one day is like another, and all creep in their petty pace to dusty death. The order of the course was this: at waking his confessor assisted at his private devotions, then his valets at his toilette; after mass he sat down to mess, *dalla massa alla mensa;* his dinner was long, for his appetite was prodigious, and the mastication of his toothless gums, and the carving with his gout-crippled fingers, tedious: meantime his physician stood at one side waging fruitless war to the knife and fork too, and his man of letters stood on the other to discourse pleasantly, and then read him to the subsequent siesta from a good

Digitized by Google

good book. Such sleep as a patristic folio could induce, mass again, a sermon, and an anthem filled up the afternoon. Evening brought the sauntering in the sun amid his flower-beds, or persecuting wood-pigeons with his gun: while, if detained in doors by rain or rheumatism, there were the pet parrot, the tame cats, the mechanical workshop, talk with some visitor, and last not least, state business with his secretary; after vespers came supper, 'a meal much like the dinner,' which made his chamberlain's loyal heart quake.

This high officer, the chief among the fifteen confidential persons who formed his 'chamber,' has already been introduced by our author. *Don Luis Quixada*, the type of a good old Castilian soldier and hidalgo, was spare and sinewy in frame, formal in manners and cut of his beard, full of strong sense and prejudices, proud and punctilious, but true as steel to his faith and king, and an excellent hater of all Jews, heretics, and friars. Good Quixada may possibly have been in the mind's eye of Cervantes when he drew his immortal *Quixote*. To this tried follower Charles had confided the care of his illegitimate son, the subsequently celebrated Don Juan of Austria: the secret was scrupulously kept, and the boy was brought up as the page of Magdalena, the wife of Don Luis.

In his third chapter Mr. Stirling, relying on ascertained truth, and eschewing all the tricks of historical romance, makes us equally familiar with his Majesty's other principal attendants. The gravest charge of all had been given to the Reverend *Juan de Regla*—

'one of those monks, who knew how to make ladders to place and favour of the ropes which girt their ascetic loins. On being first introduced into the imperial presence, he chose to speak in the mitre-shunning cant of his cloth, of the great reluctance which he felt in occupying a post of such weighty responsibility. "Never fear," said Charles, somewhat maliciously; "before I left Flanders five doctors were engaged for a year in easing my conscience, so you will have nothing to answer for but what happens here."'

The important post of private secretary was filled by *Martin Gaztelu*, and by him the whole confidential correspondence was carried on, as the emperor himself could seldom do more than scrawl a few words with his chalky fingers. *William van Male* of Bruges was intimately admitted into the *personnel*, the heart and soul secrets of Charles. Long the first gentleman of the bedchamber, he had become part and parcel of the invalid's existence. This honest and learned man was the scholar and 'Dominie' of the society. He rendered to Charles, in the

Digitized by Google

the degree required, such literary services as Voltaire did to Frederick the Great. *Il lavait son linge sale*—or licked into shape the crude compositions of a royal master, who, although his education, born and bred in camps, had been neglected, was not without aspirations to twine the laurel of Apollo with that of Mars. Our Cæsar having, like Julius of old, written his own commentaries, Van Male converted the imperial *French* (of 1550) into elegant Latin. On another occasion Charles did into Spanish prose the French poem *Le Chevalier Déterminé*, which translation Hernando de Acuña, by his direction, again turned into Castilian verse, and so much to his Majesty's content that he felt some desire to admit the reading world into a share of the intellectual treat. Nevertheless, however well satisfied with the works of his pen, and however ardently complimented thereon by his attendants, the monarch, it seems, trembled before the critic, and could not easily make up his mind to rush into print, shame the fools, and proclaim the august authorship. We most reluctantly pass over Mr. Stirling's pleasant particulars of the tricks and jokes played on the poor Fleming poet-laureat by the 'windy Spaniards,' who made him a cat's-paw, and so magnified in the eyes of Charles the certain profits which must result from the publication, that the emperor at last forced him to go to press, by which worthy Van Male was half ruined. In justice to the emperor, it must be said that he sincerely meant to do a good turn to a faithful attendant, who for six years previously to his abdication had never quitted him by day or night. Oft when Charles, with over-worked brain and stomach, had, like Henry IV., frighted gentle sleep from his pillow, the weary scholar was summoned to the bedside to beguile the long hours by reading from the Vulgate, or by joining in a psalmodic duet, until his own health also broke down, to the no great displeasure of Charles, who loved him all the better from the congeniality of valetudinarianism, most courtier-like, although most unintentional. No man ever probed so deeply into the secret workings of the reserved and commanding mind of the emperor as Van Male, who trembled, when writing to De Praet, at even the recollections of the mysterious confidences he made him. These accordingly, and very unhappily for history, are not revealed in his Letters—published at Brussels in 1843, by the Baron de Reiffenbach—which remarkable series, however, affords invaluable glimpses of the hero of the sixteenth age, as seen by the eyes of his valet. The hero, always very chary of his future fame, welcomed to Yuste another erudite virtuoso, a great friend of Van Male's, *Juan Gines Sepulveda*, who ventured in

Digitized by Google

in his sixtieth year to quit the sunny south and face the mud and mules of the *Puerto Nuevo*, without the imperial conveniences—a step which nearly put an end to his beneficed and literary life. Charles was all through the centre of the circle, the observed of all observers and satellites, who, learned or unlearned, held him to be the greatest monarch and man that ever had been or ever could be; and that to name him was sufficient—

Carlo quinto, ed è assai questo,
Perche si sa per tutto il mondo il resto.

The medical staff was commensurate with that of the kitchen. The resident physician-in-chief was *Henry Mathys*, a Fleming, who, on special consultations, was backed by *Giovanni Mole*, a Milanese, and *Cornelio*, a Spaniard. Their bulletins from day to day, and their prescriptions duly chronicled in dog and doctor Latin, and with 'singular dulness and prolixity,' are still preserved in the archives at Simancas. Nor must we omit mention of another practitioner who administered to the mind of the patient, and by making him of a cheerful countenance, kept up his moral health, and reconciled to a wet or no-post day. To this *Juanelo Torriano*, a mechanician of Cremona, the keeping of the horological department had long been confided; he regulated the clocks and watches of Charles, who was as nice in the notation of his time to the fraction of a minute, as was our good old English-hearted King, George III. The Italian also constructed little figures that moved, birds that flew, and other ingenious toys, by which the prior and monks, who took him for a wizard, were scared out of such wits as they had, to the delight of the emperor, who took no less pleasure in this workshop than Louis XVI. did in forging locks and keys. Very pretty indeed is Dr. Robertson's story that Charles, on failing to make any two watches keep time together, confessed a penitential regret for ever having attempted to enforce a uniformity of religion; but alas! it is mere romance again; every day that he grew older his bigotry waxed the stronger, and no less so the expressions arguing his constant anxiety that all lost sheep might, by the help of good dogs and croziers, be got safe into, and duly sheared in, the one true Roman and Apostolical fold. Equally apocryphal is the Doctor's statement that Charles only 'admitted a few neighbours to visits—and *entertained them at table*;' an honour so opposed to Spanish etiquette that he never conceded it but once in all his life, and then in favour of Alva, the great and iron Duke of his day. As respects the Principal's rarity of visitors, even from the neighbourhood—callers and guests were in fact exceedingly numerous—constantly arriving from

Digitized by Google

from all quarters, and many of them well worthy of Mr. Stirling's commemoration. Not the least assiduous was that once celebrated scion of a house that had given birth to kings and popes, and in whose bosom a congenial spirit burned, the already named *Francesco de Borja*, ex-duke of Gandia, the 'miracle of princes,' a saint among grandees and a grandee among saints; and some compensation was, indeed, owing to the Church from a family which had given her an Alexander VI. Born in 1510, our better Borgia early displayed a serious turn even at court, and was selected by Charles to convey the corpse of his empress from Toledo to Granada. When the coffin was opened to verify the body, the appalling death-change so affected the young nobleman, that he resolved to renounce the world, his rank, and riches: accordingly, in 1550 he became a Jesuit, and died in 1562 general of the order. Frequent as were his visits to Yuste, he was always welcomed by Charles, who even condescended to send him every day, when there, the 'most approved dish' from his own table; many and long were their conferences, at which no one was ever present, and a portion only of the subject matter, communicated by Francesco himself to Ribadaneira, has been recorded in that author's Life of the ex-duke—a work, we need hardly say, with which Dr. Robertson was altogether unacquainted.

Another no less constant and cherished guest was *Don Luis de Avila*, an old comrade of the emperor's—and this indeed was a neighbour, for he lived in 'lettered and laurelled ease' at Placencia. His commentaries on the wars of his Cæsar in Germany have been compared by Spaniards to those of the 'great hook-nosed fellow of Rome' himself. Charles delighted in this lively Quintus Curtius, who blew the Castilian trumpet right thrasonically, and his book, bound in crimson velvet with silver clasps, lay always on his imperial reading-table:—one, it must be confessed, less plentifully supplied than that in his dining-room, from which, by the bye, on one occasion he ordered a capon to be reserved for Avila—an honour so great as to be specially notified in a despatch sent to court. Charles fought his battles over again with Captain Luis, as Uncle Toby did his with Corporal Trim, and as the wonted fires warmed up even in the ashes, forgot his gout, and shouldering his crutches, showed how fields were won. Nor were the solaces of church militant and drum ecclesiastic wanting; the emperor's fondness for pulpit eloquence was fooled to the bent by a company of preachers selected from the most potent and competent of the Hieronomite order. Mr. Stirling has fished from the pools

Digitized by Google

pools of Lethe the names of some of the least obscure of these. The imperial household, courtiers, and soldiers were astounded at their master's affability and good humour, which made him no less popular in the cloister than in the camp. It passed their understanding, that his Cæsarean and Catholic Majesty should keep such low company, and associate with a pack of 'unendurable blockheads,' at whom they swore lustily, after the immemorial fashion of armies in Flanders. They hated the convent, and anathematised the friars who built it; they were not yet weaned from the world, nor surfeited with its boons; they had no dislike to loaves or fishes, to place or profit, nor any predilection for prayer, penitence, sermons, self-flagellations, and similar recreations, whereby cloister life was so sweetened to their master, that he often declared he never had been so happy before.

Yet his existence was by no means that pictured by Robertson, 'of a man perfectly disengaged from this present life; of one from whose mind all former ambitious thoughts were effaced; who, so far from taking part in the political transactions of Europe, did not even inquire about them, but viewed the busy scene with contempt or indifference;' who, says Watson, out-Heroding Herod, did not even 'suffer his domestics to inform him what was passing in the world.' Watson tells that Charles resigned because his son was evidently resolved to force the crown from him, and he dreaded the contest;—both Doctors, major and minor, carrying on the Hyperborean gospel by stating that he discovered, on his very landing at Laredo, that 'he was no longer a monarch,' and felt bitterly the neglect of Philip—even his pittance pension being unpaid; that during his fits of gout he was altogether incapable of business, and gave himself up only to trifling and childish occupations; that he showed no traces whatever, for six months before his death, of his former sound and masculine understanding; finally, that, while any faculties did remain with him, he constantly repented his resignation, and contemplated a resumption of power—which Philip as perpetually feared. We need not recur to the long-resolved abdication: for the rest, the simple truth is, that from the moment he returned to Spain to the hour of his death, he was treated as a king—aye, every inch a king; not only was his reserved income, about £1500 a year, regularly paid, but his private hoard of 30,000 ducats in gold scrupulously respected—and this in the midst of great financial difficulties. It was in vain that Philip, instead of dreading an attempt at resumption, was ever and anon urging his father to take the reins of power once more, or at least to reside nearer Valladolid, the seat of

Digitized by Google

of government, to be more readily accessible. It now appears that his successors fell back on his matured experience in every difficult crisis, just as all parties among ourselves were wont to have recourse to our lost *decus et tutamen*. The son, in fact, was, from first to last, no less free from jealousy of his father than the father was from any repentance of abdication, and our author only gives the devil his due when he says—

'Filial affection and reverence shines like a grain of gold in the base metal of Philip's character; his father was the *one* wise and strong man who crossed his path whom he never suspected, under-valued, or used ill.'

Mr. Stirling adds—rather too broadly—

'The repose of Charles cannot have been troubled with regrets for his resigned power, seeing that, in truth, he never resigned it at all, but wielded it at Yuste as firmly as he had wielded it at Augsburg or Toledo. He had given up little beyond the trappings of royalty, and his was not a mind to regret the pageant, the guards, and the gold sticks.'

Charles, however, without sacrificing the substance for the shadow, continued to take a keen interest in affairs of state. His wary eye swept from his convent watch-tower the entire horizon of Spanish politics; he considered himself the chamber-counsel and family adviser to his children; every day he looked for the arrival of the post with eager anxiety, nor did Gaztelu ever finish the packet without being asked if there were nothing more. Repeated and long were his interviews with the bearers of intelligence too important to be committed to ordinary channels; and when, shortly before his death, a courier arrived with a dispatch in cypher concealed in his stirrup-leather, 'he overwhelmed him with more questions than ever were put to the damsel Theodora' —the much interrogated heroine of a then popular novel. Meantime expresses succeeded to expresses, and post with post came thick as hail. More than once did Philip dispatch from Flanders the great *Ruy Gomez de Silva* himself, the playmate of his youth, the most favoured of his ministers, and the husband of his most favoured mistress. Omitting the crowds of counts, queens-dowager, priests, place-hunters, and tuft-hunters of every hue —we may just observe that the great recluse ran no risk from the maggots which breed in an idle brain and torment the long hours of a too easy chair. It appears to us, now all the chaff and nonsense of historiographers has been winnowed, once for all, by a vigorous practitioner, that, on the whole, a more rational or agreeable finale to 'life's fitful fever' could hardly have been imagined than was realized at Yuste.

That convent-villa, with all its spiritual and fleshly appliances, was the beau-ideal of an *Invalides* for a good, prematurely old Spanish

Digitized by Google

Spanish country gentleman of the sixteenth century—even so, indeed, long before had Hadrian, a Spaniard, retired, weary of state and worn in health, to his gardens and villa, to console his declining days with the society of learned men, and with eating contrary to his doctor's advice. Charles was no beaten and dethroned usurper, pining in a foreign prison, and squabbling on his death-bed about rations with his jailer; neither was he a poor monk, wasted marrow and bone and all with vigils and fastings. The considerate father at Rome never stinted indulgences or flesh licences, or evinced any want of consideration for the conscience or stomach of the most Catholic son of the Church. A solid party-wall separated the fires of his cheery palace-wing and its kitchen from the cold, hungry cell. Fray Carlos, no Ecclesiastes in practice, claimed the benefit of clergy just when and how he chose. He could at a moment lay aside the friar's rope, and appear decorated with the Golden Fleece and all the majesty that doth hedge a king. Sincerely religious, and animated by real faith, his attendances at chapel were a duty, a delight, and a soul-sentiment: not the now-a-day routine and formalism of middle-aged widowhood or celibacy, which flies to the occupation of pew and prie-dieu to escape from the ennui of self. Charles, however, amidst all his popery, had never been other than a true Castilian; while he bowed dutifully to the Church so long as the thunders of the Vatican rolled in his favour, he never scrupled to dash the *brutum fulmen* from clerical hands when the Vicar of Christ bribed the Gaul or Turk to thwart his policy and undermine Spanish interests. He never failed to distinguish the priest from the prince, the spiritual from the temporal; and accordingly, in 1525, he ordered masses to be said for the delivery of the *Holy Pontiff*, when one scrap from his own Secretary's pen could have thrown wide the gates at St. Angelo for the *perjured potentate;* nor did he, even in 1558, in all the increased sanctimony of his last days, ever forgive Alva for not visiting the perfidious firebrand Paul IV. with a wholesome correction, similar to that he had himself bestowed on Clement VII. In a word, the Emperor at Yuste was neither a misanthrope nor a dotard. Compelled, from physical reasons, to relinquish the Atlantean burden of the crown, he had retained all his relish for intellectual and innocent pursuits. He was no solitary anchorite; he brought with him his old servants and cooks, who knew his tastes and wants, and whose faces he knew. He had his anthems, his few favourite books, his roses, pictures, experiments, scourges, and hobbies. He had friends to tell his sorrows to, and divide them; to impart his happinesses to, and double them; he had the play and prattle of his little boy just at the happy age before a son is an uncertain joy, a certain care. Can we

Digitized by Google

we wonder at his fixed resolve, immutable as the law of Medes and Persians, to let well alone? — or that as he lounged in his parterres, watering his flower-cups filled with sunshine, and fragrant himself with the odour of monastic sanctity, he should reply to an envoy of Philip, once again praying him to resume the sceptre, as Diocletian did to Maximin, 'Come and see the vegetables I raise in my garden, and you will no longer talk to me of empire.'

Yet there is a thorn in every rose, and little worries there were — foils to such felicities — which disturbed him when peevish from gout or indigestion, but which were soon forgotten when blue pills had dispelled blue devils. The ill-conditioned rustics of the adjoining village, Cuacos, 'were the Protestants that troubled his reign in the Vera.' Although fattening on the crumbs and ducats which fell from his table and purse, they impounded his milch cows and poached his trout preserves. Diocletian, by the way, was much inclined to settle at Spalatro from the excellence of the 'genus Salmo,' by which the neighbouring Hyader was peopled. The bumkins, moreover, filched his sour and reserved Morellas, and pelted the future Nelson of Lepanto for picking the cherries ripe that his father had paid for. At last, the outraged gastronome summoned a common law judge special from Valladolid :—but ere sentence was passed —justice in Spain, like Chancery in England, is not to be hurried —some bold Monks of Yuste implored the Emperor himself to beg off these peccant boors, their own brothers and cousins according to the flesh—and compliance was in fact no heavy lot of penance for his Majesty. It must be confessed that this philanthropism was clouded by an unpardonable misogynism : Charles observing certain damsels clustering constantly round the convent gate—as will happen in the best regulated celibacies—and distrusting the lion of St. Jerome, the Androdus of Papal mythology, who always roars and rushes from the picture when the chaste cloister is polluted by women's approach—directed his crier to proclaim at Cuacos that any daughter of Eve 'found within two gun-shots of Yuste should receive a hundred lashes.' Womankind, we may here remark, formed, laundresses excepted, no part of the imperial establishment, and they of the wash-tub themselves were located at Cuacos.

His Majesty's general health—hands and time thus agreeably occupied—improved so considerably during his first year of residence, that his life seemed likely to be prolonged to the nine years enjoyed by Diocletian after his abdication :—and already he was planning additional buildings—*secanda marmora sub ipsum funus!*

The

Digitized by Google

The spring, however, of 1558 was cold; much illness prevailed in the Vera; Charles, shivering in his bed and suffering from gout, was little prepared for the shock of the sudden death of his favourite sister Eleanor, the 'gentlest and most guileless of beings.' 'There were but fifteen months between us,' sobbed he, 'and in less than that time I shall be with her once more.' Political troubles contributed also to depress his mind. Larger than a man's hand grew that little cloud that cast from the seaboard the shadow of coming disasters, and already, ere Charles was gone to his grave, the clay-footed Colossus of Spain's short-lived accidental greatness tottered to a fall. And may not we of England partake in some of the same uneasy thoughts that darkened on the spirit of the imperial hermit? History, to all who do not deem it an old almanack, presents a succession of parallels. The past assuredly is the prophet of the future—'the thing that hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done.' *Nous dansons sur un volcan*, and slumber in a fool's paradise of peace theorists, drab-coated patriots, and the minor *fry*, who advocate a dismantled navy, a disbanded army; who, scouting bastions and bayonets, clamour for calico and the cheap defence of nations—economists who, though caring only for pelf, rebel against the paltry premium of insurance. The *unexpected* loss of Calais, the woeful calamity engraven on our bloody Mary's hard heart, went far to break that of Charles. It was the untoward event which he never ceased to recur to, and regretted like death itself, which indeed it contributed to hasten. *He* had foreseen the rooted anxiety France would have to wipe out, *per fas aut nefas*, the blot of St. Quentin—and had urged Mary to strengthen the defences and garrison, scandalously neglected by 'an ill-timed parsimony and fatal economy.' His advice, backed by that of Lord Wentworth, the military governor, was slighted by her ministers at home, who, Manchesterians by anticipation, boasted that 'the *reputation* of the strength of Calais was alone sufficient for its security,' and that 'with their white wands they would defend the place.' They rejected the offer of a Spanish reinforcement, suspecting that Philip coveted the key of the entry to France for himself—just as the occupation of Cadix was by Spanish jealousy denied to ourselves in the war of independence. The result was that Calais was carried by a *coup de main*.

'France was then in an uproar of exultation; St. Quentin was forgotten—and loud and long were the pæans of Parisian wits—replenished with scoffs and unmeasured taunts against the English, who, in falling victims to a daring stratagem, gave, as it seemed to these poetasters, a signal proof of the immemorial perfidy of Albion.'

Charles,

Digitized by Google

Charles, when he turned his thoughts from the land to the sea, found but little comfort. The Turk was then the terror of Europe; his cannon thundered at the walls of Vienna while his fleets insulted the ports of Spain; the civilization of the West trembled in the balance:—and the alliance of the Most Christian King, nay, of the Supreme Successor of St. Peter himself, with the infidel, in order to injure the ever Catholic House of Austria, seemed to the orthodox head of that house scarcely less revolting than one with his Satanic Majesty. The Mediterranean had long run a real risk of being made a Turkish lake; Charles, however, no sooner caught the truth of the case than, adopting the boldest and best policy, he assumed the initiative, and, deaf to the peaceful professions of his one fixed and implacable foe, anticipated aggression, landed in Algeria, and captured and held Oran—a base of operations. He in his time had steadily upheld the navy, and encouraged the spirit which afterwards at Lepanto —the Trafalgar of the day—proved that turning seas into lakes is easier said than done; but now he was only watching things through the 'loophole of retreat'—and it struck to his inner heart's core to hear that, at the very moment when the infidel was again silently but determinately preparing, a slumbering and folding of arms had come over the Spanish Cabinet. In vain he wrote, 'If Oran be lost, I hope I shall be in some place where I shall not hear of so great an affront to the King and to these realms.' His warning voice was neglected, and, ere a year had passed, the Spanish garrison was cut to pieces; but Charles went to his grave unconscious of that calamity, which none dared to reveal to him. This was well—and so is it that our own Great Duke has gone to his last home 'in honour as he lived,' and has been spared all chances of witnessing that which, years ago, had his Cassandra words been listened to, would have been rendered impossible.

The glorious field of St. Quentin, which, but for Philip's timidity, might have proved a Waterloo instead of an Oudenarde, brightened Charles with but a passing gleam. He had for weeks been counting the days when his son would be at the gates of Paris, and he so deeply felt the lame and impotent conclusion, and especially the favourable terms granted to the Court of Rome, that his health broke down, and he took to his bed. Charles, the Catholic King, who, like our own bold Protestant Bess, feared no pope, had on this occasion counselled the course he himself formerly pursued, and gladly would have seen the turbulent Paul IV. a captive in St. Angelo, or sculking out like Clement VII., disguised as a servant—much as we have beheld the liberal Pio Nono fly from his flock—the *Servus Servorum Dei*

Digitized by Google

Dei in a Bavarian footman's livery; but Philip, crowned and superstitious, dealt gently with the wicked old man, who, having set the world in flames, was now ready to sacrifice France, too much his friend, to close a dirty nepotist bargain with long hostile Spain.

Charles, however, was never one jot the less eager to uphold the papal system. A Catholic not merely from policy and position, but sincere conviction, he felt that the moment was most critical. In 1558 the Church of Rome was indeed in extreme danger even in her strongest hold—in Spain—where it could no longer then be concealed that the seeds of the Reformation had taken root. Once alarmed, and armed with power, the priesthood were too wise in their generation to trifle with a foe so deadly: she of the seven hills knows no mercy for dissent—all tolerance indeed she has over and over proclaimed to be but the mask of indifference:—she adopts no sprinkling of dust, no rose-water process; her one maxim and, unless under irresistible pressure, her one practice is ever 'quod ferro non curatur igne sanatur.' Accordingly, the infant Hercules was strangled in the cradle by the gripe of the inquisitor; and the Vatican can fairly boast that the Reformation in the Peninsula was nipped in the bud and annihilated at once. It must be remembered that the general temper of Spain was peculiarly favourable to such a result; the bulk of the nation itself was fanatic—a long life-and-death war waged on their own soil against the infidel, for hearth and altar, had coupled creed with country and heresy with enemy. The Inquisition, a double-edged engine, originally armed by the bigotry and avarice of the Spaniards against the Moor or Jew, was destined by divine justice to recoil ultimately on its abettors, and to sink a land once at the head of European civilization into an obscurantism and 'backwardation' paralleled only by the states of Rome, Naples, Tuscany, and John of Tuam.

Mr. Stirling, in his eighth chapter, fully confirms the accuracy of Dr. M'Crie's History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain. The Holy Tribunal scarcely found a warmer friend in the cold-blooded Philip than in the one moderate Fray Carlos; and certainly no so-called historian ever countenanced anything more absurd than the theory that the Emperor was himself tainted with Protestantism. 'Father,' said he to the Prior of Yuste, as soon as he heard of the *black business*, 'if anything could drag me from this retreat, it would be to aid in chastising these heretics. I have written to the Inquisition, to burn them all; for not one of them will ever become a true Catholic, or worthy to live.' He urged his son to cut the ro

Digitized by Google

of the evil with all rigour; expressing his regret that he himself had not put Luther to death when in his power at the Diet of Worms: so much had age and the priest got the better of that soldier and gentleman, who blushed to commence his career with the foul church-suggested crime; for he then remembered well how his ancestor Sigismond's fame had been tarnished by sacrificing Huss at Constance, in 1414, in violation of a regular safe-conduct. Temporal considerations, occasionally, it must be confessed, induced Charles to play a double game, and fight with his own weapons his rival Francis I., who, while burning Protestants at Paris, supported them in Germany, because hostile to the Emperor. Our hero, no doubt, when young in mind and body, held it lawful in the game of politics to use Pope and Lutheran for his own purposes, and offended both parties, who were seriously in earnest, and had thrown away the scabbard, by his *Interims* and other conciliatory *juste milieu* measures. Nevertheless, all his personal instincts, first and last, as well as all his hereditary interests, were opposed to the Reformation. The cry of the *Comuneros* at Salamanca, which met his ear as he mounted the throne of Castile—'Thou shalt have no Pope or King but Valloria!'—was echoed in after-life in the Union of Smalkalde, which pitted the Protestant princes against his imperial prerogatives and pretensions; and, in truth, the boundaries between religious and civil liberty, reformation and reform, are fine and delicate. At the present crisis, Charles, it is said, heard with surprise, and, not without appearances of some sorrow, that many of his own former preachers were tainted with the heresy plague, and carried to the hospitals of the Inquisition; but, sorrowing or not sorrowing, he entered no plea for mercy. Even Mathisio, his favoured physician, was forced to burn his translated Bible—then, as now, the foremost prohibited book in the Liber Expurgatorius of Rome.

These accumulated anxieties, however, hastened that utter break-up of his constitution which the medical men had long anticipated from his imprudent diet; and early in August symptoms appeared which the patient himself could not mistake. His thoughts naturally turned more than ever to religion and its rites. Long accustomed to recelebrate, with his personal attendance, the obsequies of his departed kinsfolk on the anniversaries of their *obits*, he now determined to rehearse his own funeral. This incident—one of the disputed points in his history—has been very carefully sifted by Mr. Stirling:—

'Gonzalez,' says he, 'treats the story as an idle tale: he laments the credulity displayed even in the sober statement of Siguença, and pours out much patriotic scorn on the highly-wrought picture of Robertson,

Digitized by Google

bertson, of whose account of the matter it is impossible to offer any defence. Masterly as a sketch, it has unhappily been copied from the canvas of the unscrupulous Leti. In everything but style it is indeed very absurd. "The emperor was bent," says the historian, "on performing some act of piety that would display his zeal and merit the favour of Heaven. The act on which he fixed was as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered fancy. He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin, with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprinkling holy water on the coffin in the usual form, and, all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire. But either the fatiguing length of the ceremony, or the impressions which the image of death left on his mind, affected him so much that next day he was seized with a fever. His feeble frame could not long resist its violence, and he expired on the 21st of September, after a life of fifty-eight years, six months, and twenty-five days."

'Siguença's account of the affair, which I have adopted, is that Charles, conceiving it to be for the benefit of his soul, and having obtained the consent of his confessor, caused a funeral service to be performed for himself, such as he had lately been performing for his father and mother. At this service he assisted, not as a corpse, but as one of the spectators, holding in his hand, like the others, a waxen taper, which, at a certain point of the ceremonial, he gave into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to commit his soul to the keeping of his Maker. There is not a word to justify the tale that he followed the procession in his shroud, or that he simulated death in his coffin, or that he was left behind in the church when the service was over. In this story respecting an infirm old man, the devout son of a church where services for the dead are of daily occurrence, I can see nothing incredible or very surprising. Abstractedly considered, it appears quite as reasonable that a man on the brink of the grave should perform funeral rites for himself, as that he should perform such rites for persons whose bones had become dust many years before. But without venturing upon this dark and dangerous ground, it may be safely asserted that superstition and dyspepsia have driven men into extravagancies far greater than the act which Siguença has attributed to Charles. Nor is there any reason to doubt the historian's veracity in a matter in which the credit of his order or the interest of the church is no way concerned. He might perhaps be suspected of overstating the regard entertained by the emperor for the friars of Yuste, were his evidence not confirmed by the letters of the

Digitized by Google

the friar-hating household. But I see no reason for questioning his accuracy in his account of the obsequies, which he published with the authority of his name, while men were still alive who could have contradicted a mis-statement.'

To continue the true story—Charles, when the solemn scene was over, felt much relieved in mind, and sat musing all that afternoon and the next in his open alcove; there he caused the portrait of his gentle Isabel to be brought, and, looking a long and last farewell to the loved partner of his youth, bade also his real adieu to the world. He was roused from his protracted reverie by his physician—felt chilled and fevered, 'and from that pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from whence he was to rise no more.' So soon were the anticipated rites realised; his illness lasted about three weeks; the daily bulletins transmitted to Valladolid by his physicians still exist, minute as those preserved by Arrian of the death-struggle of Alexander the Great.* In full possession of his intellect, Charles exhibited throughout the courage of the soldier, the dignity of the Prince, and the resignation of a Christian. He duly executed codicils for the future provision of his faithful followers, took the Sacrament frequently, and after receiving extreme unction, insisted on communicating once again, observing to those who said it was not, under such circumstances, necessary, 'that may be, but it is good company on so long a journey.' His peaceful death formed a striking contrast to that of his rival Francis I., a victim of the only trophy retained by France of her foul possession of Naples. The emperor's end was that of the just; a euthanasia devoutly to be wished for. No perilous stuff weighed heavy on his soul; no exorcisms were needed to beat away the busy fiend from the pillow of one who closed his eyes amidst

> all that should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.

The closing scene is thus told by Mr. Stirling.—

'Towards eight in the evening, Charles asked if the consecrated tapers were ready; and he was evidently sinking rapidly. The physicians acknowledged that the case was past their skill, and that hope was over. Cornelio retired; Mathisio remained by the bed, occasionally feeling the patient's pulse, and whispering to the group of anxious

* He of Macedon too became fevered after imprudent indulgences at table, and throughout his last illness attended the daily sacrifices most devoutly—του θειου επιμελεστατος. The progress of his case is detailed in the royal diaries. He, unlike our Cæsar, had no physician—and it was deliberated whether he should be carried to the temple of Serapis, that the god might cure him *brevi manu*.—(Arrian, vii. 25.)

spectators,

Digitized by Google

spectators, "His majesty has but two hours to live—but one hour—but half an hour." Charles meanwhile lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious, but now and then mumbling a prayer, and turning his eyes to heaven. At length he raised himself and called for Williams. Van Male was instantly at his side, and understood that he wished to be turned in bed, during which operation the Emperor leaned upon him heavily and uttered a groan of agony. The physician now looked towards the door, and said to the Archbishop of Toledo, who was standing in the shadow, "*Domine, jam moritur!*—My lord, he is now dying." The primate came forward with the chaplain Villalva, to whom he made a sign to speak. It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning of the 21st of September, St. Matthew's day. Addressing the dying man, the favourite preacher told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the feast of St. Matthias the apostle, who had been chosen by lot to complete the number of the twelve, and in being about to die on the feast of St. Matthew, who for Christ's sake had forsaken wealth as his majesty had forsaken imperial power. For some time the preacher held forth in this pious and edifying strain. At last the emperor interposed, saying, "The time is come; bring me the candles and the crucifix." These were cherished relics, which he had long kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from our Lady's shrine at Montserrat; the other a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which had been taken from the dead hand of his wife at Toledo, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son at the Escurial. He received them eagerly from the archbishop, and taking one in each hand, for some moments he silently contemplated the figure of the Saviour, and then clasped it to his bosom. Those who stood nearest to the bed now heard him say quickly, as if replying to call, "*Ya voy, Señor*—Now, Lord, I go!" As his strength failed, his fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate therefore took, and held it before him. A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed, after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried, *Ay, Jesus!* and expired."

The corpse was left at Yuste until 1574, when it was transferred to the Escurial, then sufficiently advanced to become the palace, the monastery, and the mausoleum of Spanish royalty. It was laid in the plain vault erected by Philip II. When the gorgeous Pantheon, 'a tomb for which e'en king would wish to die,' was completed in 1674 by Philip IV., the imperial remains were removed finally to their present place of rest.

"As the body was deposited in the marble sarcophagus, the coverings were removed, to enable Philip to come face to face with his great ancestor: the corpse was found to be quite entire; and even some sprigs of sweet thyme folded in the winding-sheet retained, as the friars averred, all their vernal fragrance after the lapse of four score winters. After looking for some minutes in silence at the pale dea

Digitized by Google

dead face of the hero of his line, the king turned to Haro and said, "*Cuerpo honrado* (honoured body), Don Luis." "Very honoured," replied the minister: words brief indeed, but very pregnant, for the prior of the Escurial has recorded that they comprehended all that a Christian ought to feel on so solemn an occasion.'

This Spanish dialogue on the dead certainly contrasts alike with the bland prose of Sir Henry Halford, when the coffin-lid of Charles I. was raised for the Regent to verify Vandyke, as with the appalling stanza of Lord Byron on that memorable descent into the tomb.

'Once again,' says Mr. Stirling, 'the emperor's grave was opened. When Mr. Beckford was at Madrid in 1780, Charles III., as a parting civility, desired to know what favour the fascinating and accomplished Englishman would accept at his hands. The author of Vathek asked leave to see the face of Charles V., that he might judge of the fidelity of the portraits by Titian: the marble sarcophagus being moved from its niche, and the lid raised, the lights of the Pantheon once more gleamed on the features of the pale emperor.'

Mr. Stirling adds that,

'for this curious anecdote he is indebted to the kindness of Mr. Beckford's daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton. Mr. Beckford had left unfortunately no note or memorandum of the fact, and therefore the date and the names of the other witnesses of this singular spectacle cannot now be recovered.'

We would willingly class this revolting story among the many gloomy poetical visions of its narrator—surely the royal family of Spain must have a similar feeling—and as after all the precise week and day of the incident, if a real one, can hardly escape a sharp investigation on the spot, we shall expect, with curiosity, the disinterment, or otherwise, of supporting evidence.

From the day when the body quitted Yuste, the convent and palace were neglected alike by the kings and people of Spain. Left to the gentle keeping of a climate more conservative than man, all might to this day have remained in excellent preservation; but in 1809 a party of Soult's soldiers, flying from Oporto and irritated by disgrace, set their mark on these beautiful districts. They clambered up the hill, pillaged and then fired the convent;—the royal wing only escaped from the thickness of the walls of the intervening chapel. Under the reign of the Constitution, in 1820, such restorations as the brotherhood had been able to effect were unmercifully dealt with by the Liberals. Their ravages were again partially made good when the monks returned on Ferdinand VII.'s recovery of power; but his death was soon followed by

Digitized by Google

by the total suppression of the monastic system; like the rest of their class, the beadsmen of St. Jerome were ejected—the whole edifice speedily fell into irremediable ruin—and chaos is come again. But we cannot better conclude our summary of this thoughtful and graceful work than with the author's melancholy sketch of Yuste as inspected by himself in 1849:—

'It was inhabited only by the peasant-bailiff of the lay proprietor, who eked out his wages by showing the historical site to the passing stranger. The principal cloister was choked with the rubbish of the fallen upper story; the richly-carved capitals which had supported it peeping here and there from the soil and the luxuriant mantle of wild shrubs and flowers. Two sides of the smaller and older cloisters were still standing, with blackened walls and rotting floors and ceiling. The strong granite-built church, proof against the fire of the Gaul and the wintry storms of the Sierra, was a hollow shell—the classical decorations of the altars and quaint wood-work of the choir having been partly used for fuel, partly carried off to the parish church of Cuacos. Beautiful blue and yellow tiles, which had lined the chancel, were fast dropping from the walls: and above, the window through which the dying glance of Charles had sought the altar, remained like the eye-socket in a skull, turned towards the damp, blank space that was once bright with holy tapers and the colouring of Titian. In a vault beneath, approached by a door of which the key could not be found, I was told that the coffin of massive chestnut planks, in which the emperor's body had lain for sixteen years, was still kept as a relic. In his palace, the lower chambers were used as a magazine for fuel; and in the rooms above, where he lived and died, maize and olives were gathered, and the silk-worm wound its cocoons in dust and darkness. His garden below, with its tank and broken fountain, was overgrown with tangled thickets of fig, mulberry, and almond, with a few patches of potherbs, and here and there an orange-tree or a cypress, to mark where once the terrace smiled with its blooming parterres. Without the gate, the great walnut-tree, sole relic of the past with which time had not dealt rudely, spread forth its broad and vigorous boughs to shroud and dignify the desolation; yet in the lovely face of nature, changeless in its summer charms, in the hill and forest and wide Vera, in the generous soil and genial sky, there was enough to show how well the imperial eagle had chosen the nest wherein to fold his wearied wings.'

ART.

Digitized by Google

ART. VI.—*Des Intérêts Catholiques au XIXe Siècle.* Par le Comte de Montalembert. Paris, 1852.

COUNT MONTALEMBERT is a man who, alike by his genius and his virtues, does honour to his order, his country, and his Church. The utterances of such a man must deserve attention at all times; and at the present time the utterances of any man may well be thought to have some claim to it, whose 'whereabout' is France, and whose tones are both adverse to the ruling power and dissonant from those of his own co-religionaries and habitual allies. These strong presumptive titles are not reduced, but heightened and confirmed, when we know that the avowed purpose of the work before us is to recommend to the clergy and the faithful of France that cause of constitutional liberty, upon which the world had until now conceived that they had unanimously turned their backs.

Yet another step upwards to our climax, from which we must too soon and wofully descend. That which M. de Montalembert recommends, he is certain to recommend with zeal, eloquence, and power. We read him with admiration, even when dissentient: with delight, when able to concur. And what Englishman will not in the main agree with his brilliant and just Apology for the thirty-four years of Constitutional Government in France?—

'On affirme que le système constitutionnel ne dure pas et ne produit rien. Réponse: il a duré en France trois fois plus longtemps que la monarchie absolue fondée par le plus grand génie des temps modernes. Il a régné en France de 1814 à 1848; et ces trente-quatre années—il ne faut pas se lasser de le répéter en présence des injures et des mensonges qu'on entasse chaque jour—ces trente-quatre années ont été, tout bien compensé, sinon les plus éclatantes, du moins les plus libres, les plus heureuses, les plus tranquilles de son histoire.

'Pendant ce tiers de siècle, le gouvernement représentatif a porté victorieusement les armes françaises en Espagne, affranchi la Grèce, sauvé la Belgique, conquis l'Algérie. Il a produit des orateurs et des hommes d'État du premier mérite. Il a donné une vie féconde et glorieuse à toutes les branches de l'intelligence nationale; il a ouvert un libre cours à toutes les forces, à toutes les industries, à toutes les doctrines, à toutes les idées, à toutes les études. Il a fait prévaloir partout le sentiment du droit, et de la modération dans l'exercice du droit. Enfin, ce qui doit être placé en première ligne par ceux à qui je m'adresse, il a imprimé à la foi catholique, à la réaction religieuse, un mouvement tel que le monde n'en avait point vu depuis deux siècles. Quand le régime qu'on veut lui substituer aura duré trente-cinq ans, alors, mais alors seulement, on pourra dresser son bilan, et comparer ses pertes et ses profits à ceux du régime que l'on insulte.'

'Il

Digitized by Google

'Il faudra, en outre, voir comment se comportera la nation sous le régime qui pourra remplacer le système actuel; car, on l'a souvent remarqué, pour bien juger l'influence d'un gouvernement sur une société, il faut pouvoir apprécier la conduite de cette société après que ce gouvernement a disparu. De 1789 à 1795, au sortir du régime énervant de l'ancienne monarchie, la France s'est livrée à des attentats sans exemple dans l'histoire. En 1848, au sortir de trente ans de luttes parlementaires, et quoique plongée à l'improviste dans l'anarchie, elle a su se préserver de ces crimes qui déshonorent un peuple. Le sentiment de la justice et de la liberté ne s'est point éclipsé. Le soleil s'était couché: mais on a continué à vivre et à combattre dans le crépuscule.' —pp. 122-3-4.

Who will not feel the force of the contrast which he draws between that period and the stage of torpor and retroaction at which France had arrived when he penned his reflections?—

'A l'heure qu'il est, la France a peut-être encore plus de liberté qu'elle n'en veut; elle irait jusqu'à supporter l'oppression. Cette oppression n'existe pas, et ne saurait exister, car on n'opprime que ce qui vit. A l'heure qu'il est, rien n'est gêné, car rien ne se meut; rien n'est comprimé, car rien ne résiste. Tout dort, tout se repose, tout se renouvelle peut-être. Mais quand l'heure du réveil sonnera, quand cette France aura goûté dix, vingt années de repos, de calme, de prospérité, de sécurité complète; quand elle sera tentée de se dire qu'elle s'ennuie; quand éclatera le besoin de respirer, de voir, de parler, de juger, de critiquer, qui n'a jamais pu être extirpé de ce pays, pas plus sous l'ancien régime que sous Napoléon: c'est alors qu'il faudra bien donner quelque issue à cet instinct impérieux, à cette force latente mais irrésistible. C'est alors qu'on verra si les nouvelles institutions de la France sont assez élastiques pour se prêter à ce retour de la vie, du bruit, de la lutte. Je veux le croire; mais si elles ne s'y prêtaient pas, je suis convaincu que le souverain que la France s'est donné, avec l'habileté qui le caractérise, ne permettra pas à l'orage de grossir. Autrement l'orage l'emporterait, lui et son œuvre.'—p. 182.

Who will not thank our author for the following masterly description of universal suffrage? We, indeed, have not learnt it so; and probably no man among us could have so described it:—

'Le suffrage universel peut être regardé comme le plus grand danger de la liberté. C'est un mécanisme par lequel la foule, maîtresse pour un jour, peut se rendre esclave pour des siècles, et rendre tout esclave comme elle.

'Il serait insensé de méconnaître la valeur de ce mécanisme. On peut dire que le suffrage universel jouera désormais en politique le même rôle que la poudre à canon dans l'art de la guerre, ou la vapeur dans l'industrie. L'introduction de cette arme nouvelle et formidable change toutes les conditions de la lutte. Elle met à la disposition du pouvoir, qui finira toujours par s'en emparer, une force jusqu'à présent inconnue.

Digitized by Google

inconnue. C'est un levier qui peut être manié par la main la moins habile et la moins scrupuleuse, mais qui donne à cette main un ascendant irrésistible. C'est, en outre, un masque immense, derrière lequel toutes les servilités, toutes les bassesses, toutes les défaillances peuvent chercher un abri commode et sûr. C'est une mer où vont se perdre toutes les combinaisons et toutes les règles de la politique ancienne, mais où le mensonge, le préjugé, l'ignorance, peuvent aussi centupler leur énergie. La sagesse et la dignité humaines y sont toutes deux condamnées à de rudes épreuves. Talent, vertu, renommée, courage, intégrité, expérience, tous ces titres à l'ancienne popularité, toutes ces forces diversement énergiques, tout cela est noyé dans les flots du suffrage universel, comme le serait un flacon de vin généreux versé dans un étang.'—pp. 185–6.

After all this, our readers will not be ill-prepared for the telling description which M. Montalembert gives of his own position, in relation to liberty and religion:—'La devise de ma vie a été celle de ce vieux Polonais de la confédération de Bar: *j'ai aimé la Liberté plus que tout au monde, et la religion Catholique plus que la Liberté même.*' Or, again, for another of his autographical portraits, which, perhaps owing to the nature of his subject, are, to say the truth, not few:—

'Je n'ai donc pas l'espoir de lutter contre le torrent avec quelque succès, comme il y a quatre ans. Mais je ne veux pas qu'on dise dans l'avenir, quand chaque acte, chaque parole sera relevée par des juges impitoyables, que cette grande palinodie a eu lieu sans soulever aucune protestation. On saura qu'il y a eu au moins un *vieux soldat du catholicisme et de la liberté*, qui avant 1830 avait distingué la cause catholique de la cause royaliste; qui sous le régime de juillet a plaidé la cause de l'indépendance de l'Eglise à l'encontre du pouvoir civil; qui en 1848 a combattu de toutes ses forces la prétendue identité du christianisme et de la démocratie, et qui en 1852 a protesté contre le sacrifice de la liberté à la force sous prétexte de religion.'—p. 87.

Well said and done, *vieux soldat du catholicisme et de la liberté!* We are not, rely upon it, so shut up in our insularity, as to be incapable of a fervid thrill of joy at the thought that amidst a scene of wide-spread moral and social desolation one knightly banner yet waves aloft, on which are twined fraternally together the scrolls of Christian belief and of civil freedom. There it is: the words we hear are words of truth, in accents of sincerity; they are words, upon the combined, faithful, and effective use of which is hung the whole future welfare of mankind; and to him who utters them we are bound to say, 'The Lord prosper you: we wish you good luck in the name of the Lord.'

But, after all, we must be upon our guard against imposture. Not

Digitized by Google

Not that kind of imposture which a wilful cozener palms upon the world, but that subtler and more ensnaring illusion which first takes captive and enlists in its service all the graces at once of character and of diction, and then, by their means disarming wholesome jealousy, gains a securer possession of the public mind. What then, let us ask, is all this about? Does this book proclaim the advent of a new and happy era, in which the Roman Church is to be the sincere ally of constitutional liberty; or, at any rate, the accession of a great convert to the cause of truth and freedom, or the revived activity of a champion who had seemed to slumber, and who now again has buckled on his armour?

This is a question of deep importance. Count Montalembert, with all other votaries of the same system who resemble him in their generous appreciation of English institutions, and in the value they set upon English opinion, should know that there perhaps never was a time when the Church of Rome, that vast incorporation which covers from one-third to one-half of Christendom, stood worse among us than at the present moment; and this not with reference to any momentary cause or any passing excitement; not even because in the depths of dogmatic controversy new sources of exasperation have been opened up; nor yet because we have found her, beyond doubt, an inconvenient neighbour, puzzling our people, deranging the action of our Church, and powerfully stimulating our intestine jealousies; but for a still deeper and more painful reason than any of these, namely, from the profound contrast, of which we as a people are conscious, between the living authorities of the Church of Rome and ourselves, in respect to the very elements of moral principle, and foundation of duty, as applied to public policy and transactions; those elements, to which Christianity itself is not too lofty to make its appeal; those foundations, those eternal laws of right, upon which, and upon which alone, discipline or ritual, hierarchy or dogma can securely rest. The vehement excitement occasioned among us by the Brief of 1850 and the Durham Letter has passed away: the mood of patience has resumed its accustomed sway over a nation less, after all, resembling bulls than oxen. But, as a people, we have marked from day to day the proceedings of the Roman Church—that is to say, of its ecclesiastical rulers—in Italy, in Belgium, in France; and those proceedings have left upon the mind of England an impression that is much more likely to be deepened than obliterated. The portrait that Church has drawn, and is drawing, of herself in continental Europe at this moment, to say nothing of Ireland, is one whose lineaments cannot be forgotten;—tyranny, fraud,

Digitized by Google

fraud, base adulation, total insensibility not only to the worth of human freedom, but to the majesty of law and the sacredness of public and private right—these are the malignant and deadly features which we see stamped upon the conduct of the Roman hierarchy, and which have generated in the English mind a profound revulsion from them and all that seems to resemble them. With no small interest, therefore, do we ask, is there at least a beginning?—can we point to a part or section?—can we point to Count Montalembert, the lay leader of the Roman Catholics of France, and say, here at least is a man of pith and mark among them, who has registered his vow on behalf of human freedom in conjunction with Christian belief, and around whom its friends may rally?—We lament to say that the perusal of Count Montalembert's book leaves us with no choice but to return a negative answer. It leaves us, if possible, sadder than when we had not yet been informed that he had raised his eloquent voice on behalf of liberty; because it proves to us conclusively that he little knows what freedom means, or he would not so lisp and falter in its language, nor would he consent, as he does, to bear it allegiance only on equivocal, precarious, and even degrading terms. If this is the best tribute the veteran enthusiast of freedom (so he describes himself) can render, what must be the shortcomings of the raw and the unimpassioned? If this is the homage rendered to it among French Roman Catholics by its lovers, what in the wide world must its haters be?

Every charitable and rational Protestant—and even many who can perceive nothing at all beside Babylon, Antichrist, and the like in the Church of Rome—will feel disposed not to limit their wishes, nor in every case to address them, to departures from her communion, but rather earnestly to sympathise with every manifestation of good within, and not least with those manifestations which seem most conducive to the cure of her peculiar and besetting plagues.—Nor will the lover of historical truth—call himself what he may—follow the fanatical friends or foes of that Church in their assertion that she never changes. On the contrary, he will unhesitatingly admit that she has in her *practice* given no countenance to that boast or reproach;—he will, for example, carefully appreciate the wide differences — ecclesiastical, moral, and doctrinal — between Bossuet and De Maistre, between Clement XIV. and Pius IX. He will mourn, from his inmost soul, over the change of spirit that has passed upon the Papal See, between the day when it struck a gallant stroke for mankind by putting down the Jesuits, and the day when it restored them — still more that

Digitized by Google

that yet darker day when its present occupant addressed a letter to the bishops of his communion, proclaiming the tenet of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, and proposing that it should forthwith be declared an article of that Faith, outside of which there is no covenant of salvation.

We Christians, of whatever name, have an immense, an incalculable interest in the gains of that milder, and in the losses and defeats of that fiercer spirit. Nor is it only to the mere shell of doctrine that we should look. As long as the people of England remained under the delusion that the present Pope was a lover of liberty—although he never gave the slightest sign of doctrinal mitigation (being in fact, as is known, a more ultra-montane believer than his learned predecessor Pope Gregory)—English prepossessions against the See of Rome were wonderfully softened. All and any signs of improvement and approximation—civil, moral, social, as well as dogmatic—have been hailed by us with cordial joy, and will be so again. It is not, therefore, under adverse prejudice that we put Count Montalembert on his trial as a lover of freedom. If for a moment we felt tempted to depreciate sound political doctrine simply because he who teaches it has not renounced the Pope, the memory of Alfred, the thought of Magna Charta, would flash across the mind, and we should stand rebuked. Certainly it is strange in this matter, too, to observe what marvellous varieties of reading the power of headstrong wilfulness can force into the majestic text of history. Count Montalembert, not unnaturally, tells us (p. 34) that the Revolution of 1688 only sanctioned, to the cost of Roman Catholics, the constitution that Roman Catholics had framed. But Chevalier Bunsen, speaking by the mouth of St. Hippolytus,* says that our constitution is the work of the last three hundred years. One of these distinguished writers thinks we did nothing before the Reformation; the other, nothing since. A contrast somewhat strange; to omit the greater strangeness, that the Chevalier should reckon the Tudor period as one distinguished beyond others by constitutional development. But we Englishmen, in reckoning backwards through the long line of our political descent, are not accustomed, nor contented, to stop where he would have us. We never yet have disowned, but have ever highly prized, our relationship with the founders of our universities, the builders of our cathedrals, the early sages of our law, the patriarchs of our general and our local liberties; nor will M. de Montalembert meet injustice at our hands, because he is called, in matter of religion, by the same name at least that they are.

* Hippolytus and his Age, vol. iv. p. 17.

Exercising,

Digitized by Google

Exercising, then, our best judgment on the work before us, we fear that Count Montalembert is an ecclesiastical politician, and nothing else; that he deludes himself in supposing his own tone and spirit to be akin to that of the mediæval champions of freedom; that his love of liberty begins and ends precisely at the points where liberty seems useful or otherwise to the Roman domination; that in him we see a crucial instance of that fundamental antipathy between ultramontanism and freedom, which at this moment constitutes one of the darkest omens for the future of Christendom. We will proceed to prove our case from his pages.

His first chapters are devoted to a review of the comparative condition of the Roman Catholic Church in various countries at the two periods of 1800 and 1852. An ample power of adroit and effective grouping aids his contrasts, and his conclusions are in the tone of triumph. But we will give instances which show that his prepossessions so distort his visual powers as to render him an untrustworthy witness in a synopsis of facts; and we will then point out the general fallacies that underlie his whole position. And yet he thinks he is drawing all the while a plain, prosaic delineation, and nothing else.

At the former of the two periods which he compares, says our author (p. 9), there was nowhere a trace of health or hope. Religion was either forgotten or extirpated, and seemed to have been wholly banished from the earth. Catholicism must have appeared to the worldly-wise a carcass that it only remained to inter. Half a century glides away: all is renovated and transformed, and everywhere the church soars over the destinies of the world.

Now, in what way does Count Montalembert draw out the balance-sheet, which yields him so brilliant a result? By processes like these which follow. In 1800, he says, Austria was stretched on the bed of Procrustes by the Josephine laws—a great item to the debit of that period; but in the review of 1852, where he touches the States of Italy, he quite forgets to notice that Piedmont, which then was exempt, has been put to similar torture by its most recent legislation. He finds the strongest evidence of life and vigour in the circumstance that the Belgian Constitution has been conferred upon the country, with all its franchises, by the children, as he says, of the Church. He passes over the significant fact, that the Belgian Bishops have formally protested against the religious freedom which that Constitution guarantees. Again, while he refers exultingly to the new Concordat in Spain,

Digitized by Google

Spain, he takes no notice at all of the spoliation of Church property, and expulsion of the monks, that preceded it. In short, his whole survey reminds us of a description we have lately read of the judicious conduct of a police officer among the Jews in Houndsditch on Sunday, who contrives not to see that the houses of entertainment are open, and all the machinery of week-day life in full motion. Nothing, however, in the eyes of our author, more signally illustrates the ecclesiastical *renaissance*, than the magnificent position which Rome and the Popedom have resumed in the world. But if there be a man who can see anything but future peril and present degradation in the position of the Pontiff as a civil power at this moment, his case is past argument—at least with Englishmen. Does he blind his eyes to the fact that, alone of all the Sovereigns of the earth, Pius IX. is without even a party (the paid holders of office, lay or clerical, cannot be so called) among his subjects, is unable to win them by gold to bear arms in his defence, and is maintained upon a despotic and hated throne exclusively by overwhelming foreign force, amidst tokens of aversion that continually emerge, and overbear their still great, though diminished and diminishing, reverence for his spiritual office? Count Montalembert must be aware that this was not always so; that when the Pope was dethroned by Napoleon, and again when he was restored by the continental powers with England at their head—the first and the last time, we venture to predict, of her participation in such an enterprise—his people mourned for his removal, and rejoiced at his return? This ominous and significant alteration in the feelings of the Papal subjects is entirely overlooked by Count Montalembert, as well it may, or surely he would hesitate to describe the restoration of the Pope to a reign of violence unredeemed by a particle of love, as the very crown of the Catholic revival.

We will give one or two more instances of the singular faculty, displayed by this imaginative philosopher, of misreading, cross-reading, and reading backwards, even his own plainest statements. In his steeple-chase argument he leaps over everything in his way, including the very facts that he himself has told us; and in his claims on behalf of the Church of Rome, he seems as manifestly to include a prerogative of forming and transforming historic truth at will, as Molière's doctor reckoned, among the legitimate ordinances of the profession, the transplantation of the heart from the left side to the right. Thus, when (in p. 154) it suits his argument to throw dirt upon the period of the Reformation, he tells us that under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth the Parliament of England was no more than a simple

Digitized by Google

simple office of registry for the despotic edicts of the Sovereign; forgetting apparently, that in p. 133, where it was convenient to refer our modern freedom back by derivation to the middle age, he informs us that in England, and in England only, 'the limited monarchy of the thirteenth century had been transmitted inviolate to the seventeenth.' When he proceeds to contend that popular institutions may be made conducive to the purposes of his Church, and has to anticipate an objection founded on our legislation of 1851, he informs us (p. 154) that the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was smitten with the brand of reprobation before it passed, by the eloquent remonstrances of the Aberdeens and the Grahams, and that it has remained up to this present moment in the condition of a dead letter. And yet, will it be believed that, with a hardihood that if exhibited by one we less cordially respected we must designate by a stronger phrase, he had, not so very long before as that it should wholly have escaped his memory or ours, treated us to the following specimen of historic precision, and of that scrupulous bashfulness which a love of truth cannot but inspire?

'Ce ne sont certes pas aujourd'hui les Catholiques qui proscrivent, qui exilent, qui empêchent la prédication, qui traînent au prétoire leurs adversaires: ce sont eux au contraire contre lesquels, à Stockholm, à LONDRES, à Schwerin, à Genève, il faut employer ces moyens pour arrêter la triomphante expansion de leur foi.'—p. 100.

What a specimen of the value of contemporary observation! In London, forsooth, it is that these enormities have happened. We cannot complain of his saying so; for it is quite in keeping with this statement, that the same writer who advances it should forget to drop into the itching ears of his countrymen the names of Florence and the Madiai, who are now expiating as galley-slaves the crime of religious proselytism, exercised, we believe, in forms sufficiently modest and restrained. Nor, after this, can our wonder rise one tittle higher when our author, wrapped up in infinite and impenetrable contentment, exclaims near the close of his work:—

'Voilà l'histoire!—non pas l'histoire travestie au gré de certaines théories, et d'un enseignement déloyal et superficiel, mais l'histoire prise sur le fait, et recueillie par les témoins les moins suspects.'—p. 171.

From an author who, in perfect good faith we doubt not, deals thus with events, what are we to expect when he comes to arguments? If he can find quicksands in the solid ground of fact, how shall he tread for a single moment with security, or how can we accept him for a guide, in the swampy regions of speculation, sentiment, and opinion?

Digitized by Google

The Count Montalembert has too much goodness knowingly to attempt a fraud, and too much acuteness, were he seduced into such an endeavour, to make choice of deceptions egregiously clumsy and transparent. Deception there indeed is; but he, we are persuaded, is first its unresisting victim, and then its unwilling instrument. *Vieux soldat du Catholicisme et de la Liberté!* So he says, and so he thinks: but as the bread was to the sack in Falstaff's bill, such, or less than such, is the *Liberté* relatively to the *Catholicisme* in the vows, the affections, and the performances of this old soldier; for Rome indeed a veteran, but for liberty only a cripple.

The ostensible purpose of our author is to establish the proposition, that representative government is favourable to Roman Catholic interests: and on this ground he claims to rank among the votaries of freedom.

Now, in our view, the real lover of freedom is he, and he only, who prizes it as an attribute in which our nature may approximate to its Divine original, and who firmly believes in its efficacy and necessity, as an ordained condition of the highest forms of human thought and action. It is Truth, indeed, which is the essential nectar and ambrosia of the soul of man; but truth is only half-truth to us, unless it be accepted freely. It thoroughly enters into and moulds our composition, not when driven in by the hammer or the screw, but only when grasped by the vigorous action of the affections, the understanding, and the will. The value of authority, and its place among the laws of human thought, are found in this, that it is a help and instrument for the attainment of truth; but both in the final appropriation of the end, and in the prior choice and application of the means, the process, to be in the highest degree effectual, must be intelligent and free. Freedom misused is the path of death: but without the right use of freedom, life can attain but a stinted and sickly development. We therefore love and cherish freedom for its legitimate place in the Divine economy, as a grand determining element of the normal state of man: but the form in which Count Montalembert conceives of this august function, the reason, the whole and sole reason, which induces him to recommend that space be reserved for liberty in public institutions, is not because freedom appertains to the charter of our nature, nor because of the social blessings that institutions truly free procure, but simply because he thinks that under the circumstances of the day liberty may be made a serviceable tool for advancing the views and policy of the Court and Church of Rome. Accordingly, after drawing his comparison between 1800 and 1852, he spends the remainder of

Digitized by Google

of his work in showing that on the whole, and at the present moment, free or constitutional governments are less dangerous to the Church of Rome than such as are despotic. We doubt his making many converts; but let that pass.

We shall consider briefly both the measure and the ground of this love and homage, which Freedom is receiving at the hands of her distinguished admirer; and the measure of it both as to place and as to time. First of all as to time. Although he writes with the view of recording an emphatic protest against the destruction of liberty in France (p. 181), it is nevertheless only the indefinite duration of despotic power to which our author declares himself opposed. For a certain time he conceives it might very well be endured, nay, could not be objected to. And what, may it be supposed, is the term of grace for which he thinks France might very well acquiesce in it? For ten years—for twenty years—ay, for thirty years—such are his marvellous words—so that it be only a temporary remedy, a provisional discipline. One generation of human beings is quietly given over to it by this great and experienced champion, this self-dubbed hero and confessor in the conflict against arbitrary power; who, with a forethought at least that cannot be too highly praised, now draws a bill on behalf of French liberty which is to fall due in 1882. Would the 'old soldier of Catholicism' be as accommodating, and consent to as long a suspension of his favourite system in that branch, as the 'old soldier of Freedom' has thus shown himself?

But neither is Count Montalembert's theory less elastic as to place. He quotes indeed, with commendation, a manful and vigorous definition of liberty, and of the main forms of its application to human society, from the present Bishop of Annecy (p. 75). That prelate does not scruple to teach, that liberty means, man such as he came from the hands of his Maker; and amidst its forms he unequivocally includes religious freedom, which he defines to be made up of liberty of conscience, liberty of worship, and liberty of proselytism (p. 76). Let us see how his admirer applies the doctrine thus laid down. When we come to M. de Montalembert's own defence of his view, we find him hold that the principle both of political and of religious liberty ought to be accepted;—but he immediately goes on to say (p. 99)—

'Sans doute il serait insensé de le proclamer dans les pays où il n'existe pas, et où il n'est réclamé par personne.'

Such is his limitation of the doctrine of freedom as to place. Yet he means less than he says. He does not, cannot, intend that religious liberty ought not to be introduced into Sweden,

Digitized by Google

where Lutheranism is dominant and a free profession is not permitted to the Roman Church. He only means that it would be madness to introduce religious freedom in Spain, in Naples, in Tuscany; in short, wherever the Church of Rome is in actual occupation of the ground, and has force enough to keep it.

Nor have we yet done with the restraints and reserves that accompany M. de Montalembert's confession of the faith of freedom. Where it does not exist already—if Rome asks it, he would join in the request; if Rome refuses it, he would re-echo the refusal. But further, where it does exist, and where he has a hope that the Church of Rome may prove strong enough to put it down, it is perfectly plain that he is ready for that course. '*Je n'hésite pas à le dire, si on pouvait supprimer la liberté de l'erreur et du mal, ce serait un devoir.*' We are to put it down if we can: but how are we to know what we can do, until we have tried? Plainly, as long as there is a hope of success attending an Albigensian crusade, it ought as matter of duty to be steadily persevered in, according to the doctrine of this *vieux soldat du Catholicisme—et de la Liberté.*

Such are the limitations of Count Montalembert's love of freedom. As to the ground of it, there is no disguise whatever. It is put simply upon the narrowest and 'most straitest' view of its conduciveness to the purposes of the Roman Church. That he gives it a value beyond this conduciveness, we find not the slightest evidence. He may say, and we agree with him, freedom is only a good when it is used for good. But what is good? 'Evil, be thou my good,' says the Satan of Milton. 'Rome be thou my good,' says Count Montalembert. The See of Rome and its policy for him are not only good, but the form and model of good, the Alpha and Omega of good; for them and them only 'all things are, and were created.'

One more testimony alone it was in his power to render to his devotion to the Roman See. He had postponed his demand for political liberty to the next generation; he had averred that religious liberty should not be permitted as long as it could be opposed: he had reduced his profession of freedom to such a state of hollowness and attenuation as to make it border on the ludicrous: and to crown all he covers himself against any suspicion of heterodox tendencies with these closing words—

'Telle est ma *foi politique*, et—*hors qu'un commandement du Pape exprès ne vienne*—j'y compte persévérer.'—p. 192.

Heartily do we wish that, as Englishmen grateful for his lot of England, we could welcome M. de Montalembert as either teacher or pupil in the school of rational freedom. But truth

Digitized by Google

truth, the mournful and painful truth is this:—Ultramontanism seems to be rapidly absorbing into itself whatever of vital action is to be found within the limits of the Church of Rome: and with Ultramontanism, unless by some strange freak and vagary of our nature—some of those elaborate intellectual delusions which only the most ingenious of men can weave, and which never catch the masses—with Ultramontanism no true love of liberty can coexist. We do not say no liberty can coexist with it. In a given state of society, be it in France, be it in Ireland, be it elsewhere, wherever the foot of power is still on the neck of the Roman Church, or wherever it finds the pressure of civil control inconvenient and the moment favourable, Ultramontanism will speak, ay, if need be will roar, on the side of liberty. But, founded upon ideas of perfect slavery as applicable to the spiritual part of man, it never can be other than a false and hypocritical worshipper of political and external freedom. For, valuable and well adapted as is freedom for the lower forms and spheres of human life, it is the very vital air of the higher: and the system which wrenches our nature from its appointed course by repudiating its claim to the liberty within, is essentially and profoundly the enemy of the liberty without, and never can be its professing friend except by accident; except in the false position of which Count Montalembert now exhibits to the world so egregious an instance: except with reservations, which do much more than destroy the whole value of its adhesion: except with principles, which must in due season betray their thoroughly and incurably servile tone, and drag religion itself into contempt, through the indignation of mankind at the political insincerity with which it thus unhappily comes to be associated.

Ultramontanism and liberty may coexist: ultramontanism and the slang of liberty may go together: but ultramontanism and the true love of liberty stand in a reciprocal repulsion never to be overcome. Ultramontanism can never use Liberty, except as vice uses its victim: first to enjoy, and then to spurn her.

And this ultramontanism has laid its withering hand on Count Montalembert. But let us, to obviate misapprehension, explain what we mean by Ultramontanism. We do not mean the mere opinion of the Pope's power in temporals *in ordine ad spiritualia*, nor even that opinion which holds his authority to be paramount to that of the Councils of the Church. We mean, along with these opinions, many others of like tendency—we mean above all a frame of mind, a tone and direction of thought, which, continually exalting the hierarchical elements of

Digitized by Google

of the Christian system, and the mystical next to them, and, on the other hand, continually depressing those counterbalancing ingredients which are so fully exhibited in Holy Scripture and in the early history of the Church—namely, the doctrine of inward freedom, the rights and responsibilities of individuality, the mixed and tempered organization of ecclesiastical government—has at length well-nigh reduced the latter elements of the Christian system to zero, and installed the first in exclusive possession of the sacred domain; a process too nearly analogous to that of other and opposite corruptions, which never work by the assertion of absolute falsehood, but by undervaluing, and by throwing first into the shadow, then into impenetrable darkness, certain aspects of the truth. As to the means by which this baleful spirit works, they are many. Sometimes it strikes right at the moral personality of the man—as in the system of what is called Direction, and is now represented as the normal regulator of the relation between the pastor and the private Christian. Sometimes it works under the guise of a reverence for the religious life—as when (an almost unfailing note of its presence) it extols the Jesuits: sometimes it pushes into mischievous extravagance the mystical points of Christianity—improving, forsooth, upon what its Author ordained—as in that deadly project, for the moment arrested, but not we fear abandoned, for declaring from the highest authority of the Church of Rome that all Christians are bound on pain of damnation to believe that the blessed Mother of our Lord shared His divine prerogative in being exempt from original sin.

There are, indeed, particular passages of the work, from which, taken alone, it might be inferred that M. de Montalembert did not belong to this noxious school. For instance, where he tells us (p. 93) that the Pope no doubt is monarch of the Church, but not an absolute monarch; that he can do nothing except according to the constitution of the Church, in which he governs with the assistance of the bishops, and in which the bishops, clergy, and faithful have each of them their rights, inherited and imprescriptible. He gives us no details, nor illustrations, except a reference to Bellarmine, who says the Pope may be disobeyed under certain circumstances, and who, he alleges, is held to be the most extreme of Ultramontanes. But here Count Montalembert is by far too modest. Whatever Bellarmine might have been, or have been thought, in his own day, he would cut no figure now by the side of the Count himself or of his idol De Maistre. The Count talks of limited monarchy, government by consent of bishops, and imprescriptible rights. Is he ignorant that that question has already been solemnly tried out, and that it

Digitized by Google

it stands decided by practice that the Pope of Rome may contravene every canon of the Church upon the ground of necessity —a *necessity* of which he and he only is the judge? Has he forgotten that in his own fair France, during this very period which he describes as the period of renovated youth and hope for the Church, the Pope, in concert with the civil power—(represented by Napoleon)—extinguished many ancient sees, abolished their jurisdictions, and deposed the holders, for no offence real or pretended, but upon grounds of over-ruling expediency alone? The Papal monarchy is limited by the Papal will, and by nothing else on the face of the earth: there is no authority in the world, we say it without doubt, that, according to the now fashionable Roman doctrines, can correct or arrest the Pope, whatever he may do, or whatever he may decree, in regard to the Christian religion.

In the letter, however, M. Montalembert comes before us as a teacher of the doctrine that even the papal power is restrained by bounds, and that constitutional government is most conducive to human happiness. We may well smile, or do something else than smile, at the ardent worshipper of constitutional government, who ventures to hold up that monstrous medley of violence and fraud, the French expedition to Rome, as among the most precious recollections of the nation, nay, among the noblest trophies of the Church (pp. 29 and 37). But we will try him by another test—the writings of M. De Maistre, which the Count himself describes, and which his whole party notoriously regard, as the great fountain of the regenerating influence that has been exercised on the French mind. What says De Maistre upon these great subjects of ecclesiastical and civil freedom? We turn to his pages at least with the satisfaction of reflecting that, whatever be the tendency of his doctrines, there is no difficulty in ascertaining them: he throws dust in no man's eyes. '*Le Christianisme*,' says De Maistre, in his Preliminary Discourse, '*repose entièrement sur le Souverain Pontife.*' Again: '*Admettez une fois l'appel de ses décrets, il n'y a plus de gouvernement, plus d'unité, plus d'Eglise visible.*' (B. i. ch. i.) Councils of the Church are but the Pope's advisers: and their entire title either to advise or to exist depends upon him. As to the civil power, while Count Montalembert boasts that the Roman Church of history has sympathised with freedom, and that the despotic theory was due to the Reformation, the language of his teacher and model is diametrically opposite. Constitutions are with him a sheer imposture. England alone '*a pu faire quelque chose dans ce genre, mais sa constitution n'a point encore subi l'épreuve du temps . . . . Le dogme Catholique, comme tout le monde*

Digitized by Google

monde sait, proscrit toute espèce de révolte sans distinction. Le Protestantisme, au contraire, partant de la souveraineté du peuple'—and so forth. (B. ii. ch. ii.) How sad that what 'all the world knows,' in a matter so elementary, should be still unknown to Count Montalembert!

But let us try the Count Montalembert of to-day by comparison with the Count Montalembert of yesterday: whom, be it recollected, he does not in any degree repudiate or disavow; on the contrary, he everywhere takes credit for his consistent love of human liberty.

This is not the first appearance of M. de Montalembert in connection with the Revolution of December, 1851, and the destruction of the last vestiges of liberty in France. He took upon himself a very prominent office when, on the 12th of that month, he addressed a letter to the editor of the *Univers*, published in that incendiary Journal on the 14th, and in the *Times* on the 16th. He there exults in the *coup d'état* as having been also a *coup de grace* to all Socialists, Revolutionists, and Bandits throughout France and Europe—a sufficient reason, he fairly adds, for all honest men to rejoice. On the one side he lauds the Dictatorship 'of a Prince who has rendered for three years incomparable services to the cause of order and Catholicism.' On the other hand he pours his contempt on 'that tower of Babel called the National Assembly.' It is Louis Napoleon that 'restored order and security in 1848'—rather a strong assertion: and who 'can alone preserve us from anarchy in 1852.' Surely he has done it, and with a vengeance. The country, he proceeds, had before been 'mad for liberty and Parliamentary institutions'—well done, *vieux soldat de la liberté!*—it was now 'hungering for silence, calm, and authority;' and he marvels at the folly of the men who 'would impose the sovereignty of the tribune and of discussion,' and declares himself to be 'for the possible freedom of good against the certain liberty of evil.' In point of fact, Victor Hugo is entirely justified, so far as Montalembert is concerned, when he says of Louis Napoleon—'*Il a fait de M. Changarnier une dupe, de M. Thiers une bouchée, de M. de Montalembert un complice:*'*—and after the great actor himself, scarcely any man in France has been more deeply responsible than our author for the state of things which now exists there.

What the 'possible freedom of good' means we know by this time: it is the hope he had conceived that the unlimited ascendency of the Roman Church might be the consideration returnable for a multitude of favourable votes in the election

* 'Napoléon le Petit,' p. 49.

Digitized by Google

then approaching. And in truth, on this side the water, we imagined that Louis Napoleon had done pretty well in that particular; but it seems M. Montalembert is not satisfied: for no pledge has yet been given that the Papal throne shall be upheld by French arms as long as France has arms at her command, and as long as there are human hearts in Rome on which the iron heel may trample.

At the present moment, Count Montalembert is, we fear, a person of infinitely small importance to Louis Napoleon, who may properly consider his opposition, especially since it is made ludicrous by its reserves, as among the minutest of things that are. But when Count Montalembert wrote the letter to which we have referred, his influence was the turning-point which determined the course of the religious party in France in the election of the President, which was then impending, and which at once consummated and solemnized the downfall of liberty, and of the hope of liberty, in France. To that downfall, as we see, he was a willing, nay an eager accessory. Was he inconsistent then with his present course? No. The only inconsistency is that which he commits when he assures us of his sympathy, and the sympathy of the Roman Church, with freedom. He acted then as he acts now, upon one and the same principle. About the parties or the alternatives before him he asks himself one, and only one, set of questions: which of them will most exalt the Pope; which of them will most effectually preclude the revival of Gallican or nationalising opinions; which of them will most extend liberty of conscience in France where the Roman Church cannot do without it, and narrow it in Italy and Spain, where she would lose by it; which of them will best insure the influence and sway of that pure and glorious order of the Jesuits, to whose virtues the wickedness of this world so obstinately refuses to pay unconditional homage; which of them will be most likely to accelerate that most glorious epoch, which Pius IX. in his exile so meritoriously endeavoured to accelerate, the epoch when another star shall be added to the galaxy of Roman dogmas, and 'the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception shall be erected into an article of faith?' (p. 37.) These are the objects of the Count's pious care, and these only; but the man whose mind works in this train of thought has no more knowledge of the real value of the principle of freedom as an element in human action, and in public laws and institutions, than a new-born infant of the differential calculus; and much less chance of acquiring any.

Upon the whole, we rise with much pain from the perusal of this interesting book. There have been at times gleams and indications

Digitized by Google

dications in the writings of divines, in the administrations of bishops and even of popes, to say nothing of the noble alliance so familiar to the middle age between freedom and religion, which have warmed the heart of the hopeful observer with the idea that a spirit of spontaneous and healthy reform might, in the Providence of God, gradually permeate the mighty mass of Roman Catholic Christendom. The urgent necessities of these times, the undermining of positive and traditional attachments, the gradual decomposition in so many and such various quarters of the fabric of dogmatic belief, the improved tactics of infidelity, the refinement which its tone has acquired, and its specious association with a warm religious phraseology, all remind us that now, if ever, those who have faith in Christianity as a creed definitely and unchangeably revealed, a firm, deep-seated anchorage for the soul, ought to be at least drawing nigh to one another, under the strong sympathetic attractions of a common interest and cause. So it ought to be; but let us not follow the wilful philosopher before us, who, in the busy workshop of his imagination, stamps upon something that he calls the world the image he would have it bear. That approximation, or the sense of the need of it, may be growing in individual minds. But as regards the public tone of communities, the case is otherwise. The spirit of unity, the only effective preparation for its form, does not grow in Protestant bodies relatively to one another, nor between them and the great Churches of the East and West, nor between these last in regard to one another. Never were their reciprocal aspects more hostile; and yet, while this is so, while the wave from without is sapping the foundations of the common faith, while the once omnipotent idea of an historical and collective religion, incorporated in a visible society, is receding from the general mind, there may yet be heard continually, mocking heaven and bewildering and deluding earth, the loud hollow vaunts of the Roman Church, and of her hot and sanguine votaries.

They tell us of the immortal fidelity of Ireland, when their Church is giving there signs quite unprecedented alike of numerical losses and of moral weakness. They announce the re-conquest of England, when year by year the tone of English society jars more harshly with that of Romish policy and teaching, the course of English thought and feeling removes farther and farther beyond their reach. More cool and rational than most of his fellow-labourers on this last point, yet Count Montalembert, too, can draw his boastful contrasts between the middle of the century and its beginning—when yet, if his reasons for so glorifying the era be examined, they seem mainly to be these—that the Jesuits are everywhere restored, everywhere

Digitized by Google

everywhere increasing—and that the Immaculate Conception is, after 1800 years, about to be declared an essential part of that religion whose proud privilege it is, in common with its Author, to be without variableness or shadow of turning. Could they, would they but have done with their skin-deep surveys, and look a little beneath the surface! No doubt the army of the Roman priesthood is under better, far better, discipline than it was: its various corps are concentrated: one watchword only passes through the camp, the 'Chair of Peter': it has been purged well nigh of all who scrupled at the orders to deny quarter to any milder form of Christian association or belief. In short, if we consent to judge of that body by the standard of a soldiery or a police alone, its state is one of the highest efficiency, its prospects are of the brightest colour. But how wide is here the deviation from ancient ideas! They indeed contemplated the church as an army amidst the world; but the modern view is of the clergy as an army amidst the people, the shepherds as an army amidst the flock. In its young vigour and its virgin purity, Christianity prospered not by propagating anti-social dogmas and winding up to the highest point the spirit of caste, but by cultivating and expanding while it sanctified the individual soul—by blending together the reverence for authority and the passion for freedom—by founding itself on the whole nature of man—by joining hands with every influence and every agent that could elevate him as a moral, a social, a responsible being—by marching at the head of art, science, and education, and enlisting into its service every new form of knowledge as it came to light: in a word, by collectively and systematically following in all its breadth and depth that wondrous precept of St. Paul, who bids us individually embrace and make our own 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.' (Phil. iv. 8.) Thus it was on man at large, and on society at large, that Christianity fixed its grasp. But can M. de Montalembert fail to see that the most fatal of all signs in regard to the future relation between mankind and the Gospel is a permanent and growing divergency between the general course of temper, thought, and action of Christian nations on the one side, and the spirit of the sacerdotal caste and its immediate adherents on the other? Has the Church of Rome done what justice and truth demanded towards averting this frightful evil, and is it not, has it not long been steadily on the increase? He has reasoned like the man who vigorously plies his skiff against a stream of irresistible rapidity and power: his eye

Digitized by Google

eye is on the water, he sees it shoot away from him, and he thinks that he advances because it recedes: he lifts his gay streamer to the breeze, and exults in his success; but all the while the mighty mass is bearing him and it inevitably downwards, farther and farther from the haven of his hope.

Such is the case of Count Montalembert. No one will dispute the zeal and vigour either of himself or of those whom he represents; none will question the gigantic force of that current which we familiarly call the spirit of the age, and which not merely by its grosser elements, but by its best-reasoned and most deep-seated attributes, is in the sharpest conflict with the system of modern Rome. Well, he sees a good concordat with some ephemeral government here, a successful intrigue there, civil speeches from a man all whose words are mined under, some poor Madiai put in prison, more Jesuits, winking images of the Madonna, and great hopes of the Immaculate Conception for a new article of faith: what successes, what glories, what assurances of final triumph! But all this time the slow divorce is being prepared; the severance of that union yet more slow in its formation, the union which it required some thirteen hundred years of the Church's incessant labour to consolidate, between Divine Revelation and human thought and action, between the invisible and the visible kingdoms of God, the dispensation of heaven and the dispensation of earth. And the more perfect the organisation of the Roman Catholic clergy shall become, the more rigid the proscription of variance in opinion, the more exact its military discipline, the more precise, elaborate, and perfect its manœuvring, the more glaring, on the other hand, to all except itself, will it be, that all the successes of that army are far more than counterbalanced by the simple fact, that it is an army and nothing else, a fortified camp in the midst of Christian society: the more evident will it become that for others and not for them, for others less equipped in high pretension but better grounded upon homely truth, is reserved the solution, or the best approach to solution, of the great and world-wide problem, how, under the multiplying demands and thickening difficulties of the time coming upon us, to maintain a true harmony between the Church of Christ and the nations it has swayed so long, to reconcile the changeful world and that unchanging faith on which all its undeceptive hopes are hung.

Digitized by Google

ART. VII.—1. *Observations on the British Museum, National Gallery, and National Record Office, with Suggestions for their Improvement.* By James Fergusson, M.R.B.A., &c. &c. 1849.

2. *Handbook to the Antiquities in the British Museum; being a Description of the Remains of Greek, Assyrian, Egyptian, and Etruscan Art preserved there.* By W. I. Vaux, M.A., F.S.A., Assistant in the Department of Antiquities. 1852.

3. COPY *of all* COMMUNICATIONS *made by the Architect and Officers of the* BRITISH MUSEUM *to the Trustees, respecting the Enlargement of the Building, and of all Communications between the Trustees and the Treasury, subsequent to the period when the Commissioners upon the Constitution and Management of the British Museum presented their Report to* HER MAJESTY. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 30th June, 1852.

OUR article of December, 1850, has sufficiently acquainted our readers with the variety of criticisms and hypercriticisms—the regrets and the complaints—of which the British Museum has been so long, and on the whole so undeservedly, the object. We are not about to go over that debated ground—all the most important points of which the 'Report of the Royal Commission' of 1848 has cleared and settled, much to the credit of the whole internal administration of the Museum, and more especially as to the management of the Library, which had been the object of the loudest, but, as it has turned out, the most groundless, the most ignorant, and we are sorry to be obliged to add, in some remarkable instances, the most malicious complaints. We shall hear no more, we presume—at least from any one who has read and weighed the evidence—of forcing the Trustees to attempt that *physical impossibility*, a general printed catalogue for current use—a proposition so long and so pertinaciously urged by some, as a covert mode of personal censure on the officers of the library department, and by a few respectable persons who, with little practical experience of the manipulation of the library, were deluded by the ideal facilities of a printed catalogue—an object no doubt extremely captivating, and to which certainly we ourselves see but one objection—viz., that no power of men or money could ever complete one. The only really practicable proposition suggested in the Report for a printed catalogue would be of some class or period which could be considered as *completed and closed*—such as the collection of works connected with the Great Rebellion, or of the books possessed by the Museum printed in the fifteenth

Digitized by Google

fifteenth century: but of these the first would be of little general use, and hardly worth the cost; and the second, if now executed, would, *we hope*, very soon become imperfect. The only mode of carrying out this latter idea that could be considered as complete, should embrace not what *any* single library may happen to possess *at the moment*, but all the great libraries of Europe should be invited to contribute to a general catalogue of ALL books known to have been printed prior to 1501; and to each title might be affixed an initial to designate in what libraries the book might be found,—as 'M. L.,' for *Museum, London*; 'B. O.,' *Bodleian, Oxford*; 'N. P.,' *National, Paris*; 'I. P.,' *Institute, Paris*, &c. So that, whenever any of these libraries became possessed of a work they had not before, the addition, by a hand-stamp, of this distinguishing mark would keep *each* catalogue and (by easy intercommunication) all the catalogues complete; and even individuals who might purchase a catalogue could keep their own complete by reference to that of the nearest public library. This would be a valuable addition to the literature of the world.

The Commission has also set at rest many other captious complaints against the Museum. We shall not be again insulted by injurious comparisons—bolstered up by evidence most scandalously deceptive—of our Museum with similar establishments abroad—of its inferiority in material riches, in scientific distribution, in general accessibility, and in the intelligence and personal courtesy of its officers and servants. The gross injustice of such imputations is now indisputable. It has been proved beyond all further question, that there is not in the world another collection so various, so rich, so promptly, so lucidly, and so extensively accessible.

The *Edifice* itself, it must be admitted, does not come quite so well out of the discussion. Mr. Fergusson's pamphlet contains a minute and merciless criticism on the whole and every part of it. We have no intention of entering on that proverbial inutility—a disputation on mere points of taste;—but we are bound to say that we think Sir Robert Smirke has been treated, on matters both of taste and accommodation, with a degree of severity which the facts do not warrant. Our readers are aware that we ourselves are no great admirers of the edifice. It must, we fear, be admitted to be inferior to what its destination, its site, and, above all, its cost, might have led us to expect; but we cannot assent to Mr. Fergusson's sweeping and unconditional (but oddly worded) censure, that 'the Museum is as bad and as extravagant a building as could be *well* designed.' In truth, though we concur in two or three of his leading criticisms, we think that most of his objections

Digitized by Google

jections to the details are either altogether fanciful or much exaggerated; and we cannot but think that the criticisms of so ingenious a mind would have produced more effect on the public if they had been less indiscriminate.

We are glad, however, that, amidst so much censure, Mr. Fergusson does justice to Sir Robert Smirke's general reputation in that style of art which he has more peculiarly followed. He says—

'I do not know of anything in the works of classic architecture on the Continent superior to Sir Robert Smirke's: I am certain it is not either the Berlin Museum, nor the Munich* Walhalla or Glyptothek, nor the Paris Madeleine or Bourse, which, considering the difficulties of the subject, either show more taste or more knowledge of the style.'—*Ferg.*, p. 11.

And he even adds a kind of apology for Sir Robert Smirke, by laying, as he phrases it, 'the blame on the right shoulders'—viz. the Trustees—who, he intimates, had imposed not only the style of the edifice on Sir Robert under pain of not being employed, but even dictated to him some of the individual blemishes with which Mr. Fergusson is most offended. Now we know not whether the Trustees had any predilection (which Mr. Fergusson seems to consider a kind of insanity) for Greek architecture; we ourselves so far concur in his opinion that we should not have chosen that rigid and unaccommodating style for so complicated and diversified an object as a Museum; but we cannot therefore presume to censure persons of perhaps a purer taste, who preferred the Greek style for an edifice dedicated to the arts and literature of which Greece was the illustrious parent; and especially when some of the richest treasures of the collection were derived from the noblest remains of Grecian architecture. And when the Trustees made that, as we think, not unnatural, though perhaps unlucky, choice, they surely did well in selecting to execute it the architect whom Mr. Fergusson admits to have surpassed in that style all the architects of the Continent.

As to the apologetical insinuation that Sir Robert Smirke sacrificed his own opinions and taste—that is his *duty*—to the unreasonable suggestions of individual trustees—it is an excuse which we are satisfied that the integrity and spirit of Sir Robert Smirke's character would reject. We have no doubt that he accepts the whole responsibility of his work, and he may do so with honest pride; for we think, in spite of individual criti-

* Why does Mr. Fergusson place the Walhalla at *Munich*? It is near Ratisbon, above thirty miles from Munich. He perhaps had in his mind's eye another edifice of the Doric style at Munich, called the Ruhmeshalle.

cisms,

Digitized by Google

cisms, that no impartial eye can be blind to the grandeur of its external aspect, or the appropriate beauty of its internal arrangement and decoration. For its faults, considerable as they no doubt are, a fairer, and we have no doubt a truer, apology would be found in the admission of the indulgent axiom,

> Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
> Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be—

which, applicable as it is to all works of art, is peculiarly so to that complicated class of architectural cases in which old and established rules of external form, proportion, and decoration are to be combined and reconciled with the exigencies of a species of internal accommodation unknown to the creators of the classic styles. Instances of such failures crowd on our memories and even on our eyes. The *Buckingham Palace* of Mr. Nash has been completely and happily masked by a new façade of an entirely different character. Mr. Soane's *Council Office* in Whitehall has been elevated, decorated, and indeed wholly and happily metamorphosed. The *Courts of Law*, near Westminster Hall, have been built and altered, and destroyed and rebuilt again, without, we fear, giving much greater satisfaction at last than at first. The *National Gallery*, the most prominent failure of all, stands, or rather hangs, in jeopardy between essential transformation and entire demolition. We fear that the latter must prevail; for we know not what else can be done to get rid—to say nothing of other external and internal defects—of the absurdity of making, in our climate, four flights (two at each side) of *unsheltered steps* the access to our two great galleries—a blunder and inconvenience which the Royal Academy is forced, every year, even in the *summer months*, to endeavour to remedy by a canvas awning, which strongly contrasts with its pretentious portico, and very imperfectly performs the office of sheltering the visitors. Well might Horace Walpole deprecate the monstrous fashion of making us '*go up and down stairs in the open air*,' and unlucky it is for us that his denunciation of that absurdity has been disregarded. The artistic necessity of these external stairs is one of many reasons that would have deterred us from choosing the Grecian style for the Museum—though there, the inconvenience is not half the amount of that at the National Gallery.

However we may question the justice of much of Mr. Fergusson's architectural criticism, there is one great point—in our opinion the most important defect and difficulty of the whole case—on which his animadversions are no more—perhaps even less—than the circumstances appear to deserve: namely, that there seems to have been in the original design *no provision whatsoever*

Digitized by Google

never for the future. We see no trace of the architect's having contemplated any serious addition to any department of the Museum; the vast but indispensable extensions lately made, or still in progress, are all external patches—internally convenient enough, as far as they go, and handsome too, but quite—not only independent of, but—inconsistent with, all possibility of external symmetry.

It is, we think, equally to be regretted and wondered at that both the architect and his employers should not have been struck, *in the very first instance*, by the peculiar character and obvious requirements of such an institution as the Museum, whose annual, monthly, nay, daily, growth was even then portentous, and clearly promised exactly what has happened—that before the buildings could be finished they would be already too small for the objects they were intended to contain. This neglect of so indispensable a preliminary is the more surprising, because we know that about the period when the matter was in discussion the attention of Sir Robert Peel—an ever active Trustee of the Museum, and an especial friend and patron of Sir Robert Smirke's—was called to this very point of the difficulty of constructing such edifices as Museums, Picture Galleries, and Record Offices, which should include, within a limited space, present adequacy with the means of gradual extension; and a plan was submitted to him of a building, behind the adequate façade of which should be accumulated, as time and circumstances might require, a *series* of—if we may use the expression—concentric galleries.*

Whether that plan, or even the general problem which it was meant to solve, was brought to the notice of the other Trustees or the architect of the Museum, we know not. The difficulty indeed is so obvious that they should not have required a *flapper;* but certain it is that the absence of any provision for future extension is a radical, and, as it seems, irremediable error in the design of the Museum, and the main—we really might say the only real—cause of all the complaints that are made about it: complaints not merely of professional critics and of literary and artistical grumblers, but of all the intelligent and experienced officers of the institution. 'Room! room!' is the general cry; all the

* Mr. Fergusson saw a room, or series of rooms, at Mr. Marshall's mills at Leeds, constructed on something of this principle, and recommends it as the best and cheapest plan for a largely increasing library. It might serve equally well, we suppose, for a growing collection of pictures—but unluckily, being exclusively adapted for a ground floor and, as it seems, an unlimited space, it could never satisfy some of the conditions most requisite in a public edifice occupying a conspicuous site in a crowded capital. The plan mentioned in the text as laid before Sir Robert Peel was of more general applicability, and, if we remember right, was especially directed to the employment of the space (then vacant) on which the National Gallery was afterwards built.

Digitized by Google

departments are 'daughters of the horse-leech, crying Give! give!'—and various are the schemes which have been proposed for remedying an evil which is everywhere more or less felt; but in the Antiquities it is stated to be already serious—in Natural History perhaps more so—and in the Library overwhelming.

The first project we shall examine is a general one, advocated by Mr. Fergusson. He very justly says that the Library must be the first object, and to it, as we understand him, he would dedicate the whole existing building, and dismiss all the other departments, which he considers as interlopers, to other receptacles. Now, we admit at once the *paramount* claims of the *Book and Manuscript* departments. They are the first objects, and should be amply provided for, both at present and in future, by the allocation of any parts, or even, if we should arrive at such a happy necessity, of the *whole* of the building. We are, however, we think, still very far from being reduced to any such extremity. It would be, according to our estimate, some centuries before these two classes could fill the existing edifice. But the dispersion of the general collection is recommended—not merely on the urgent necessity of making *room*, but also on the principle of homogeneity and systematic classification. This proposition would send the sculptures and other specimens of Art to an amended edition of the National Gallery in *Trafalgar-square*—or, of course, to the far grander Palace of Art now announced for *Kensington-Gore*:—extend the new Geological Museum in *Piccadilly* as far as St. James's churchyard for the accommodation of the minerals and fossils; arrange the remains of animated nature in a receptacle to be erected in the neighbourhood of the living specimens in the *Zoological Gardens*—or in *Devonshire* or *Burlington Houses*, to be bought for the occasion—or where some lucky fire might produce a vacant space—or 'by taking advantage of a new *street in a worthless neighbourhood*'—or finally, by appropriating *St. James's Palace* as a chapel of ease to the Museum.

We need not dwell on the merely practical objections to these bold schemes—the difficulty of making any classified separation and division of such an infinity of objects acquired from so many different sources and under such a variety of legal and honourable conditions—the vast, immediate cost of the proposed sites and edifices—and the additional and ever-growing expense of such multiplied establishments. But even if the separation and dislocation of the various collections were easy and the result economical, we should strenuously protest against it on higher considerations. Whether we consider the convenience of the studious or the amusement of the curious, we should equally regret such a general dispersion; though we might not object

Digitized by Google

object to a limited dislocation of one or two special classes, if the space they occupy could be more advantageously employed—such, for instance, as the sending the osteological and anatomical collections to the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. But on the general subject of classification, we must observe that the dispersion would not produce a more perfect one (except only as to *room*) than now exists. The departments are for all useful purposes as well separated by a wall or a door as they could be by the intervention of half a dozen miles of streets or nursery-gardens. But in truth the history of the formation of the Museum, and our daily experience as to collections made by private individuals, prove that all these different departments are intimately connected with each other. They are the objects of nearly allied, though not always identical, tastes and studies—various, but not dissimilar—

—— facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen ; qualem decet esse sororum.

They are all exercises of congenial intellects ; and though men's minds will have a special preference for *scientific*, *antiquarian*, *artistic*, or *literary* pursuits, we know from experience that he who is accomplished in any one of these branches has, generally speaking, a natural disposition, and sometimes a practical necessity, for cultivating the others ; the one mind that is capable of pursuing these various objects is most convenienced and benefited by finding them in one building accessible within the same half-hour.

Let us examine this delusive principle of homogeneity in one or two practical instances. Mr. Smirke, the present—and brother, we believe, of the original—architect of the Museum, objected to the opening a door between one of the galleries of sculptured stones and a proposed *Print-room*, merely because he thought the subjects of a 'dissimilar character.' (*Parl. Return*, p. 1.) But what is the whole Museum but a collection into one edifice of the most miscellaneous, and what some think the most incongruous objects? And after all, are not these supposed incongruities classes in the same school of art? It turns out that, in fact, the intended Print Gallery would have been only separated by a wall from the Elgin Gallery. (*See plan*, p. 174.) Now open a portfolio of outline sketches by some of the great masters ; how do they, in principle, differ from the beautiful outlines—for they are little more—of the frieze of the Parthenon, that highest specimen of lithography? What are all those numerous artists about that we see every day so busy in the Sculpture Galleries? Making drawings, destined perhaps to find their ulti-

Digitized by Google

mate resting-place in the print-room. What are a great mass of the prints but a reproduction of sculpture and architecture? They are in a different material, indeed, but so are *statues* and *pictures;* yet who ever pronounced these of characters so 'dissimilar' as not even fit to be kept in adjoining apartments? Let us go a step further.

All the specimens that we have of Grecian Sculpture, and most of what we have of Roman, belong as much to *Art* (properly so called) as prints, drawings, or pictures. But the Egyptian, and, not less so surely, the Assyrian monuments, whatever they may be as to *art*, have a still more peculiar and serious character; they are a resurrection of buried nations, and belong as essentially to *history*, as the *Herodotus*, or the *Diodorus*, or even the *Books of Moses*, *Kings*, or *Chronicles* in the library. What a short-sighted pretence at classification it would be to separate them—and what an adroit consultation of convenience to send the reader of the *books* to look for the *marbles* in some '*worthless neighbourhood*,' perhaps a couple of miles distant! Similar observations as regards *bonâ fide* students might be made as to the connexion of all the various departments of the Museum. They are so obvious that we need not further insist on the advantage of the concentration of all the objects of artistic, antiquarian, or literary *study*.

And now for the *Sight-seers*—a class in whom we do not hesitate to say we take fully as great an interest as in the more deliberate visitors. The latter are already instructed persons, have an anxiety as to some particular object, and know, or ought to know, or at worst will have little difficulty in learning, where it is to be found. But we look upon the crowds that saunter through those galleries as coming to school—a holiday-school—as good for the taste, as a Sunday-school for the morals, of those who can go to no others. They enter them, we may admit, not knowing the rudiments, not even the A B C of art, of form, proportion, beauty, grandeur—they have never seen or thought of such things—'tis a new and a strange, and for a time an unintelligible world; the Athenian or Townley marbles are, at first sight, as much hieroglyphics to them as the Egyptian:—but who can presume to measure the feelings, the intelligence, the taste, that may be awakened and developed in their minds and hearts? On some, on many, on the majority perhaps, little impression may be made—though we hardly think that there is any one with curiosity enough to visit these things in whom may not be developed something of that appetite for knowledge with which God has endowed the human mind as certainly as he has the

Digitized by Google

the human body with an appetite for food: but who can doubt that with those—even if only a favoured few—who have a predisposition for arts or literature, these visits to *all* the various departments will help to develop their tastes and direct their studies? Here is *popular education* on a large scale; and if we were to reduce this influence so low as to treat it as a mere pastime, it is one that is, at least, innocent, with a strong probability of being useful. Why, then, should all these objects of popular curiosity—the sources, probably, of popular instruction—be dispersed and divided? Why, instead of a visit to the British Museum, where all these incentives to intellectual improvement are concentrated, should the inquirer be sent to one place to see a collection of books; to another a mile off, for a collection of bones; to a third, four miles distant, for a collection of sculpture; to a fourth to look for insects; to another for minerals; and so on, till—what with the distance, the loss of time, and the monotony of each of the separated exhibitions—we should see them comparatively neglected and deserted by a careless or a perplexed public? It requires the diversified and combined attractions of the Museum to bring a somewhat inert and *cui bono* people like ours to this great *National School* of literary and artistic taste.

These are some of the reasons which induce us to deprecate, unless in the last extremity, any dispersion of the contents of the Museum.

The essential question, therefore, that now presses for consideration is, whether, short of the extradition of any class of the collection, additional space can be obtained within or contiguous to the existing site;—and to this point the recent batch of Parliamentary papers is altogether directed—though, by another of those strange contradictions to which all Museum matters seem peculiarly liable, the proposition on which this new discussion is founded tends directly to increase the difficulty that it proposes to relieve. The case is really curious for what we presume to think its extravagant absurdities.

When every department of the institution is, we are told, suffocating for want of room, and especially the two most important of all—when the keeper of the Printed Books complains that he does not venture to expend the sum allowed for necessary additions because he has no place for them—when we find the keeper of the Antiquities deprecating the necessity of burying the colossal sculpture lately added to the Museum in 'cellars' and 'closets'—it has startled us, we confess, to find some special admirers of *calcography* proposing that space should be found or made

Digitized by Google

made for the gallery we have just mentioned of '*Framed and Glazed Prints*' to be exhibited as specimens of the progress of copper-plate engraving, and of the riches of the Museum in that line of art.

This proposition, reasonable enough *if the Museum had unoccupied walls to spare*, appears to us, under the circumstances of the case, peculiarly preposterous, and little better than if it had been for an exhibition of tapestry—a branch of the art of design older, and, as some persons might think, *now* more curious than engraving;—but it seems to have had the luck that strange fancies sometimes have. The Trustees, so long and so loudly (and, we believe, so undeservedly) accused of being obstinately sluggish in all real and even necessary improvements, seem—under the *Fine-Arts* impulse of our day—to have jumped at this—to say the best of it—untimely and supererogative proposal, and to have directed plans and estimates to be made for its immediate execution. And even the Royal Commissioners of 1848, departing widely from their usual good sense and sobriety of expression, hasten—under the same inconsiderate impulse—to declare their 'satisfaction at this determination of the Trustees.' They acknowledge its 'advantages' and '*desire* to express their *strong concurrence*'—adding, however, a *reason* for their recommendation, which, if it were to prevail, would extend to the framing and glazing of *all* the engravings that the Museum may contain, in order that they may be

'brought to public notice without the *injury that they must inevitably suffer from the frequent turning over of portfolios.*'—*Rep.* 35.

Now, if portfolios were to be abolished (as they certainly should be if *inevitably injurious* to what they are meant to preserve), and their contents *framed and glazed* for public inspection—the *whole* Museum would not suffice for their exhibition—no, not even if the books, manuscripts, and sculptures were all turned out of doors! Or if, as no doubt the Commissioners really meant, a select number, say five hundred or a thousand selected prints, were to be thus exhibited to the holiday-folks, how would that prevent 'the *inevitable injury*' to the *hundred thousand* other engravings which must still be looked at by 'turning over' the destructive portfolios.

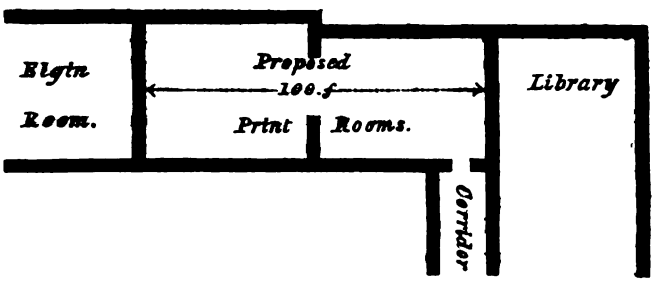
The Commissioners, it is true, modify their assent by the following proviso:—

'We have reason to believe that a place for this new gallery may be found—without interfering with the *wants of the other departments.*'

If this were so, all would be well; and *we* should be as glad as they to

Digitized by Google

to see such a gallery of Engravings: but the Commissioners were misinformed. We find from the plans laid before Parliament that this intended print-gallery, and a new room proposed to be added to it, happen to be immediately adjoining to, and might at each end *open* into, the very two departments whose *wants* are the most urgent—the Library and the Antiquities;—to either of which, or to both, if divided between them, this space would afford the most essential and the most commodious relief; thus—



Without this diagram our readers could hardly have imagined how completely the Commissioners were misinformed, and how essential this space would be to the Antiquities on the one side and the Library on the other. They will see presently that, besides the obvious misappropriation of this special space, the *Print*-room project—so apparently trifling in itself—has led to questions of much higher and more extensive importance.

No sooner had this unexpected concession of the erection of a 'Gallery of *Framed and Glazed Prints*' been announced than it very naturally aggravated all the real wants and excited all the jealous susceptibilities of every individual department. The daughters of the horse-leech became more greedy than ever. The *Books* and the Antiquities reproduced with increased and increasing force their acknowledged claims. *Geology* and *Mineralogy* ask for double the space in which they are now confined (p. 12). *Zoology* wants more than half as much again (*ib.*). The *Herbarium* is more crowded and less distinguishable in the Museum than it ever was in any natural meadow. And 'if any new building is undertaken,' *Osteology* submits its claim for 'an exhibition of the skeletons of *all vertebrated* animals'—(*all!*)—but with most strenuous urgency, for a special exhibition of *skulls*—which, it seems, are, in the commercial phrase, 'much inquired after.' We

Digitized by Google

We do not wonder at, still less blame, this emulative ambition of the Heads of these Departments. It is an *esprit de corps* which stimulates their zeal, improves their talents, and supports them under the tedium of their somewhat monotonous daily occupation. They are as proud of their collections and as anxious to increase and *parade* them as a Colonel is of his regiment, or a Captain of his ship—but it is a zeal which the governing power must moderate and guide, not by the emulative feelings of individual officers, but by the general convenience of the service, and by a judicious distribution of the narrow space and limited means at their disposal. Exhibitions of 'Framed and Glazed Prints' and galleries of '*all* the vertebrated animals' of creation might be very well if, instead of Great Russell Street, the Museum stood on Hounslow Heath, and that in digging its foundations a mine of gold had been discovered. Even as to the Book department—though we are friends to a certain ostentation of our literary treasures in a few *fine* rooms—it is not to be denied that, beyond that partial (but still very extensive) *display*, it is of no real importance where the great mass of the books may be placed, provided they are *safe from the risk of fire or damp, and are easily accessible to the hands of the servants* of the Museum—indeed, subject to these indispensable conditions, the closer they can be packed the better. This principle has already been very ingeniously and usefully applied in the little gallery behind the King's Library (*see the plan*, p. 174), and in other parts, we believe, of the building.

In discussing this complaint of want of room—one, perhaps, a little exaggerated by the feeling of departmental rivalry just alluded to—we must not omit to notice the interesting victims who come to the Reading-rooms to study, and find (in addition to other disappointments) nothing but a new disease, which they have appropriately designated in their *synopsis morborum* as the *Museum Headache*. We confess ourselves somewhat sceptical as to the prevalence, and even as to the existence, of this malady. It has been our lot to feel what might be called the *House-of-Commons headache*, and the *Opera-house headache*, and, in earlier days, the *Ball headache*, and the *Supper headache*, but we must own that, after many years' acquaintance with the reading-room, we never felt and never saw a credible instance of the *Museum headache;* nor indeed has it ever happened to us to find the reading-rooms more inconveniently crowded, nor hotter or colder, than might be naturally, reasonably, and we might say inevitably, expected under all its circumstances. There may be, of course, at the British Museum, as in every other place where a limited area is liable to

Digitized by Google

to the occasional inroad of unlimited numbers, periods of inconvenient pressure and heat. The House of Commons, after all the experiments it has undergone, will be cold and windy when forty or fifty members shiver through an uninteresting debate, and will be oppressive to suffocation when six hundred crowd suddenly in to some important division. All that human skill can do is to make reasonable provision for average circumstances, and *that*, according to our own experience, has been hitherto satisfactorily done at the Museum. The size and height of the reading-rooms have been greatly increased of late. They are now about 100 feet long, 34 feet wide, and 30 high, and are lighted from the north and the east — the best aspects for the purpose — by 10 large and lofty windows. But whatever they may be, no one doubts that they must be further and further enlarged as circumstances may require — though we do not expect that anything will cure that class of visitors who talk of the *Museum headache*. When Boswell complained to Johnson that he used to have a headache from sitting up with him during their early acquaintance, the sage replied, 'No, sir, it was not the sitting up that made your head ache, but the *sense* I put in it;' and so, if there have really been any sufferers from the *Museum headache*, we suspect that they belong to that unlucky class whose brains are rather too weak for their studies. But after making all abatement for the exaggeration of such *malades imaginaires*, it is obvious that the reading-room is of the first importance—it is, in fact, the channel—may be venture to say the *tap*?—by which the accumulated stores of the library are to be distributed for general use; and as the readers are likely to increase in at least equal proportion with the other extensions of the Museum, the space for their accommodation will soon be, if it is not already, one of the pressing exigencies of the case.

In this general want of room it is impossible not to regret the loss of the valuable space *thrown away* on the *central court*; which is of the grand proportions of 320 feet long, by 230 wide (*see again the plan*, p. 174). We know that in any large quadrilateral habitation there must be interior spaces for light and air, and so we find them in all such edifices from the court of the Louvre to the quadrangle of a college—where they also serve many other indispensable secondary purposes. But such habitable buildings are no precedents for a Museum, and we agree with Mr. Fergusson that such a plan was a radical mistake, and that, instead of a design at once so commonplace and inappropriate, one ought to have been found which should at least have

Digitized by Google

have economized to the utmost the limited space at the architect's disposal.

The Museum Court has not even the secondary utilities of those in palaces and colleges, for it is not merely inaccessible but almost invisible; it was indeed entirely so until two glass panels were inserted about 5 feet from the floor in a massive door, which before offered *visage de bois* at the further end of the great hall, through which loopholes men of ordinary and women of extraordinary stature and of unusual curiosity may obtain a glimpse (which we never did till within the last six months) of two sad-looking grass plots, and three of the four severe hewn-stone façades that form its sides. It is not visible from any accessible window of the edifice, and in fact its existence was as utterly unknown to ourselves, though frequent visitors to the Museum, as the courts of Nineveh were before the discoveries of Layard. But there it is; and having been by special indulgence permitted to enter it, it certainly struck us as one of the most unexpected sights which the Museum affords. Very considerable differences of opinion as to its effect exist, however, as we find, amongst the few who have seen it. Mr. Fergusson says—

'By some it is supposed to be beautiful—but others think it cold, lean, and wretched—as all courts are, more or less, in our climate, and especially a pure Greek court as this professes to be.'—(30.)

Others, not less critical, and no better disposed towards the Museum in general, see the court with more favouring eyes. An ingenious writer in *The Times* (29th September, 1852) pronounces it 'one of the grandest things in London:' but adds:—

'It is, however, never seen except by such curious persons as choose to walk up to the glazed door opposite the chief entrance and peep in to see what they can.'

We do not altogether agree with either of these judgments—its architectural aspect is *severe* indeed, as Mr. Fergusson seems to admit a *Greek* court ought to be, but it is not *lean and wretched*. Nor can we, on the other hand, call it *the grandest thing in London*—for we remember nothing of its kind in London but the court of Somerset House, to which it is inferior in size, and, as we think, in architectural effect; it can hardly, however, be denied that it is impressive, and even grand, in its naked severity. But, whatever its sides may be, its surface now constitutes its chief interest. How can it be made available to the exigencies of the Museum?

Digitized by Google

Museum? Mr. Fergusson leads the way, by proposing to construct in its centre a building for a reading-room, of about 175 feet by 105 feet—a structure which, says he,

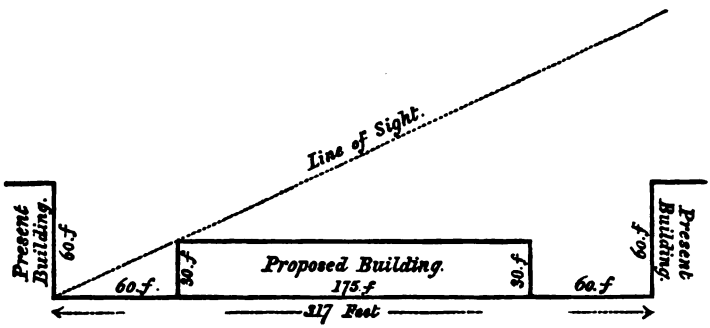
'though it would of course interfere with the effect which the architect wished to produce when he designed the court, would *not do so*, I conceive, to any *material extent*—as it would be *only* 30 feet high, while the buildings around it are more than double that height; so that the capitals and columns would be seen *over it*, and a space of 60 feet would be left all round between the two buildings, which is *amply sufficient* for the effect of a façade of the same height.'—58.

This passage is a curious one to have fallen from the pen of so fastidious an architectural critic; and we shall say a few words on it, because our objections to Mr. Fergusson's proposition apply equally, or indeed still more, to another plan for occupying the court, which it seems, much to our astonishment, the Trustees have adopted and recommended to the Treasury.

In the first place, we are startled at Mr. Fergusson's assertion that an erection as big as a church—an incumbrance 175 feet long, 105 feet wide, and 30 feet high—'would not interfere with the effect of the Court in *any material degree*.' Of all the various awkwardnesses, disproportions, and anomalies, which Mr. Fergusson complains of in all the other public buildings of London, nothing, we will venture to assert, would at all equal this. Such an edifice in that place may be advisable or not—that we shall discuss hereafter—but to say that it will not *interfere to any material extent* with the *effect* the architect of the court wished to produce, only shows with what indulgence the severest critic will contemplate his own ideas. Secondly, he informs us that it is *amply sufficient* for the *effect* of any architectural building to be seen from a distance *equal to its own height*—a position so untenable that he himself had just before thought it necessary to say that the architectural effect of the court would not be materially injured *because* the capitals and columns of the present façades would be seen *over the new building*—meaning, of course, from the extreme point of view that the court affords—which is five or six times the height of the object. His third assertion, however, is still more unfortunate than either of the others—since, besides the paradox of asserting that the effect of an architectural façade is not impaired if you can catch sight of its attic story, the supposed fact is impossible *in rerum naturâ*—for there is no spot in the court in which the capitals and columns could be seen *over* the proposed building—as our readers will perceive by this diagram formed on Mr. Fergusson's own *data*, which, though, from minute circumstances not worth mentioning, they do

Digitized by Google

do not *exactly* agree with other measurements, are still sufficiently approximate for his purpose and for ours:—



Mr. Fergusson's practical proposition may, we say, be right or wrong, but (to use a new-fangled word of which he is very fond) his *æsthetic* reasons appear to us singularly unfortunate. Its principle, however, has been taken up—as it appears from one of the Parliamentary plans—by Mr. Panizzi (the active and intelligent librarian), who professes not to discuss the architectural question, but whose laudable zeal to find space for his *Books* and his *Readers* induced him to imagine a very ingenious scheme for occupying the court with a kind of *panopticon* reading-room and library. This would certainly, considered *per se*, be an admirable addition to the *printed book department*—but it would be, in our opinion, not merely out of keeping with the rest of the edifice, but seriously injurious to it. Mr. Panizzi's suggestive sketch has, it seems, been with some variations adopted by Mr. Smirke, the present architect of the Museum, and by the Trustees submitted to the approbation of the Treasury. This readiness to sacrifice so important a feature of a building for which he must feel a fraternal interest is creditable to Mr. Smirke's candour, and we think that his having for a moment admitted such a suggestion is a strong proof both of the exigencies of the Museum and the difficulty of supplying them.

But if we can praise the candour of Mr. Smirke's proposition, we cannot applaud either the taste or judgment of his design. We are reluctant, as we have said, to raise idle questions of taste—but in this case, when it seems we are menaced with an amendment which is, in every point of view, infinitely worse than any existing evil, or than all put together, we deem it our duty to state shortly the reasons of our protest against any such, as we think, monstrous scheme. We can appreciate and sympathise with Mr. Panizzi's anxiety for book-room—*Vous êtes orfèvre, Maître Josse*—but we confess we are surprised at an *architect's* concurrence.

Digitized by Google

currence. In the first place, this plan proposes to occupy twice as much of the court in height, and four times as much in area, as even Mr. Fergusson's proposition. In fact, the height is to be, in the centre, the full height of the existing buildings; and the utter obscuration of the principal and lower floors is only, and still imperfectly, obviated by sloping off the central mass into four circles of gradually diminishing cupola-roofs, supported on iron pillars, and all—centre and circles—partaking of the arabesque character—so that the published design looks as if a gigantic birdcage were to be let down into the Court of the Museum. We need say nothing of the ridiculous incongruity of architectural aspects implied in such a design. The disposal of the area seems, if possible, worse. It occupies the whole surface of the court, except a '*cartway* 8½ feet wide,' which is to be preserved all round between the new and the old building. A cartway!—where by no possibility could any *cart* ever arrive any more than into the choir of St. Paul's. This pretended cartway seems to us no more than a device to conceal one of the radical defects of the whole scheme—namely, the further darkening the lower story; but 8½ feet is but a miserable compensation for the total area of which it is to be deprived. For the same purpose of preserving some degree, not of the light, but of the 'darkness visible' of the lower floor, this plan breaks up the surface of the area into three or four levels.

We wish we could have exhibited a copy of this singular design, but, besides the strange deficiency of a *scale* to work by, which the Blue Book does not afford us, the birdcage itself is of such minute and complicated construction that it could not be intelligibly copied within the size of our page. If ever executed, we venture to predict that the montrosity will excite more surprise than all the sphinxes of Egypt or the winged bulls of Nineveh.

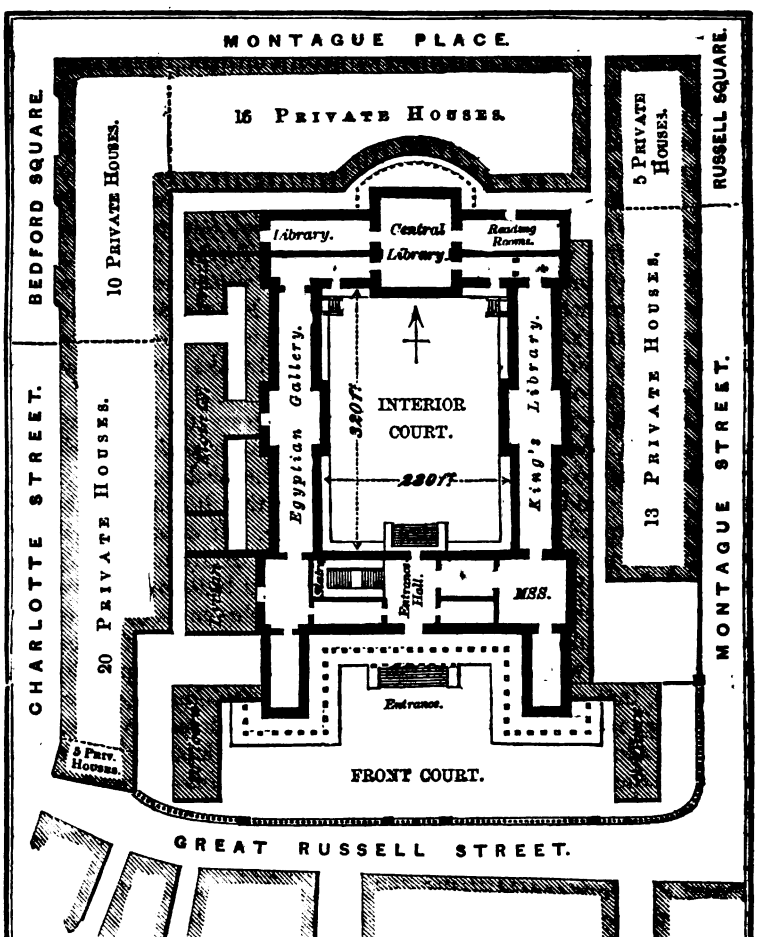
In short, architecturally considered, this scheme seems infinitely the most exceptionable of any we have ever seen; but it nevertheless was, as we understand the papers, so warmly adopted by the Trustees, that on the 5th of June last—*the very day the plans bear date*—they transmitted them to the Treasury, with an urgent request that the Government should obtain from Parliament, before the close of the then far-advanced Session, *the means of commencing the works* (p. 34). The Government did not, and no Government, we trust, ever will, sanction any such scheme, modestly estimated at 56,000*l.*

We therefore consider all the plans yet produced for the utilization of the central court as not merely indefensible on the score of good taste, but altogether inadequate to the general difficulties of the case, and likely to leave in every department—except that of the

Digitized by Google

the printed books—as much reasonable cause of complaint as now exists.

What then is to be done? Are we to purchase—according to an alternative plan also submitted to the Treasury by the Trustees and Mr. Smirke—one whole side of Montague-street, consisting of twelve houses, and half a side of Russell-square, over which we are to extend some additional offsets of the Museum?—a scheme that, it is obvious from the plan in the Parliamentary papers, of which the following is a reduced sketch, must



inevitably

Digitized by Google

inevitably lead to the future purchase and appropriation to the Museum of half Montague-place, half Charlotte-street, part of Great Russell-street, and one whole side of Bedford-square.

In this sketch the Museum building as originally designed is marked by the strong black line, the recent additions are slightly shaded. On the original plan the street houses are *individually delineated and numbered* as follows:—

	Houses.
Montague Street	13
Russell Square	5
Montague Place	20
Bedford Square	10
Charlotte Street	18
Great Russell Street	5
	71

Of these it is proposed to purchase those in Montague Street and Russell Square immediately, or perhaps in some kind of succession. The explanatory letter of the Trustees, which would explain this point, is not given; but it is clear from the general context of the papers, and the very significant features of the plan itself, and indeed, we may add, from the reason of the case, that—if this proposal of pushing the additions to the Museum into Montague Street and Russell Square be adopted—all the rest must follow;—and it is evident that in the possibility of any such design it would be absolutely necessary (unless we mean to be the victims of still greater blunders, difficulties, and expense) that whatever should be now done in Montague Street and Russell Square should be part of a general plan—including the eventual possession of about seventy first and second rate houses, of which the eighteen wanted for more immediate use are estimated at 67,000*l.*; so that the whole of the extended site may be estimated at little or nothing short of 300,000*l.*

Before we make the first step towards a design which must incur so great, and may eventually lead to such an enormous expense, we should look carefully to see whether some expedient of less difficulty and magnitude may not suffice for our present embarrassments; and we are glad to be able to say that there appears at hand, and quite within reach, a very simple, effectual, and comparatively cheap and easy remedy—or at least an important palliative—for much the greater part of the real difficulties and imperfections of the case, and even of those more exaggerated and captious complaints made by that fault-finding class who, like honest Iago, are nothing if not critical. That remedy, in a word, is covering the whole court with a GLASS ROOF—and thus obtaining at once, without purchase, without brick and mortar,

Digitized by Google

mortar, with little or no disturbance even of the current service, 72,000 square feet of *floor*;—to say (for the present) nothing of its *walls*—infinitely better suited for the most cumbrous and extensive department of the Museum—the Egyptian and Oriental antiquities—than their present much criticised locality.

We need not, we presume, trouble ourselves with any details on the practicability of constructing such a roof, nor of its sufficient transmission of light. The Crystal Palace has settled all such questions. We believe that even the success of that grand experiment is about to be surpassed at Sydenham;—but even if no better be done, the light that answered for the exhibition of enamelled miniatures and filagree trinkets will more than suffice for the colossal monuments of Egypt, Lycia, and Assyria. On the less prominent but equally essential points of providing for ventilation, and for cleaning and repairing such a roof, there can be no more difficulty than at the Crystal Palace—not so much—as this roof will be more accessible, and the constructor will, of course, suit the frame-work to the more permanent character of the work, and its more especial objects. We purposely abstain from details:—but we believe that the loss of light by mere transmission through good glass is imperceptible:—no doubt there would be some from the framing of the roof—but we are inclined to think that even that would be compensated by the difference between the colour of the Portland stone in a dry warm interior, and that dingy shade under which it now appears in the open London atmosphere. We may add also that Messrs. Panizzi and Smirke's plans propose to cover very nearly the same surface with glass, and Mr. Smirke's plans for chimney-flues, ventilation, and the like internal arrangements, are equally applicable to our proposal.* In short, it is evident that there can be no material or constructive impediment to the adoption of this proposition. When Michael Angelo conceived the idea of lifting the Pantheon into the skies, his success might well have been doubted; but after the dome of St. Peter's had stood a century, nobody despaired of Sir Christopher Wren's design for St. Paul's. And so we who saw the height of forest-trees and the spread of eighteen acres of ground covered with glass in Hyde Park, can have no doubt that the court of the Museum can be converted into a glass-roofed hall. We now proceed to offer some

* One of Mr. Panizzi's preferences for Mr. Smirke's plan is, that it affords such *early* relief—but it seems probable that ours would be much sooner ready—particularly as it is proposed to encircle the *birdcage* with a solid brick wall 16 feet high, between it and the main building, which would, we surmise, take at least thrice as long in drying as the construction of the glass roof.

of

Digitized by Google

of the more general and more prominent advantages of this proposition.

1. Whatever of beauty or grandeur there may be in the architecture of the court would be preserved—for the glass roof would be above, and independent of, all its architectural aspects. In fact it would be an artificial sky.

2. On the other hand, those who think it *severe and naked*—and the whole world who see it at present entirely vacant—would find those objections obviated by its being filled with objects of interest, for which even the severity of its architectural forms must seem peculiarly appropriate.

3. All those gigantic sculptures now incongruously shut up, and, as the critics tell us, imperfectly lighted, in decorated rooms and 'closets,' like lions and elephants in booths at a fair, would be brought out into their natural light, ranged in avenues and aisles, and thus restored to something approaching to the effect which they were originally intended to produce. We might hesitate as to placing the Townley collection and other smaller sculptures in the great court—but we may venture to appeal to Mr. Vaux's useful and instructive *Handbook*, whether nine-tenths, in dimensions, of the sculptures would not be as well, if not better, placed in that more expanded and better lighted position.

4. The four façades of the court, so criticised for their *useless* cost and *invisible* pretensions, would assume a different aspect, and afford appropriate terminations to the avenues of sculpture that would intersect the court. This seems so fortunate, we had almost said so natural, that we might suppose that Sir Robert Smirke had originally designed some such application of the court—of course he never thought of a glass roof, but he may have imagined that some of the larger and weather-braving antiquities might be so disposed.

5. The access to the library and reading-rooms, the most frequented and most important portion of the institution, instead of being, as at present, in a remote, dark, and even dirty external corner of the premises, would be at once through the great entrance, across the great hall, and thence across the court, through the magnificent avenue of ancient sculptures. Whatever be the value of what the moderns call æsthetics, assuredly such an approach to the literary treasures of the Museum would of itself be a striking improvement.

So far as to architectural propriety and æsthetic effect.

Let us now observe on the consequences of this change in the Museum itself.

Digitized by Google

1. The first and most important result would be the immediate relief it might be made to afford to the whole establishment: like the safety-valve of an engine, or the sluices of a flood-gate, it would suddenly but safely remove the internal pressure—the plethora—under which the whole Museum is represented as suffering, by more than doubling the space given in the *original* plan to the Library and Antiquities both together, and very nearly doubling their *present* extent, including the six or seven sculpture galleries that have been added on to the first design. (*See again the plan*, p. 174.)

2. We do not presume to anticipate the details of the distribution of the spaces thus acquired, but it is obvious that, the Egyptian sculptures being better provided for in the court, that gallery—which is on the *west* side, exactly similar to the King's Library on the *east*—might naturally fall into the Book department, and indeed seems necessary to complete its symmetry; and if an increase of the Reading-room be required, we know not where it can so conveniently be attained, as by removing it, *next door* as it were, into the great central apartment, where it would be really in the centre of the whole library; and one or both of the reading-rooms, which would be in this case added to the general library, might hereafter, if necessary, afford extension to the reading-room. The only objection to this plan that we can foresee is, that it would be requisite to make a communication between the east and west libraries for the *interior* service without passing through the new Reading-room; but that might be easily provided, by adding a corridor, or even a room, on the external north, where there is fortunately a vacant space—marked on the plan by a *dotted line;* here the trap-window and counter for the receipt of tickets and the delivery of the books might be placed, and the messengers for the books despatched east and west with more ease and rapidity than at present. The Egyptian gallery, if fitted up on the plan of *loggie*, or recesses, each with a window, as is now partially adopted in the central and west rooms of the library, could be made to hold at least 150,000 volumes, and be still, we believe, the finest room in the Museum. This *loggie* plan is that of the libraries of Trinity Colleges in Cambridge and Dublin—both beautiful rooms, but the latter especially, which is the most perfect we ever saw, not merely in capacity and convenience, but in picturesque effect. The proposed room at the Museum might be still finer—at least its dimensions and capacity would be greater. We have heard some very competent judges express surprise that this *loggie* plan, undoubtedly the most economical of space, was not adopted originally for the King's

Digitized by Google

King's Library. But, perhaps, Sir Robert Smirke was right. The royal donation* deserved to be exhibited in its full extent, with what we may call a *parade* of its wealth—for *this*, mere economy of space was the contrary of desirable. The room itself, in spite of Mr. Fergusson's objections to it, is to the public eye a suitable vestibule, as well as a magnificent specimen of the library of the British Museum.

3. We say nothing of the British, Roman, Athenian, and Phigalian Sculpture Galleries—the two latter (though also very much criticised) seem sufficiently handsome and convenient, and we see no reason why they should be at present disturbed. They would all, and especially the two former, we believe, be much better exhibited in the great court than in their present position, of which many, and some not unreasonable, complaints are made; but as the room gained by the removal of the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Lycian Antiquities to the court would probably meet all the wants of the departments now most in need of room, for many years to come, we do not think it necessary to push our present proposals any farther than to repeat that the superficial size of the court is considerably greater than the whole space now assigned to *all* the sculptures put together. Ought any petty objections to prevent our opening to the Museum this new world of space?

4. There is another alteration, which, though not essential to our plan, would improve it both in extent and effect, and be advantageous to the rest of the Museum. There is a basement-story to the whole building;—why there should have been a buried story we cannot guess—but there it is, sunk in an *area*† like the offices of a street-house, and its windows, already two-thirds masked by the *area* wall, are further obscured, like the said street-offices, by strong iron bars—obscured, not secured; for why these bars are thought necessary as safeguards on the side of a court-yard absolutely inaccessible except through three doors opening into the interior, we are again at a loss to imagine: but there is the buried story—and a striking defect and copious cause of complaint it is! It seems to us that, instead of exaggerating the evil, as proposed in Mr. Smirke's plan, by rais-

* We have received a strong remonstrance, accompanied with, as it seems to us, very strong evidence, against the whole and every part of the anecdote related in our Number for December 1850 (Q. R. v. 88, p. 143), relative to the motives and manner of the transfer by George IV. of his father's library to the Museum. We took the anecdote from the original and full edition of the Handbook for Spain; but think Mr. Ford must have been misled by some of the loose talkers among his Majesty's Whig ex-friends. We are, however, making strict inquiries into the business, and shall take an opportunity of acquainting our readers with the result.

† Where we use the term *area* in its vulgar sense of a *street area* we print it in italics. It is necessary to note this to distinguish it from the general area or surface of the court.

Digitized by Google

ing the level of the centre of the court higher than the ceiling of the basement, it would be much better if the whole court, or at least two-thirds of it, were to be lowered for its new destination to the level of the present *area*—when, the window-bars being removed, the basement would have the advantage of all the light and air of which it is susceptible—would less deserve the opprobrious name of *cellars* now too justly bestowed on it—and, what is more important, would become much more available to the purposes of the Museum. It may be objected to this proposition, that it would alter the architectural proportions of the inner façades of the court. We admit that it would in theory, but not sensibly in fact, for the theoretical base-line of the architectural elevation is the terrace of the flight of steps that descend into the court, which is several feet higher than the line of sight, so that on every side of the court, except that single spot, the theoretic base vanishes, and, the basement and its *area* being visible to every eye, the supposed architectural proportion is really little better than a sham, and may, we think, be disregarded, in consideration of the general improvement.

We have said that this lowering of the level—whether carried throughout or limited to widening the *area* on each side to 40 or 50 feet—is not indispensable to the success of our plan for the appropriation of the court, but it would certainly be an important improvement—first, because the *area* itself is not only mean and unsightly, but a wanton introduction of a vulgar expedient only pardonable in a London street because it is inevitable, but which becomes ridiculously, we might say offensively, useless in the interior court of the Museum. And, as we think that the slabs of *Egyptian and Assyrian* sculpture, and by and bye, perhaps, *all* the bas-reliefs, which are now affixed to the *inner* side of the walls, and imperfectly lighted, might be as well or indeed better fixed to the *court* side of the same wall, and lighted from the sky, it would be desirable that the spectator should be able to examine them more conveniently than across the *area*.

5. But there is another consideration. One of the complaints against the existing galleries is, that the sculptures originally designed to be viewed from and at different heights are now only visible from one level. The defect—be it greater or less—exists in every gallery we ever saw, and is, generally speaking, inevitable. We have, therefore, been always inclined to rank this complaint amongst the hyper-criticisms; but when an opportunity occurs of remedying a defect, however slight it may appear, it is as well to avail ourselves of it. It is therefore an additional recommendation

Digitized by Google

commendation of our proposed use of the court, and still more of partly or wholly lowering its level, that the three flights of steps by which visitors are to descend into it would afford a succession of elevations near which the works that are supposed to require various points of view might be placed. Let us add, that, if there be anything really serious in this complaint of the uniform level of the present galleries, the surface of the court might be, as we have above intimated, broken into two or three different levels, as proposed by Mr. Smirke, but with different dimensions and for a very different object from his: the centre one, at, or above, or below, the present level, as might be ultimately decided, and two lateral ones on that of the present *area*. The space, indeed, would afford *five* such terraces—a centre one of 60 feet wide, and two lateral ones at each side 40 feet wide—the width of the present Egyptian Gallery—the space of which by the new appropriation of the court would be thus more than *quintupled*. But again, we say, these details of distribution, which we only throw out to meet complaints that have been made, do no otherwise affect our general proposition than by affording prospects of additional advantage.

There is now but one principal entrance into the court—that from the Great Hall; and although the idea of a similar one in the opposite façade is very tempting, we are of opinion that it would be necessary to limit ourselves to the two lesser and lateral entrances already existing in the two northern angles—for these, amongst other reasons—that they *are* there; and that their removal would be not merely unnecessarily expensive, but injurious to, and indeed incompatible with, the internal arrangements of the building, and particularly if the new Reading-room be placed in the central library; for not only would it be extremely inconvenient to have the Reading-room opening at once upon the court, but the ante-rooms, through which it is *indispensable* that the *Readers* should pass, can nowhere be so well obtained as in the spaces between these lateral entrances and the central room. The absence of a decent entrance, corridors, and ante-rooms, is, as every officer and reading visitor feels, one of the greatest discomforts of the existing arrangement. It really deserves the epithet of *disgraceful*.

On the whole, after the fullest consideration that we have been able to give to this interesting subject, we do not hesitate to recommend the covering and appropriating the central court in the manner we have sketched—not merely as a temporary or economical expedient, nor as removing the most serious and well-founded objection that can be made to the edifice, but as being

Digitized by Google

being *in itself* a great and permanent improvement. Some such device ought to have been originally adopted—and this will now only complete the existing edifice without in any degree interfering with any future or external plans either of accommodation or architecture. We do not propose to block up a single window, nor break a single door. The fitting the Egyptian and Assyrian and two unfurnished and unappropriated Galleries for whatever purposes may be found most advisable — the exchange of the Reading-rooms with the adjoining compartment of the Library—and the levelling, flooring, and glass-roofing the court—is all that we contemplate; and these changes, so easy and simple, would probably satisfy all the wants of the Museum for the present, and, we believe, the two next, generations. By that time, perhaps, our successors may be disposed to extend a *circumambient* edifice over the whole space designated on the plan we have reproduced. We do not deny that it is a grand idea, and that individually we should be glad to see it adequately carried into effect; but as the case stands, we must be satisfied to bequeath to our grandchildren the honour, the pleasure, the *cost*, and the *criticism* of such a monument.

ART. VIII.—1. *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet-Laureate, D.C.L.* By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster. 2 vols. 8vo. 1851.

2. *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, compiled from authentic sources.* By January Searle, Author of *Life, Character, and Genius of Ebenezer Elliott*, &c. 12mo., pp. 312. 1852.

IT was a frequent saying of the subject of these memoirs that 'a poet's life is written in his works.' The Canon of Westminster tells us that it is especially just as to his uncle himself, and adds, in language far too magisterial to be spoken out of a school-room, 'Let no other Life of Wordsworth be composed beside what has thus been written with his own hand.' Two volumes in large octavo are a singular commentary upon this prohibitory ordinance. In fact, the position is abandoned the instant it is taken up. The logical Doctor confesses that the personal incidents in his great kinsman's verse can only be fully understood through a narrative in prose, and that even the sentiments will be better appreciated when they are shown to have been in harmony with the poet's practice. He

Digitized by Google

He therefore follows up his absolute decree, 'Let no other Life be composed,' with the counter-declaration that 'a biographical manual to illustrate the poems ought to exist.' He still professes, it is true, to exclude everything relating to the man except what is connected with something in his works: this, however, is a vague principle, of which he has not attempted to define the limits, and which he has applied so capriciously that it becomes additionally hard to guess what meaning he attaches to it. In the strictest use of the words it might be understood to shut out all that was not explanatory of the actual sense of the poems; in its widest signification it might comprise whatever influenced the genius of the author, whatever related to his mode of conceiving and executing his works, and whatever in his life, habits, or conversation, was either in contrast or in keeping with his verse. The latter latitudinarian interpretation would seem to have found some favour with Dr. Wordsworth, for he has touched upon every branch of the subject, though in most cases, in his fear of plucking forbidden fruit, he has mainly served up the leaves. The volumes comprise not a few interesting letters and memoranda—but they are scattered among many more which have neither life of their own, nor any proper connexion with the life of the poet;—while the portion of the text which proceeds from the Canon himself is, almost without exception, as vapid as verbose. His example is ill-calculated to recommend his theory, which we believe to be altogether unmanageable in practice. The perplexity of distinguishing between the author and the man, of deciding whether facts had any bearing upon the writings, would soon induce a biographer, worthy of the name, to break through the cobwebs which fettered his pen, and adopt 'the good old rule, the simple plan' of giving a full-length portrait of the original. If the Wordsworth system were possible, it would, at best, be undesirable:—it would produce a deceptive as well as an imperfect narrative—it would take from biographies what has always been felt to be the larger half of their use and entertainment, and, in a word, would deteriorate and nearly destroy a department of literature which Dr. Johnson pronounced to be the most delightful of any.

The signal failure of Dr. Wordsworth to convey an adequate idea of his uncle's character and career left the stage empty for Mr. January Searle. Again the performer has proved unequal to his part. Mr. Searle—whose Life of Ebenezer Elliott we never met with—seems never to have set eyes upon his new and greater hero, nor even to have conversed with any one who had. His 'authentic sources' are the materials already before

Digitized by Google

before the public—some of them exceedingly apocryphal—and in the process of 'compilation,' as he may well call it, he has used his scissors more than his pen. 'Instead of vitality,' he says of the official Memoirs, 'we have dry facts—which are the mere bones of biography—and these are often strung together with very indifferent tendons.' Mr. Searle's tendons are likewise indifferent. What narrative belongs to him is feeble to silliness, and his occasional remarks are made doubly absurd by ostentatious accompaniments of which his predecessor had set him no example—most pitiable affectation and most laughable egotism.

A family of Wordsworths were anciently landowners at Penistone, near Doncaster, and from them the poet supposed himself to be descended. The particular branch from which he was inclined to derive his origin was that of William Wordsworth of Falthwaite, in Yorkshire, who, in a will dated 1665, styles himself *yeoman*, and a year later, *gent.*; but the genealogy was conjectural, and his authentic pedigree terminates with his grandfather. His father was John Wordsworth, an attorney, apparently much esteemed, who superintended part of the Lowther estates, and occupied an old manor-house of that family, at Cockermouth, in Cumberland:—his mother was Anne Cookson, daughter of a mercer at Penrith. The poet, their second child, was born April 7, 1770. Mrs. Wordsworth was not one of those nervous mothers who conjure up dangers ghostly and bodily when their children stray beyond the tether of the apron-string. At five years old he was allowed to range at will from dewy morn to dewy eve over the surrounding country, and among other amusements of that tender age, indulged largely in bathing. Porson, who hated water in all its applications, inward and outward, and who used to say that bathing was supposed to be healthy because there were people who survived it, would have looked with wonder upon the infant Laker, whose custom it was to make 'one long bathing of a summer's day,' only leaving the stream to bask, dressed in nature's livery, upon the bank, and then plunging back into the cooling current. His fifth was probably the most amphibious year of his life, for he was soon after put to a school at Cockermouth, kept by a clergyman. The school-house stood by the church; and a woman one week-day being sentenced to do penance in a white sheet young William was praised by his mother for his virtuous zeal in attending the spectacle. He had been enticed by a rumour that he would be paid a penny for his services in looking on, and when he proceeded to complain that the fee was not forthcoming, 'Oh,' said Mrs. Wordsworth, 'if that was you

Digitized by Google

your motive, you were very properly disappointed.' It is a proof of the fondness with which men dwell upon their earliest recollections, that when the venerable Laureate dictated half-a-dozen pages of autobiographical memoranda for the public eye, he thought this anecdote worthy to be included in so brief a chronicle of his long existence.

At eight years of age he lost his mother, who died from the effects of a cold brought on by sleeping at a friend's house in London, amid the damp dignity of 'a best bed room.' The only one of her children about whom she was anxious was our worthy William, whose indomitable self-will and violent temper led her to predict that he would be steady in good, or headstrong in evil. Among other wanton freaks to show his courageous contempt of authority, he asked his eldest brother, Richard, as they were whipping tops in the drawing-room of their maternal grandfather, which was hung round with portraits, whether he dare strike his whip through a hooped petticoat of peculiar stiffness. Richard, who considered that the pleasure of insulting the old lady's dignity would be dearly purchased by a flogging to himself, replied, 'No, I won't.' 'Then here goes,' said the gallant and ungallant William, and he lashed his whip through the canvas. Revengeful children occasionally commit suicide in the fits of spleen stirred up by punishment—and once, it seems, our future poet-moralist, when smarting from mortification, retired to his grandfather's garret to stab himself with a foil. His courage, or more properly his conscience, failed him, and he continued to brave the slings and arrows produced by his own ill-conditioned temper. He soon acquired a Spartan feeling, and thought the heroism of endurance an ample recompense for the humiliation of chastisement. No one could have detected in the wilful and wayward boy the father of the man, but what was common to the two was the force of character, which, however disorderly it may be shown in childhood, is the real element of future power.

In his ninth year he was sent to a school at Hawkshead, in the most picturesque district of Lancashire, and here is opened to us a scene unlike anything of which most English boys of the present generation have heard or read before, and which will make them look back with envy to the good old times when Wordsworth wore a jacket and carried a satchel. The scholars, instead of being housed under the same roof with a master, were boarded among the villagers. Bounds were unknown. Out of school-hours they went where they liked and did as they pleased. In the summer they played in Hawkshead market-place, till 'heaven waked with all his eyes,' and every soul, but themselves,

Digitized by Google

themselves, was asleep; or they angled in the pools of the mountain-brooks; or boated on the Lakes of Esthwaite and Windermere; or landed at an excellent tavern on the banks of the latter to recreate themselves with bowls, and strawberries and cream. Picnics were a favourite pastime upon sunny days—and with the verdant ground for their table, a rippling stream at their feet, and a canopy of leaves above their heads, these fortunate youths enjoyed a banquet rendered doubly delicious by the contrast with the frugal cottage fare of their ordinary experience. Riding was too expensive to be frequent, but when they did get into the saddle, they managed, before getting down again, to extract work for a week out of the costly animal—to which end they employed 'sly subterfuge with courteous inn-keeper' (poeta loquitur), and persuaded him that some *half*-way house was their *goal*. In winter Hawkshead saw another sight. The jovial crew, if it was wild weather, gathered over the peat-fire to play whist and loo; or if it was clear and frosty, buckled on their skates and played hunt-the-hare upon the ice by the glimmer of the stars; or wandered half the night upon the surrounding heights, setting springes for woodcocks. Wordsworth in his retrospect says, that the sun of heaven did not shine upon a band who were richer in joy, or worthier of the beautiful vales they trod. Of the joy there can be little doubt; and a lad who was educated at Hawkshead might very possibly have re-echoed with truth the insincere adage, that school-days are the happiest days of life; but as to the worth, we suppose they had neither more nor less than any other chance-medley of boys whose sole qualification is that their parents can afford to pay at a certain rate per quarter.

The pedagogic government seems to have been nearly as mild within doors as without. But if Wordsworth was little troubled with Greek and Latin, he read English largely for his own amusement. When told by one of his school-fellows that his copy of the Arabian Nights was but a meagre abridgment—a block from the quarry—the prospect of obtaining the complete collection seemed to him 'a promise scarcely earthly.' He immediately entered into a covenant with a kindred spirit to save up their pocket-money, and make a joint-purchase of fairy-land. For several months they persevered in their vow; but, as their hoard increased, so did the temptation to spend it—and, finally, it went to the tavern-keeper or pastrycook; nor did he ever possess the coveted treasure while his imagination could be led captive by conjuring genii. He found full compensation in the more masculine fictions of Fielding and Swift, of Cervantes and Le Sage; which were among his father's stores. His love of verse he dates from

Digitized by Google

from the age of nine or ten, and describes himself as rising early and strolling with a companion for two delightful hours before morning school, repeating rhymes with an ecstacy that bordered upon intoxication. In after days he condemned the 'objects of his early love' as mostly 'false from their overwrought splendour;' and poems which never failed to entrance him in boyhood restored in his manhood 'dead as a theatre, fresh emptied of spectators.' Forbearance he too readily took for granted that his latest taste was his best—at all events, among these discarded favourites we find the honoured names of Goldsmith, Gray, and Pope. In his fifteenth year he composed a school-exercise, upon the completion of the second centenary of their foundation. 'The verses,' he says, 'were much admired, far more than they deserved, for they were but a tame imitation of Pope's versification, and a little in his style.' In truth, they are a cento from the works of that master. Out of all our prodigies there is not one, we believe, who, at the age of fifteen, has fairly written from his own mind. Two years later Wordsworth wrote a long poem on his own adventures and the surrounding scenery, which we may conclude was of no other value than to practise him in his art, since he has only preserved a dozen, and these rather ordinary lines.

The relish for the beauties of creation, to which he mainly owes his place among poets, was early manifested and rapidly developed. A rover by day and night in a romantic country, many a casual and unsought prospect won his attention in the midst of his sports, and extorted a brief, involuntary homage. While yet a little boy, he took an Irish urchin, who served an itinerant conjuror, to a particular spot commanding Esthwaite Lake and its islands, for the sole satisfaction of witnessing the emotion of the lad on first beholding fields and groves intermingled with water. Soon, he tells us, the pleasures of scenery were collaterally attached to every holiday scheme. A year or two later and rural objects were advanced from a secondary to a primary pursuit. He use to rise before a smoke-wreath issued from a single chimney, or the earliest song of birds could be heard, to sit alone upon some jutting eminence, and meditate the still and lovely landscape. Often on these occasions he became so wrapt in contemplation, that what he saw 'appeared like something in himself—a prospect in the mind.' His imagination, indeed, never failed to heighten the picture presented to his eyes, bestowing, as he says, 'new splendour on the setting sun,' and 'deepening the darkness of the midnight storm.' He was only in his seventeenth year when the intensity of his sympathy with inanimate nature suggested that pervading

Digitized by Google

pervading principle of his poetry which he summed up in the lines—

> 'And 'tis my faith that every flower
> *Enjoys* the air it breathes.'

Such passionate communion with the wonders of creation is rare at any age—extraordinary, indeed, in boyhood, when all impressions of the kind are mostly transitory and subordinate.

Whatever may have been the usual fruits of the Hawkshead system, we cannot doubt that it was favourable to Wordsworth. Had he been cooped up within the walls of a playground, his dawning sensibility to the aspects of nature must have been checked, and might perhaps have been extinguished. His miscellaneous reading, pursued with an eager and entire mind, made rich amends for the loss of lessons in schoolboy lore, and the stock of English which he then acquired was the more important, that, from combined physical and mental causes, he was in afterlife no great student of books. His faults of temper fared at Hawkshead as they would have done amidst any other congregation of the sort:—everybody knows that in all the weaknesses which affect their mutual relations school-lads are the least ceremonious and most untiring of disciplinarians. It was there, too—he is careful to record—that, taught 'by competition in athletic sports,' he acquired his 'diffidence and modesty.' To what happy circumstances Parson Adams supposed himself indebted for these virtues we are not informed. We only know that he held vanity to be the worst of vices, and seized the occasion, when it was mentioned, to dwell unctuously upon the excellence of his own sermon against it. But though Wordsworth was not free from the unconscious inconsistency which beset good Abraham Adams, he justly contended that the system of his day was less provocative of conceit than the modern fashion which attempts, and for all good purposes attempts in vain, to put old heads upon young shoulders. It is with mountainous pride that the sapient stripling adds each fresh grain of learned jargon to his mole-hill heap; but the child who condescends to Jack the Giant Killer, Wordsworth well remarks, has at least this advantage over the philosopher in petticoats—that he forgets himself. In his own vacations he would sometimes lie reading for the better part of a day on the bank of the Derwent, while his rod and line were left neglected at his side, and with such a happy ignorance of studious conceit, that, jumping up suddenly, in very shame at what he deemed his idleness, he betook himself to the nobler occupation of angling!

Wordsworth's father never regained his cheerfulness after the death

Digitized by Google

death of his helpmate, and followed her to the grave in 1783, when his celebrated son was only in his fourteenth year. The bulk of his property at his decease consisted of considerable arrears due to him from Sir James Lowther, soon afterwards created Earl of Lonsdale. The life-long eccentricity of that self-willed gentleman took ultimately, it seems, a parsimonious turn, and he refused to liquidate the debt—of which, in fact, not one shilling was paid until after his demise in 1802—a long and cruel interval of nineteen years! In the mean while the care of the orphans devolved on their uncles. One of them, Dr. Cookson, had been a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and thither William was sent in October, 1787, when in the eighteenth year of his age. Hitherto his whole experience of the world was confined to northern villages, and his first impressions on the change were much what would have been produced by the transformations in his favourite Arabian Nights, where men go to sleep in a hut and wake in a palace. He roamed delighted among the imposing buildings and their swarm of students, hardly believing that the enchanting scene was real, and felt that he was clothed in his own person with the dignity of the place. He thought it 'an honour' to have 'interviews with his tutor and tailor,' and, though his attentions to the former quickly ceased, he had extensive dealings with the latter. He condescends to elaborate in blank verse a full-length portraiture of himself as an academical exquisite, airily clad and carefully frizzled and powdered, which must amuse all, and has surprised many, from the contrast it presents to the rustic tone of his poetry and his subsequent negligence of dress. But the transition is one of every-day occurrence. Sir Matthew Hale equipped himself when at Oxford like the gay gallants of his time, and in his riper years wore such raiment that Baxter, who was himself thought culpably remiss, remonstrated with the homelier Lord Chief Justice of England. Different periods of life have their characteristic vanities, and to a village youth the dazzling novelty of full-blown fashion is peculiarly seducing.

Few dress with the finish of a Brummel to sit down to mathematics, and, in the technical language of the University, our self-painted dandy was not 'a reading man.' Wine-parties and suppers, riding and boating, lounging and sauntering, were his ordinary occupations. No enjoyment of the kind could have been more complete, for his animal spirits were high, and he never drugged his pleasures with vice. He says that even before the first flush of gratification was past he was disturbed at intervals by compunctious reflections that he had his way to make in the world, and, instead of giving himself up to the recreations

Digitized by Google

recreations of life, ought to be steadily training for its struggles. As often, however, as these shadows flitted across his mind they were chased away by the buoyant levity of youth, and he always professed that his residence at Cambridge was 'a gladsome time.' Before leaving Hawkshead he had mastered five books of Euclid, and had arrived at quadratic equations in algebra, which in those easy days gave him a twelvemonth's start of his fellow-freshmen; and in advanced age he ascribed his heedlessness at the University to the natural propensity of the hare to sleep while the tortoises were in the distance. In 'The Prelude,' written when his recollections were fresh, he assigns a different, and manifestly a truer, cause for his neglect to join in the mathematical race. Bred up, he said, amid nature's bounties, free as the wind to range where he listed, he could ill submit to mental restraint and bodily captivity. He loved solitude, but only in lonely places, and if a throng was near he had an irresistible longing to mingle with it. Repulsion and attraction, therefore, both combined to throw him into the circle of merry idlers. But minds such as his are never utterly idle:—and the free hours of unguarded intercourse afforded him valuable lessons in human nature.

Drifted along by the babbling stream of society, he had almost ceased to look for 'tongues in trees and sermons in stones.' Whenever, as a freshman, he betrayed by involuntary gestures his latent sympathies for the appearances of earth and sky, his boon companions whispered among themselves that there 'must be a screw loose.' They looked at natural objects after the fashion of men unable to read, who see the form of the letters and have no conception of their meaning. Wordsworth in their presence kept a veil upon his better mind; and it was only on the rare occasions when he stole away into solitude, that he indulged his propensities. So passed the first academic year, at the end of which he returned to Hawkshead for the summer vacation. He returned unspoilt by the vanities of his Cambridge life, to greet with affection his schoolboy dame—overjoyed to lodge again beneath her lowly roof and partake her humble fare. Old scenes brought back old recollections, and woods and lakes were again in the ascendant. He nevertheless imported into Hawkshead some of his new Cambridge tastes. His silken hose and brilliant buckles astonished rural eyes. He was much at feasts and dances, and felt 'slight shocks of love-liking' for his buxom partners. He afterwards spoke of these companionable evenings as 'a heartless chase of trivial pleasures,' and wished he had spent the time in study and meditation. We question, in his particular case, the wisdom of the wish. He was too

Digitized by Google prone,

prone, except when in cities, to live upon himself, and it humanised him to mingle in domestic merry-makings.

Upon his return to the university his renewed love of nature showed itself in his giving most of his winter evenings to the college-gardens by the Cam—gazing at the trees, and peopling the walks with visionary fairies, till summoned within walls by the nine o'clock bell. He now broke loose a little from his idle companions, and spent more of his hours among his books. He dipped into the classics, made himself master of Italian, and extended his acquaintance with the English poets. He ascribes to this period the growing belief that he might one day be admitted into that proud choir. He started with the excellent creed that there were four models whom he must have continually before his eyes—Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Shakspeare—and the three first were constantly in his hands. He sat in the hawthorn shade by Trompington Mill, and laughed over Chaucer, and he paid to the temperate and puritanical Milton the singular homage of getting tipsy in his honour. At a wine-party in that room of Christ's College which tradition reports to have once been tenanted by the author of Paradise Lost, young Wordsworth drank libations to his memory; and being late for his own chapel, sailed proudly up the aisle, after service had begun, in a state of vinous and poetic exaltation, fondly dreaming that the mantle of Milton had fallen upon *him*. What makes this tribute especially memorable is, that in drinking days, and among festive associates, he could charge himself with no other trespass against sobriety. Having now begun to train for his high vocation, he had probably not much reason to regret his Euclid and algebra. Often, in the retrospect of neglected opportunities and wasted hours, a self-reproaching idea is entertained that the appointed studies of the place might easily, after all, have been combined with the pursuits of choice:—but where there is one predominating taste, it is impossible long to serve two masters. If Wordsworth could have lived his Cambridge life again, his diligence would doubtless have been greater, but in all probability it would have been bestowed upon Spenser, Milton, Chaucer, and Shakspeare.

The next long vacation was signalised by the renewal of his intercourse with his admirable sister. The Wordsworths, scattered by the death of their parents, had no common home to which they could gather at intervals. Miss Dorothy chanced to be domesticated for a time with her relations in the neighbourhood of Penrith, and in the course of his autumnal rambles he had frequent opportunities of sharing her society.

In

Digitized by Google

In one of his poems he speaks of 'the shooting lights of her wild eyes,' and the bright impulsive gleams they sent forth were a true index of her quick genius and fervid sensibility. But with a masculine power of mind she had every womanly virtue, and presented with these blended gifts such a rare combination, that even the enthusiastic strains in which her brother sang her praise borrowed no aid from his poetic imagination. It was she who in childhood moderated the sternness of his moody temper, and she now carried on the work which was then begun. His chief delight had hitherto been in scenes which were distinguished by terror and grandeur, and she taught him the beauty of the humblest products and mildest graces of nature. While she was softening *his* mind, he was elevating *hers*, and out of this interchange of gifts grew an absolute harmony of thought and feeling. It was at the same period that he formed an attachment for his sister's friend, Miss Hutchinson, of Penrith, whom he afterwards married. She became, he says, endeared to him by her radiant look of youth, conjoined to a placidity of expression, the reflection of one of the most benignant tempers that ever diffused peace and cheerfulness through a home.

His third and last long vacation was another epoch in his life. In July, 1790, he started with a brother-under-graduate, Mr. Jones, on a pedestrian tour through France, Switzerland, and the North of Italy. This, common as it is at present, he acknowledges to have been a hardy slight of university studies, and, sensible that his friends would remonstrate, he departed without communicating his design. His college acquaintances, who had nothing to say against his preference of travelling to mathematics, thought the scheme Quixotic, from the difficulties which must beset tourists so little versed in the languages of the Continent, and so scantily provided with funds. But all considerations with Wordsworth were lighter than air compared to his passion for scenery and his sympathy with the French people, then in the early or boisterously merry stage of political intoxication. Jones was an admirable associate for such an expedition, being a sturdy native of Wales, accustomed to climb mountains, and noted not only for quick intelligence but for a happy, winning disposition. They were absent fourteen weeks, and the money they took allowed them four shillings a day each for all expenses. Their luggage was as light as their purse. They tied up the whole of it in their pocket-handkerchiefs, and carried their bundles on their heads, exciting a smile wherever they went. They reached Calais on the

Digitized by Google

the eve of the day when the king was to swear fidelity to the new constitution, and witnessed the festal abandonment which attended the event. They continued their course amidst the roar of what they supposed to be liberated France, and did their best to swell the chorus. In the fervour of their hearts they drank and danced with frantic patriots, who paid them especial honour as natives of a land which had set an example of liberty. Wordsworth's eye, much more practised to scan landscapes than men, nowhere penetrated beneath the surface. He concluded that the zealots of the revolution were as good as they were gay, and that a king and his courtiers were the only Frenchmen by whom power could be abused. The poet was in his sphere when he got beyond the Swiss frontier, and he passed the remainder of the journey in a perpetual hurry of delight at the succession of sublime and beautiful objects.

After taking his degree in January, 1791, Wordsworth lodged for four months in London, with no other purpose than that personal gratification which had governed all his previous proceedings. He spent his time in seeing every manner of sight, and was often at the House of Commons to hear the debates on the French Revolution. There he listened to the majestic wisdom of Burke with involuntary admiration, but with no present profit—for in the autumn of the year his sympathising spirit once more carried him across the Channel. Nothing could have been cruder than his political notions, which were mainly founded upon the defects of his personal temperament. His predominant characteristic was a headstrong will, a wild impatience of subordination, which made him even shake off regulations of his own as a tame restraint upon freedom. In this anarchy of a rebellious mind he had not waited for the outbreak of the French commotion to learn his levelling creed. It found him a hater of kings, and sighing for what he calls 'a government of equal rights and individual worth!' What he meant by these, how he considered they were to be obtained, and how secured, he has not explained—and indeed the entire narrative which he wrote some years afterwards of his political fever is compounded of fallacies so shallow and transparent, couched in language so vague and obscure, that a want of all clear thinking upon the subject seems to have outlasted the period of rash, refractory youth. It was with very little knowledge of history, and with absolutely none of the science of government, beyond the disjointed notions picked up from pamphlets and newspapers, that he started on his second pilgrimage to France. He remained a few days at Paris, and then moved on to Orleans, that the society of the English might not impede

Digitized by Google

impede his progress in mastering the language. He lived much with royalist officers, who fretted for the hour to draw the sword, but his principal intimate was a General Beaupuis, who belonged to the opposite faction. They held incessant conversations on patriotic themes, and once meeting a poor and pallid girl, who knitted while a heifer tied to her arm cropped the grass on the bank, the General exclaimed, 'It is against *that* we are fighting.' Wordsworth adds that he, on his part, equally believed that they were the apostles of a benevolence which was to banish want from the earth. This is an epitome of the whole of his early political philosophy. It went no deeper than a random confidence that, if existing institutions could be swept away, peace and prosperity would emerge out of the ruin. When every hope had been falsified, he clung resentfully to his tenets in the endeavour (as he some time afterwards says) 'to hide what nothing could heal—the wounds of mortified presumption.' It is seldom, however, that the recantation of an error is complete. While penning this penitential confession he speaks with the same scorn of all the proceedings of Mr. Pitt and his party, as though events had refuted *their* predictions and verified *his*.

From Orleans he went to Blois, and while there the king was dethroned and imprisoned. Next came the massacres of September, 1792, and a month afterwards Wordsworth bent his steps towards Paris. The massacres he believed to have been a casual ebullition of fury, till he was left alone on the night of his arrival in the garret of an hotel, when his proximity to the scene of slaughter begot some fears for his safety, and suggested the high probability that there might be a second act to the tragedy. Closer observation confirmed his suspicion, and convinced him that the bloodiest hands had the strongest arms. He revolved in his mind how the crisis might be averted, and taking the measure of himself and of the various factions, he came to the conclusion that he, William Wordsworth, was the proper person to rally the nation, and conduct the revolution to a happy issue. With all the gravity of Don Quixote he sets it down among the justifications of his scheme that

> 'Objects, even as they are great, thereby
> Do come within the reach of *humblest* eyes.'

How far the eyes were humble is needless to be said, and the only palliation is that they were utterly blind. The difficulty is to believe that they could have belonged to a man of genius in his twenty-third year. Had he made the slightest attempt to realise his project, he confesses that he would have paid for his presumption with his head. But what he then thought a harsh necessity, and afterwards acknowledged to be a gracious Pro-

Digitized by Google vidence,

vidence, compelled him to return to England just in time to save him from the guillotine. No doubt his friends at home had become aware of his peril, and refused to answer any more drafts from Paris.

His mind boiling over with political passions, he had no relish for sylvan solitudes, and fixed his head-quarters in London. To vindicate his talents, which his Cambridge career had brought into question, he, in 1793, produced to the world,—hurriedly, he says, though reluctantly—two little poems, 'The Evening Walk,' and 'Descriptive Sketches.' If the Evening Walk was hastily corrected it had not been hastily composed, for it was begun in 1787, and continued through the two succeeding years. The metre and language are in the school of Pope, but they are the work of a promising scholar, and not of a master. There is an incongruous mixture of poverty and richness in the diction, and often, instead of being suggested by the sentiment, it has been culled and adapted to it. The verse does not flow on with easy strength, but is laboured, and frequently feeble, and the structure of the sentences is distorted beyond the limits of poetic licence to meet the exigencies of rhyme. For the topics of the piece Wordsworth drew upon his individual tastes, but even here he has not been particularly happy. The rural objects he describes are minute and disconnected, neither chosen for their general association with evening, nor possessing, for the most part, an independent interest. Brief as the work is, it leaves a drowsy impression—but the poet breaks out in occasional touches, and the four lines on the swan present a picture he could not have surpassed in the maturity of his powers:—

> The swan uplifts his chest, and backward flings
> His neck, a varying arch, between his towering wings:
> The eye that marks the gliding creature sees
> How graceful pride can be, and how majestic ease.'

The Descriptive Sketches had been penned at Orleans and Blois, in 1791 and 1792. They are the versified recollections of some of the scenes which struck him most in the pedestrian tour with Jones. In spite of the horrors of that season he concludes with an unqualified panegyric on the Revolution, and a prayer that 'every sceptred child of clay' who presumed to withstand it might be swept away by the flood. The execution is of the same school as The Evening Walk, but the language is simpler, and so far superior. Though he had Goldsmith's 'Traveller' much in his mind, and has copied the turn of many of his lines, there is an increasing ascendancy of the original over the imitative element. In one instance he has

Digitized by Google

has borrowed both broadly and clumsily from the magnificent couplet in which Gray depicts the overflowing Nile under the figure of a brooding bird:—

> 'From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
> And broods o'er Egypt with his watery wings.'

Wordsworth, speaking of the 'mighty stream' of the French Revolution, asks that it may

> 'Brood o'er the long-parch'd lands with Nile-like wings.'

Here the comparison is between stream and stream instead of between stream and bird, and there is consequently no propriety in the expressions 'brood' and 'wings.' These involve a prior simile which Wordsworth leaves the reader to supply, and what mind could extemporize for itself the noble image of Gray? The germs of thought in one writer when developed by another, often differ as much as the seed and the flower, but whenever the singular beauty of the passage is the temptation to reproduce it, the effort to vary what is exquisite already, ends in a faded, distorted copy.

Even at the quietest period the Evening Walk and Descriptive Sketches would hardly have attracted much attention—and slender indeed was the chance of their still small voice being heard amid the thunders of national strife. Of the few criticisms in contemporary journals none were at all satisfactory to the author. Some blew too hot and some blew too cold, and the indiscriminating praise, which betrayed a want of real appreciation, pleased him little better than undisguised contempt. In revising these juvenile pieces long afterwards for the collective edition of his works, he altered them enough to destroy their historical, without materially increasing their poetical value.

Disappointed of his ambition to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm abroad, Wordsworth took up his pen to enlighten his countrymen. The compendious method for scattering plenty over a smiling land, which he expounded under the form of 'A Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff,' was to abolish the monarchy and the peerage. No better criticism can be pronounced upon his panacea than his own, in later life, upon the far more moderate views of Mr. Fox:—'It is extraordinary that the naked absurdity of the means did not raise a doubt as to the attainableness of the end.' The proceedings, however, of his French allies, began to teach him the dangers of precipitance. He wrote to a friend that he recoiled from the very idea of a revolution, and that he feared the destruction of vicious institutions was hastening on too fast. The Letter to Bishop

Digitized by Google

Bishop Watson was restored to his desk—and has never been published. Yet he clung tenaciously to his republican tenets, and between love for his abstract theories, and horror at their practical fruits, there was a perpetual conflict in his mind, and not a little inconsistency in his conduct. While he spoke with disgust of the miserable outrages which desolated France, while his sleep was nightly disturbed by ghostly dreams of dungeons and scaffolds, while he constantly pictured himself in these hideous visions as a terror-stricken victim, pleading in vain for life before the Revolutionary Tribunal, he was not the less indignant that England should array herself against the perpetrators of such crimes. Her interposition—though not warlike, as we all know, until the gauntlet was flung in her face—is declared by him to have been the first shock that was ever given to his *moral* nature! The assassinations had moved him, but what especially scandalised him was the attempt to tie up the hands of the assassins. So fanatical did he grow on the point, that he rejoiced when our soldiers fell by thousands, and mourned when we triumphed, allaying his grief with the treasonable hope that the enemy would hereafter have their day of vengeance. Long after it became apparent even to him that the sword of France was, like her guillotine, the bloody instrument of scoundrels who only talked of liberty to facilitate oppression, he went on asserting that Mr. Pitt was accountable for alienating him from his country. It might be supposed on his own showing that William Wordsworth, who helped, *pro puerili*, to let out the waters, had even more to answer for than William Pitt, who raised a dam to stop the progress of the deluge. In the course of a few years he became, in his own language, 'as active a member of the war party as his industry and abilities would allow.' To vindicate his consistency he then professed to remain persuaded that the war, however identified ultimately with righteous objects, was at the outset one of selfish tyranny and unprincipled ambition. It is needless now to vindicate Mr. Pitt against such perversions of fact and motive. By 1818 Wordsworth himself had come to speak and write in a far different strain.

Meanwhile, one good effect of the war was to set him labouring in his proper vocation. He had strayed to the Isle of Wight in the summer of 1793, and saw with an evil eye the equipment of the fleet. From thence he turned towards Wales, and while pacing over Salisbury Plain the dreary scene was connected in his imagination with the rovings of disbanded sailors and of the widows of the slain. He at once commenced, and in 1794 completed, the story of 'Guilt and Sorrow,' which did not appear entire

Digitized by Google

entire till 1842, but of which he published an extract in 1798, under the title of 'The Female Vagrant.' In regard to time it is separated from the Descriptive Sketches by a span, but in respect of merit they are parted by a gulf. He had ceased to walk in the train of Pope, and composed in the stanza of his later favourite Spenser. In no other hands has it proved so little cumbrous. It runs on with a light facility—never laboured, never harsh, and never cloying. There is an exquisite simplicity and polish in the language, equally removed from the bald prattle of many of the Lyrical Ballads and the turgid verbosity of many pages in The Excursion. The landscape-painting has a bright transparency, very unlike the misty crudeness of his earlier efforts; and in the human part of the poem there is a deep and genuine pathos, unalloyed by a taint of morbid exaggeration. The plot is badly contrived, but the interest is in the details. To be appreciated it must be read with patient tranquillity, for its beauties are of that quiet order which escape a hasty eye.

While Wordsworth was thus dissatisfied with public events, his private circumstances were full as gloomy. Of the little available property his father left, part had been expended in the fruitless endeavour to compel Lord Londsdale to pay his debt, and the remainder devoted to the education of the children. William was designed for the law or the church; but, for the former, he said, he had not strength of constitution, mind, or purse; and the latter must have been incompatible with his present opinions, both political and theological. It was part of his special satisfaction with the French Revolution that it had stripped the clergy of their 'guilty splendour.' His vagrancy and indolence, his turbulent intermeddling with the affairs of nations, and his total neglect of his own, justly alarmed and displeased his friends. He began to look anxiously for employment, and thought of establishing a monthly journal, to be called 'The Philanthropist.' Finding the scheme impracticable, he contemplated a connexion with an opposition newspaper—a department of letters in which, being nowise remarkable either for flexibility of talent or piquancy of style, he could never have attained much success. The question was pending when an event occurred which changed his destiny. Raisley Calvert, of a Cumberland family, and son of a steward of the Duke of Norfolk, was in a rapid decline, and our roving hero, whose previous acquaintance with him had been but slight, meeting him accidentally towards the close of 1794, and compassionating his solitary position, remained with him till his death, at Penrith, in January, 1795. The benevolence which prompted

Wordsworth

Digitized by Google

Wordsworth to give himself up to cheering the last few lonely weeks of a sick youth's life met with an instant and unexpected reward. The invalid imbibed a high opinion of his poetic powers, and to secure him, for a while at least, the free exercise of an unmarketable genius, bequeathed him nine hundred pounds. 'Poor fellow!' moralises Mr. Searle, 'he seems to have been born for this special purpose. I would not be thought to speak ungenerously of poor Calvert:—God forbid!—but still I cannot help thinking about Providence, and his dark, inscrutable ways, how he smites one frail child to the grave that another may have leisure to sing songs.' We are at a loss to say whether this comment is more ludicrous from its helpless silliness, or offensive from its conceited contempt. If Raisley Calvert was only created that he might leave a legacy to Wordsworth, for what does Mr. Searle suppose that myriads are born into the world who live no longer, accomplish no more, and have not a farthing to bequeath? Immortal beings are of some consideration on their own account, although they may neither sing mortal songs, nor endow the singers with worldly goods.

It was not the least advantage of the legacy that it was the indirect cause of extricating Wordsworth from the maze of speculations into which he had been drawn by the French Revolution. Meeting no government to his mind, he had arrived at the conclusion that every man should be a law to himself. He resolved to spurn the restraints of established rules, and recognise no other ground of action than what his varying circumstances suggested, as they arose, to his individual understanding. The next step in his new path was the endeavour to discover by that understanding, henceforth to be the sole light to his feet, what constituted good and evil, and what was the obligation to perform the one and shun the other. These propositions, however, proved too hard for even *his* unassisted reason, and the result was his abandoning moral questions in despair. Depressed and bewildered, he turned to abstract science, and was beginning to torment his mind with fresh problems, when, after his long voyage through unknown seas in search of Utopia, with sails full set, and without compass or rudder, his sister came to his aid, and conducted him back to the quiet harbour from which he started. His visits to her had latterly been short and far between, until his brightening fortunes enabled them to indulge the wish of their hearts to live together, and then she convinced him that he was born to be a poet, and had no call to lose himself in the endless labyrinth of theoretical puzzles. The calm of a home would alone have done much towards sobering his mind. While he roamed restlessly about

Digitized by Google

about the world he was drawn in by every eddy, and obeyed the influence of every wind; but when once he had escaped from the turmoil into the pure and peaceful pleasures of domestic existence, he felt the vanity and vexation of his previous course.

The autumn of 1795 found him and his sister settled in a house at Racedown, in Dorsetshire. It is a remarkable feature of his history, that all the time he was a hot-headed, intractable rover, he had lived a life of Spartan virtue. His Hawkshead training had inured him to cottage board and lodging, and the temptations of London and Paris had failed to allure him to extravagance or vice. His temperance and economy enabled him to derive more benefit from Calvert's bequest than would have accrued to poets in general from five times the sum. According to the Greek saying, he was rich in all the things he did not want; and it is a memorable fact that he and his sister lived together in happy independence for nearly eight years upon an income — Godsends included — which amounted to barely one hundred a-year. His example — a dangerous one he often in the sequel called it — will not lead many astray if it is followed by none but those who possess the prudence, perseverance, and powers, which were the basis of his prosperity. Some victims there will always be, because there will always be some who mistake ambition for genius, or strong tastes for corresponding talent.

Wordsworth now entered upon his poetical profession by paraphrasing several of the satires of Juvenal and applying them to the abuses which he conceived to reign in high places. The undertaking showed that the cask retained a scent of its late contents, but he soon desisted, and would never publish even a specimen. There is no Juvenalian vein in his own poetry, and, besides his subsequent objection to the sentiments, he was probably aware that he had failed to transfuse the point and energy of the Roman. His second experiment was equally foreign to his genius. He began his Tragedy of 'The Borderers' at the close of 1795, and bestowed upon it an immensity of time and thought for many succeeding months. Coleridge wrote to Cottle that it was 'absolutely wonderful. . . . There are in the piece those profound touches of human heart which I find three or four times in The Robbers of Schiller, and often in Shakspeare, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities.' It is idle to say that Coleridge often displayed exquisite critical acumen; but he is no safe authority — for to the partiality which is ordinarily engendered by personal affection, he superadded a propensity, which clung to him through life, for lending imaginary perfections to commonplace books. The Wordsworthian drama

Digitized by Google

drama was kept back for nearly five times the period prescribed by Horace, and when it appeared at last was considered, we believe, by all who read it, an unqualified failure. The plot has neither probability nor ingenuity. We can discover nothing individual in the personages, and no traits or manners in the least distinctive of their age and nation. As to the diction of the piece, a mawkish monotony pervades it, and a beggar-woman is the single character who utters a line or two of worthy verse. The cunning of the hand which penned 'Guilt and Sorrow' is nowhere apparent. The play was not intended for representation, nor could even excellent poetry have concealed its unfitness for the stage, since it is destitute of passion, movement, and incident. It was submitted, notwithstanding, to one of the actors at Covent Garden, and he, expressing strong approbation, advised Wordsworth to come up to London. He went with the conviction that it was a bootless journey, and when the managers rejected his MS. he signified a perfect acquiescence in their judgment.

It was in June, 1797, when this tragedy was on the verge of completion, that its first critic arrived at Racedown. Coleridge had met with the *Descriptive Sketches* in 1794, and discerned amid the faults of an immature understanding the promise of an original poetic genius. He, on his part, needed no other voucher for the possession of the richest intellectual gifts than what proceeded from his own most eloquent tongue. His mind, as yet undimmed by the fumes of opium, was now in its fullest and freshest bloom. Transcendental metaphysics had not monopolised his thoughts. His sympathies had a wider range than afterwards, and, if his discourse sometimes lost itself in clouds, they were clouds which glowed with gorgeous hues. All who saw him in his early prime are agreed that his finest works convey a feeble notion of the profusion of ideas, the brilliancy of imagery, the subtlety of speculation, the sweep of knowledge, which then distinguished his inexhaustible colloquial displays. Each poet had traversed regions of thought to which the other was comparatively a stranger: Wordsworth full of original contemplations upon nature—Coleridge more conversant with systems of philosophy, and all the varieties of general literature. Coleridge was astonished to find a man who, out of the common appearances of the world, could evolve new and unexpected feelings—Wordsworth was dazzled with the splendour of apparently boundless intellectual hoards. There sprang up between them on the instant the strongest sentiments of admiration and affection. 'I feel myself,' writes Coleridge, 'a little man by his side.' Of Miss Wordsworth he speaks with

Digitized by Google

with equal enthusiasm. 'His exquisite sister is a woman indeed!—in mind, I mean, and heart; for her person is such that, if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary—if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty! Her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly that who saw would say—

"Guilt was a thing impossible in her."

Her information various; her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer—it bends, protrudes, and draws in at subtlest beauties and most recondite faults.' What Wordsworth thought of his guest may be summed up in his well-known saying, that other men of the age had done wonderful things, but Coleridge was the only wonderful man he had even known. Coleridge then resided at Nether-Stowey, in Somersetshire, where the Wordsworths soon repaid his visit; and a house being to let in the neighbouring village of Alfoxden, they hired it forthwith, for the sole purpose of enjoying the daily converse of the 'noticeable man.'

The alliance was soon productive of important consequences. In November, 1797, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and his sister started on a pedestrian tour through the surrounding country. Their united funds being small, the poets resolved that their wits should pay for their pleasure, and they began a joint composition, to be sold for five pounds to the publisher of a Magazine. Thus was commenced the celebrated ballad of *The Ancient Mariner*. A friend of Coleridge had dreamt of a person who laboured under a curse for the commission of some crime, and upon this slight hint was built one of the most original and imaginative poems in the language. Wordsworth suggested, from a passage he had recently read in Shelvocke's Voyages, that the navigator's offence should be the shooting of the albatross—an incident which Coleridge turned to grand account. His partner in the venture started one or two other ideas, and assisted him here and there to a line, but they struck their notes in different keys, and Wordsworth, perceiving that he was only encumbering him with help, left him to chant by himself the whole of the mariner's 'wild and wondrous song.' Incident gave birth to incident, stanza to stanza, till there was too much verse for the money, and they thought of making up a volume. The result of the Beaumont and Fletcher experiment was sufficient to satisfy them that the natural was the stronghold of the one, and the supernatural of the other. It was therefore agreed that Coleridge should take for his groundwork superstitious agencies, and deduce from them the emotions which would really arise if the events were true; while Wordsworth

Digitized by Google

Wordsworth was to exhibit under fresh aspects the most ordinary characters and the most familiar objects. The essence of the system of Coleridge was to bring unearthly subjects within the range of earthly feelings; and that of Wordsworth to make manifest that lowly things had a high and spiritual significance. Acting in contrary directions, the combined effect was to place two worlds at the command of the reader—the first nearly closed to him, because it lay beyond the range of his daily experience; the second lost upon him, because it had grown too common to invite attention. Coleridge, after a fit of literary exertion, usually paused a long while to take breath, and he did nothing more to advance the scheme than frame a few fragments of *Christabel*, and *The Dark Ladie*. While *he* was dreaming, his brother hand was doing, and there was no day without its line. Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, had offered, before the tour, to purchase and publish the pieces which Wordsworth had then in stock, but the poet exhibited the utmost reluctance to submit his pretensions to public scrutiny. He said at the close of his life that all he wrote fell short of his aspirations, and that he questioned if he should ever have given anything to the world unless he had been forced by the pressure of personal necessities. When the vague imaginings of the mind are reduced into shape and substance, there is the same difference as between castles in the air and houses on earth, and the artist is unwilling to be judged by what he considers inadequate specimens of his power. The urgent need for five pounds having passed, it is doubtful whether Wordsworth might not again have postponed the publishing day, if another event had not occurred to quicken his decision.

Coleridge was visited at Stowey by Thelwall, who, though not quite forgotten as a lecturer on elocution, is chiefly remembered from his trial for high treason. He had thrown up the dangerous game of politics, and applied himself to farming. As he sat with Wordsworth and Coleridge in the glen of Alfoxden, the latter exclaimed, 'This is a place to reconcile one to all the jarrings and conflicts of the wide world.' 'Nay,' said the new agriculturist, 'to make one forget them altogether.' The Government, judging Thelwall by his antecedents, had no conception of the pastoral turn he had taken, and conjectured that his business was to hold treasonable counsels with the two minstrels. A spy was sent to dog the pair, and detect their deep designs. He hid behind a bank near their favourite seat by the sea-side, and heard them speak of Spinoza, which to his plebeian ears sounded like *Spy Nosey*. He thought for an instant that they had discovered his mission, and were making merry with his 'human face divine.'

Digitized by Google

vine.' Their talk proving innocent, where it was not unintelligible, he joined Coleridge on the road, and feigned himself a revolutionist to draw him out. The 'noticeable' rose up, 'terrible in reasoning,' and demonstrated jacobins to be so silly, as well as wicked, that the spy felt humbled to be even in seeming this contemptible character. His antagonist marked his discomfiture, and congratulated himself on having converted a disaffected democrat into a faithful subject of his sovereign lord the King. The less eloquent bard, however, though he, as it happened, had ceased to care about politics, was the most mistrusted by the villagers. 'As to Coleridge,' said one of them, 'there is not much harm in *him*, for he is a whirl-brain that talks whatever comes uppermost; but that Wordsworth! he is the dark traitor. You never hear *him* say a syllable on the subject.' His habits helped to aid the delusion. He was seen prowling about by moonlight in lonely places, and was overheard muttering to himself. At Hawkshead he had enjoyed the advantage of a sagacious dog, who returned to give him notice when any one approached. Rustics know nothing of the fine frenzy of poets, and to the opportunity afforded him of hushing his voice and composing his gait he ascribed his escape at that epoch from the imputation of being crazed. He had no advanced guard to warn him at Alfoxden when the enemy was coming; and the broken murmurs, which in quieter times would have been thought symptomatic of insanity, were understood in 1798 to indicate treason. According to Mr. Cottle's grave narrative—(which reflects, perhaps, *inter alia*, some bardic dreams)—opinion was not altogether unanimous, for a small minority maintained, from his mostly haunting the sea-shore, that W. W. was only a smuggler. The practical effect of the rumours was, that the agent of the landlord at Alfoxden refused to let the house any longer to so dangerous a character, and there was no other residence to be had in the neighbourhood. This determined the trio to spend a few months in Germany, and it was to raise cash for the expedition that Wordsworth screwed up his courage to publish the *Lyrical Ballads*.

The first idea was that he and Coleridge should print their respective tragedies, and Cottle was willing to give thirty guineas for each; but a revived expectation of getting them brought upon the stage induced both bards to fall back upon their minor pieces, and the Bristol bibliopole was invited to Alfoxden that he might hear, admire, and purchase. He readily proffered his standing fee of thirty guineas for Wordsworth's part of the volume, and made a separate bargain with Coleridge for the Ancient

Digitized by Google

Ancient Mariner. The publisher has preserved no memorials of his professional visit; but some particulars he has recorded of a former jaunt afford an amusing glimpse of the simplicity of living, and ignorance of common things, which then distinguished the gifted pair. Cottle drove Wordsworth from Bristol to Alfoxden in a gig, calling at Stowey by the way to summon Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth, who followed swiftly on foot. The Alfoxden pantry was empty—so they carried with them bread and cheese, and a bottle of brandy. A beggar stole the cheese, which set Coleridge expatiating on the superior virtues of brandy. It was he that, with thirsty impatience, took out the horse; but, as he let down the shafts, the theme of his eloquence rolled from the seat, and was dashed to pieces on the ground. Coleridge abashed gave the horse up to Cottle, who tried to pull off the collar. It proved too much for the worthy citizen's strength, and he called to Wordsworth to assist. Wordsworth retired baffled, and was relieved by the ever-handy Coleridge. There seemed more likelihood of their pulling off the animal's head than his collar, and they marvelled by what magic it had ever been got on. 'La, master,' said the servant-girl, who was passing by, 'you don't go the right way to work;' and turning round the collar, she slipped it off in an instant, to the utter confusion of the three luminaries. How Silas Comberbatch could have gone through his cavalry training, and W. W. have spent nine-tenths of his life in the country, and neither of them have witnessed the harnessing or unharnessing of a horse, must remain a problem for our betters.

After a preliminary tour on the Wye, the three friends sailed from Yarmouth for Hamburgh on the 16th of September, 1798, and about the same time the volume of Lyrical Ballads was published. The reviewers spoke of it with great severity, and its progress from ridicule to oblivion appeared so certain to Cottle, that he sold the larger part of the impression at a loss to a London brother of the craft, who complained in his turn that he had made a bad bargain. Not long after the Bristol bibliopole retired from business, and disposed of his copyrights to Longman, who telling him that the valuer had reckoned the Lyrical Ballads as *nothing*, the author, at Cottle's request, was complimented with the return of his property in the work. The failure was imputed by Wordsworth to the abuse of the critics and the introduction of the Ancient Mariner—long since allowed to have been the gem of the collection—which no one, he said, was able to comprehend. Southey, in a letter to William Taylor, calls it 'the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity he ever saw,' or we should have thought it impossible

Digitized by Google

possible that any lover of poetry could have been for an instant insensible to the power of the descriptions, the beauty of the language, and the varied music of the verse, or, above all, to the intensity of human feeling which gives soul and purpose to the supernatural incidents. But Wordsworth was at least mistaken in his supposition that the weight of Coleridge's contribution to the cargo had sunk his own more buoyant ballads. The subjects he selected, and his manner of treating them, had a full share in the unfavourable result, which nobody can now believe would have been different if the adventures of Peter Bell had been substituted for those of the Ancient Mariner.

The matter and manner of Wordsworth's verse were not suggested, as used to be asserted, by the ambition to found, at all hazards, a new school of poetry. It was the honest reflection of his natural feelings as they had been finally formed by the current of events. When he turned at intervals from the distractions of politics to rural wanderings, his mind, accustomed to excitement, required to be fed by stimulating scenes. He could not be satisfied, as formerly, with the ordinary exhibitions of sweet nature's grace. His enjoyment of lesser beauties was marred by his recollection of greater, and, the same spot growing stale, he was in perpetual pursuit of novel prospects. The fermentation worked itself off, and in a quieter mood he regarded these cravings as half a sensual passion. He reflected that nature had made nothing in vain, that every object had its appropriate excellence—and concluded that, if the mind exerted its perceptions as perfectly as the eye, the most barren localities would be instinct with meaning. He went further still. Were there, in truth, any deficiency of inherent interest, it ought, he considered, to be supplied out of the artist's intellectual resources. The actual qualities were to be endowed with properties, or associated with circumstances, not strictly belonging to them, though such as would appear to be natural and in keeping. This, in his sense of the word, was the office of the imagination, the highest faculty of the poet, which, not servilely copying mere appearances, modifies and creates, and from the bare materials presented to observation compounds a picture which shall surpass the literal landscape. The notion he had imbibed of the latent capabilities of insignificant objects led him, in the true spirit of system, to select them in preference. Hence sprung some of the merits and many of the defects of his verse. He brought into prominence numerous neglected sources of delight, but—convinced that he possessed that poetic stone the touch of which would turn lead to gold—he not unfrequently adopted trivialities which it was beyond his alchemy to transmute. It

Digitized by Google

It was not the inanimate part of creation alone which he subjected to his principle. At the period when he published the original volume of Lyrical Ballads the world of humankind was predominant in his contemplations. Here again his choice of materials was directed by the action of circumstances upon himself. Independently of relations and friends, man for him, in his early youth, had little other interest than as a figure in the landscape. The picturesque appearance of the shepherds tending their flocks among his native hills invested them in his mind with exalted attributes, but what they were in actual life he saw, he says, little and cared less. The breaking out of the French Revolution led him to consider the brethren of his race in their social capacities. He expected to see the combatants emerge from the conflict hardly lower than the angels, and when they proved a profane and brutal herd he looked for that worth in the component parts which was wanting in the mass. On settling in the West of England his attention was turned to the villagers around him. It seemed to him improbable that what was best in humanity should be the prerogative of a favoured few, and he examined how far the finer feelings were dulled by manual labour and vulgar wants. From daily intercourse with his neighbours he learnt that blunt manners were not incompatible with lively affections, and he lamented that books should mislead the higher classes into thinking that a rude outside was the symptom of a hardened heart. Then he resolved that he would stand forth the champion of the misconceived poor, that to their praise he would dedicate his muse, and endeavour to do them right in the eyes of the world. He fell into precisely the same mistake as before. Because much that deserved admiration had been too commonly overlooked, he went into the opposite error and demanded sympathy for the pettiest traits.

The staple of the author being to an unusual degree identical with that of his every-day observation and reflection as a man, it was upon the feelings themselves, more than upon the mode of expressing them, that he believed his poetry to depend. His aim was not to dazzle by ornate and pointed language, but to bring home the conceptions which filled his own heart to the hearts of others. He might consider that plain words would yield the clearest sense, that a homely style was best adapted for homely topics, and his preference for unadorned English might be increased by his disgust for the tawdry phraseology which was often a substitute for ideas. It was his fate, however, to carry every portion of his system to extremes, and not stopping at the point of strong and simple English he embraced in his vocabulary the feeblest forms of common talk.

Digitized by Google The

The volume which first attracted the notice of the world to his name contained very few poems. Of these three or four were in Wordsworth's finest manner—about the same number partly good, partly puerile;—and the remainder belong to a class all but universally condemned. The longest, and, perhaps with the exception of *Goody Blake and Harry Gill*, the absurdest of the pieces, was *The Idiot Boy*, in which the design was 'to trace the maternal passion through many of its subtlest windings.' No one could have divined the author's purpose from the tale itself, and in his triumphant confidence in his theories he throughout selects the circumstances which are most remote from general sympathy. His model-mother is nearly as silly as the object of her solicitude;—the whole train of adventures are so mean and even grotesque, and the style and metre so grovelling, that the uninitiated might be pardoned for doubting whether he wrote in earnest or in jest. Nevertheless, when he sent a copy of the second edition of the Lyrical Ballads to Charles Fox, out of four pieces which the statesman selected for commendation, two were Goody Blake and The Idiot Boy. Cottle comes forward with a further testimonial in favour of the first of these rural romances. He read several of the ballads to some ladies at the house of Hannah More, to their 'great amusement,' which is not, to be sure, the emotion that Wordsworth meant to excite, and Hannah herself encored Goody Blake, lifting up her hands 'in smiling horror' at the imprecation upon Harry Gill,—'Oh, may he never more be warm!' Horror is in a hopeful way when it begins to smile, and we cannot help suspecting that the lively guest of Garrick retained enough of her old fun to divert herself with the simplicity of Wordsworth's rhymes as well as of Cottle's rapture.

The knowledge we now possess of the formation of the poet's opinions enables us in part to understand what beguiled him into stretching his system till it snapped—or at worst we may with Scott express our surprise that he should sometimes 'choose to crawl upon all fours when God had given him a noble countenance to lift up to heaven'—but the preponderance of childish pieces must inevitably at the outset have reflected suspicion on the few happier accompaniments, lent support to the critics who broadly questioned his capacity, and in short sealed the fate of the publication.

At Hamburgh he had two or three interviews with Klopstock, and made notes of the conversation. Klopstock commended Wieland's *Oberon*, and Wordsworth objected that the interest was based upon the animal appetite instead of the mental passion of love. Klopstock replying that this was the way to please, Wordsworth rejoined that the province of a poet was

Digitized by Google

was to raise people up to his own level, and not to descend to theirs. It is the principle by which he always professed to be governed—and the early expression of it, before he was aware of the reception of his Lyrical Ballads, is a proof that it was not an after-thought to solace himself for neglect. It was Klopstock's turn to be critical upon English authors, and he complained of the Fool in Lear—which drew from Wordsworth the acute observation that 'he imparted a terrible wildness to the distress.' The 'German Milton' rated highly the faculty of drawing tears, but his visitor maintained that nothing was easier, and that the meanest writers did it every day. In England—to say nothing of Germany—attention to this undeniable truth would prevent an immense amount of misplaced admiration. There are certain topics—death-bed scenes especially—which never fail to move, and the more morbid and melodramatic the description, the more the writer is praised for pathetic power.

From Hamburgh Coleridge proceeded to Ratzeburgh and the Wordsworths to Goslar, where they remained till the February of 1799. Their main object was to learn the language, but they chose their abiding city ill. There was no society, and their only opportunities of conversing were with the people of the house, whose casual talk was not very classic. They were both glad to make their way back to England in the spring, and went to pass a few weeks with some old friends at Sockburn-on-Tees. During his residence abroad, Wordsworth had continued the composition of minor pieces, and, according to his sister, hurt his health by over-activity of mind. Having exercised his wings in short preparatory flights, he now felt ambitious to hazard a wider sweep. He had a strong inclination to try an epic, but was beset by the usual difficulty—the choice of a subject—and not being able to hit upon any which united every advantage, he at length determined to take himself for his theme. He mistrusted his present capacity of composing worthily an invented narrative, and here he had only to tell what he had felt and done. *The Prelude* was commenced in consequence in 1799, and completed in May 1805. This metrical autobiography—never published in full till after his death—is valuable because it preserves many facts and opinions which might otherwise have gone unrecorded; but the matter would have been much better said than sung. In such a scheme there must inevitably be a compromise between poetry and prose, which ends in something that is neither. Completeness and perspicuity must bend on the one hand to the constraint of verse, and a concession must be made on the other of

 many

Digitized by Google

many of the elegances of verse to the commonplaces of life. There are a few poetical passages in The Prelude, and many poetical lines and expressions, but, upon the whole, it is bald and cumbrous as a poem, and as a narrative it frequently tantalizes by its generalities and perplexes by its obscurity. Upon the artistical execution of his blank verse Wordsworth bestowed unusual pains. He had elaborate ideas of regulating the pauses and cadences of every line for some special effect of harmony and emphasis, and he was equally solicitous that there should be a linked sweetness in the general movement of the paragraph. Yet, strange to say, none of our great poets have in the main written that arduous measure with less felicity. With him it has ordinarily neither majesty nor freedom—neither a full swell nor a mellifluous flow—but there is very often a painful harshness, and almost always a flimsiness of structure, which yields a flat and meagre sound. Many parts of *The Prelude* consist of bare prose cut up into lengths. Nearly the same —in spite of whatever exceptional felicities—may indeed be said of almost all who have encountered the difficulties of our blank verse. Can it be asserted that any besides Shakspeare and Milton—in their widely different uses of it—have entirely triumphed?

In September, 1799, Coleridge and Wordsworth made a tour through Cumberland and Westmoreland, and were specially enchanted with Grasmere. A cottage was vacant in that lovely vale:—it had previously been a public-house, with the sign of The Dove and Olive Bough—Wordsworth hired it—and there he and his sister found rest for the soles of their feet on the 21st of December. When they went to reside they performed most of the journey from Sockburn on foot, and one day accomplished twenty miles over uneven roads frozen into rocks, in the teeth of a keen wind and a driving snow. Once only they got a lift in an empty cart, but their spirits were as high as the thermometer was low, and Shakspeare tells us that a merry heart can go all the day. They lived at Grasmere in the same simplicity with which they travelled there. When the poet's circumstances were more flourishing his establishment is described as having the air of a comfortable vicarage; at Grasmere it must have been more in the style of the curate. In later life the day began and closed with prayers; and after breakfast the family read the lessons and psalms. They assembled at eight in the morning, dined at two, and drank tea at seven. In every essential respect his habits continued unchanged from his prime to his decline; and the portrait of one period will serve for all. The saying of the great and good Lord Falkland that a house was only for shelter

Digitized by Google

shelter from the rain was improved on by the Wordsworths, who braved all weathers to indulge their love of nature. The poet was not a saunterer, but used on all occasions—sometimes to the dismay of attendant admirers—that bold and sturdy step, in which native vigour and abundant practice had made him indomitable. One day he was showing an Eastern traveller the beauties of the country at a time when the torrents were swollen with rain. 'I hope,' said he, 'you like your companions—these bounding, joyous, foaming streams.' 'No,' replied the pompous guest; 'I think they are not to be compared in delightful effect with the silent solitude of the Arabian Desert.' The lover of the Lakes was indignant at the slight, and resolved to be revenged on the bigoted Orientalist, who to his misfortune was dressed in boots and a thick greatcoat. 'I am sorry you don't like this,' rejoined W. W.; 'perhaps I can show you what will please you more;' and with these words he strode away from crag to vale, from vale to crag, for six consecutive hours, till the vaunting wanderer over the Desert was reduced to perfect submission of body and mind. 'I thought,' said his host, 'I should have had to carry him home.'

In his rambles Wordsworth contracted an extensive acquaintance with yeomen and peasants, and mingled much in what he expressively calls their '*slow* and familiar chat.' Mr. Justice Coleridge, whose Reminiscences are the most valuable portion of the Memoirs, says that it was impossible to go a mile in his company without observing his affectionate interest in simple natures; with what easy, hearty kindness he addressed all he met; and how full was their demeanour towards him of cordiality and respect, of love and honour. His particular delight was to detect traits in the poor which denoted sensibility of heart. 'I like,' said a shepherd to him, as they went along the bank of a murmuring stream, 'I like to walk where I can hear the sound of a beck.' 'I cannot but think,' comments Wordsworth, always eager to give a worthy sentiment its widest scope, 'that this man has had many devout feelings connected with the appearances which have presented themselves to him in his employment, and that the pleasure of his heart at that moment was an acceptable offering to the Divine Being.' Mr. Justice Coleridge was with him when they met a humble neighbour with a string of trout, which Wordsworth wished to buy. 'Nay,' replied the man, 'I cannot sell them; the little children at home look for them for supper, and I can't disappoint them;'—an answer which charmed the poet. The juniors had an abundant share of his attention. Mr. Robinson observed him at the Amphitheatre of Nismes absorbed in the least imposing

Digitized by Google

part of the prospect. They were two young children playing with flowers which had captivated his eye, and his fellow-traveller overheard him murmuring, 'Oh, you darlings! how I wish I could put you in my pocket and carry you to Rydal Mount!'

It was in the open air that he found the materials for his poems, and it was, he says, in the open air that nine-tenths of them were shaped. A stranger asked permission of the servant at Rydal to see the study. 'This,' said she, as she showed the room, 'is my master's library where he keeps his books, but his study is out of doors.' The poor neighbours, on catching the sound of his humming in the act of verse-making after some prolonged absence, were wont to exclaim, 'There he is; we are glad to hear him *booing* about again.' From the time of his settlement at Grasmere he had a physical infirmity which prevented his composing pen in hand. Before he had been five minutes at the desk his chest became oppressed, and a perspiration started out over his whole body; to which was added, in subsequent years, incessant liability to inflammation in his eyes. Thus, when he had inwardly digested as many lines as his memory could carry, he had usually recourse to some of the inmates of his house to commit them to paper.

The misfortunes which hindered his writing must have been a check upon reading—but in truth he had not the inclination to be a 'helluo librorum.' He cared for no modern works except travels and records of fact, and he wrote to Archdeacon Wrangham, in 1819, that he had not spent five shillings on new publications in as many years. Even of old books his circumstances allowed him to buy but few—and yet, 'small and paltry,' he adds, 'as is my collection, I have not read a fifth of it.' Dr. Johnson himself was hardly more careless in his mode of handling a volume:—the neat and careful Southey compared Wordsworth in a library to a bear in a tulip-garden. The Elizabethan dramas were with a few selected poets, his principal favourites, and what he read at all was perused with thoughtful deliberation. His sister without any of the airs of learned ladies, had a refined perception of the beauties of literature, and her glowing sympathy and delicate comments cast new light upon the most luminous page. Wordsworth always acknowledged that it was from her and Coleridge that his otherwise very independent intellect had derived the greatest assistance.

Nature, he held, had gifted him with qualifications for two other callings besides that of a poet—landscape gardening and criticism on works of art. His ear was not musical, and smell he may be said to have had none whatever—in both which

Digitized by Google

which deficiencies he resembled Scott—but his eye, in compensation, was endowed with the acutest sense of form and colour, to which he owed much of his boundless gratification in the ever-varying hues and outlines of nature. He had not only a sensitive feeling for the beautiful, but he knew by what combination of circumstances the beauty was produced. It is a necessary inference that he should pay particular attention to the arrangement of his garden, and that he should be successful in his efforts. The anxiety of his gardener that the grass should be of a shade to harmonise with the shrubs is pleasantly recorded by Sir John Coleridge.—'James and I are in a puzzle here,' said the poet to the judge. 'The grass has spots which offend the eye, and I told him we must cover them with soap-lees. That, he says, will make the green there darker than the rest. Then, said I, we must cover the whole. That, he objects, will not do with reference to the adjoining lawn. Cover that, I said; to which he replies, You will have an unpleasant contrast with the surrounding foliage.'—How much the tasteful James was indebted to his instructor may be guessed by the sentence pronounced by a rustic of the class from which he sprung, upon the beautiful mosses, lichens, and ferns which ornamented the rim of the well at Rydal. 'What a nice well that would be,' he said to Wordsworth in person, 'if all that *rubbish* was cleared away!'

Walking, reading, and gardening were the recreations of life at the Dove and Olive Bough. The business was to write poetry, and Wordsworth immediately commenced preparing a new volume of Lyrical Ballads, to be joined to a second edition of the first. He has related that all his pieces were founded upon fact, and it is now apparent from the published fragments of his sister's journal that it was she who supplied him with many of his materials—often, indeed, with merely hints which owed their value to his own embellishment, but sometimes, also, with everything except the rhyme. She was a poet by nature, though she wrote her poetry in prose. Wordsworth's pretty stanzas on the Daffodils are only an enfeebled paraphrase of a magical entry in her journal:—'There was a long belt of daffodils close to the water-side. They grew among the mossy stones about them: some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily *laughed* with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing.' Few poets ever lived who could have written a description so simple and original, so vivid and picturesque. Her words are scenes, and something more.

'Fairer

Digitized by Google

'Fairer than life itself in thy sweet book
Are cowslip bank and shady willow-tree.'

The enlarged edition of the Ballads was published in 1800. Thirty-seven pieces were added to the twenty he contributed to the original collection, and the supplement materially increased the proportion of good to bad. The doubtful lyrics were few and brief, and the humblest in a higher strain than Goody Blake and The Idiot Boy. In their new form they had no contemptible sale, for without lowering the price, as before, to effect a clearance, there was a reprint in 1802 and another in 1805, and Jeffrey speaks of them in the Edinburgh Review of October, 1807, as having been 'unquestionably *popular*.' The author sent a copy to Mr. Fox, with a complimentary letter, in which he told him that if, since his entrance into public life, there had existed a single true poet in England, that poet must have loved him for his sensibility of heart. The true poet in the present instance still continued to be a true Whig, and the sympathy was much more political than poetic. *Michael* and *The Brothers*, which were written 'to show that men can feel deeply who do not wear fine clothes,' he particularly recommended to the notice of the statesman, because they had a bearing upon the legislative measures for the relief of the poor. Mr. Fox replied briefly that he had read the poems with the greatest pleasure, but that, disliking blank verse for subjects which are treated with simplicity, The Brothers and Michael had failed to impress him. A more favourable judgment might have been expected from that sensibility of heart which Wordsworth justly ascribed to him, for both the pieces are extremely touching. A striking novelty in the book was the celebrated preface in which the author laid down his poetical creed. The theories he advanced were not altogether the cause of his practice, but had been devised in part to meet the objections of his critics. The effect was by no means answerable to the design. Even where the poems found favour the principles were repudiated.

The year 1802 was an eventful one to the poet. The stubborn old Lord of Lowther Castle was summoned by a creditor who takes no denial, and the kinsman on whom the estates devolved was conspicuous for every virtue and grace of character which had been wanting in his predecessor. He immediately paid the Wordsworths the original debt of 5000*l.* and 3500*l.* more for interest. There were five children, and the two shares which went to 'The Dove and Olive Bough' enabled the poet to add, among other domestic comforts, the chiefest of all —an excellent wife. He was married at Brompton, October 4, 1802,

Digitized by Google

1802, to Mary Hutchinson, whom he had known from childhood, for they had learnt to spell together at a dame's school at Penrith. 'Wedlock,' says Jeremy Taylor, 'hath greater joys and greater sorrows,' but no marriage could have had more of the first greater, or less of the second.

In the following year he made three notable friendships—with Walter Scott, whom he met in the course of a tour through Scotland; with Southey, who was residing with Coleridge at Keswick; and with Sir George Beaumont, who had also fallen in Coleridge's way. That great colloquial orator had set forth with his utmost zeal the high qualities of his friend at Grasmere, and the ardent sympathy, personal and poetical, which existed between them. The glowing picture moved the amiable Baronet before he had seen Wordsworth to purchase him a site for a house in a romantic spot on the confines of Keswick. It was his ardent desire, he wrote to the stranger, to bring him and Coleridge together, conceiving that their intellectual enjoyments would be invigorated by interchange, and both stimulated to increased exertion. Wordsworth's gratitude was great, but for two months he kept it to himself, without one word of acknowledgment to the donor, content, he says, to 'breathe forth solitary thanksgivings.' The trait is curiously characteristic. The excess of kindness which would have moved most men to give vent on the instant to the gushing and unstudied impulses of their hearts, was by him considered a reason for performing the duty with elaborate care in 'his best, purest, and happiest moments.' The mental labour with which he composed a letter, and the physical difficulty with which he wrote it, continued the procrastination, till it grew painful to himself and puzzling to his benefactor. The main design proved abortive, for Coleridge soon went abroad again in search of health, and Wordsworth's money was disposed in ways which made it inconvenient for him to build—but a lasting intimacy with the Beaumonts was the consequence. Besides the bond of worth and intelligence, the poet and painter had a thorough appreciation of each other's art, and a common enthusiasm for landscape gardening and scenery. Wordsworth used to say that unless poverty had prevented it he should have been a ceaseless rambler. When he had settled down into domestic life, to travel continued to be his principal luxury, and at the death of the gentle and accomplished Sir George, in 1827, he bequeathed his friend an annuity of 100*l.* to enable him to indulge in a yearly tour.

The first serious sorrow which fell upon the circle at Grasmere was the shipwreck in 1805 of Wordsworth's brother John, a captain

Digitized by Google

captain in the East India Company's naval service. The brothers had only seen each other by glimpses since they were at school together at Hawkshead till they met in the Cumberland and Westmoreland tour of 1799, and then the genius of the Lakes was delighted to find in the navigator of the seas a person whose taste for scenery and poetry was not less acute and refined than his own. 'Your brother John,' wrote Coleridge to Miss Wordsworth, 'is one of you—a man who hath solitary usings of his own intellect, deep in feeling, with a subtle tact, and swift instinct of truth and beauty.' He had none of the vices, nor even the manners, of his profession, but was meek, shy, and meditative, and went among his crew by the name of 'The Philosopher.' John admired what William had written, and was thoroughly persuaded that, notwithstanding the clouds which obscured his rising, he was destined to shine among the stars of song. He did not expect his brother's poems to become rapidly popular. He said they required frequent perusal to be fully appreciated, and that the majority of readers were too little interested to look at them twice, but that people of sense would be gradually won, and the thinking few would carry the unthinking many in their train. The Captain's ambition, meanwhile, was to complete what Raisley Calvert had begun, and secure a more bountiful independence for his brother and sister. *He* would work for *them*, he said, and William should work for the world. With these hopes he made a voyage in 1801, and returned poorer than he went. He tried his luck once more in 1803, and fortune again withheld her favour. In 1805 he sailed for the third time, carrying with him his share of his father's property and 1200*l.* belonging to William and Dorothy, which, if his speculation had been prosperous, would have realised sufficient to put them all at ease. He had a dread of pilots, and used to say that it was a joyful hour when he got rid of them. The catastrophe justified his mistrust. It was an incompetent pilot that ran his ship, the Abergavenny, on the shambles of the Bill of Portland, and, though she was got off, she filled with water and sank while they were trying to run her upon Weymouth sands. The Captain, who had remained cool and cheerful to the last, perished with the larger part of the crew. 'A dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortunes of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck.'* The news reached them when they were conjecturing that the vessel must have touched Madeira, and nothing could exceed the bitter-

* Jeremy Taylor.

Digitized by Google

ness

ness of their grief. The poet, in his letters, exhausted panegyric on the affectionate sailor, and makes it the climax of his praise that he was worthy to be the brother of Dorothy and the friend of Coleridge.

In 1807 Wordsworth published two new volumes, which contained the Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, and many more of his choicest pieces. Here appeared his first sonnets, and several of them are still ranked among his happiest efforts in that department. He had long admired the sonnets of Milton, but, when his sister read them to him one afternoon in 1801, he was so profoundly impressed with their dignified simplicity and majestic harmony, that he immediately tried to imitate the soul-animating strains. He held in regard to matter that the excellence of the sonnet consisted in a pervading unity of sense, and in regard to metre that it should have something of the combined effect of rhyme and blank verse—an admirable description, which would enable many to enjoy this species of poetry who are balked from a false expectation of epigrammatic point and a more marked confluence of similar sounds. Intermingled with the wheat were a few tares, such as the unfortunate Alice Fell and the Lines to Wilkinson's Spade—but altogether it will not now be denied that the volumes were equal, if not superior, to their predecessors. Jeffrey, however, maintained that they were miserably inferior, and his Article put an absolute stop to the sale. The paper which worked this sad effect is not an elaborate production. There is little disquisition, and no wicked wit. The censor spoke of the poems with brief and quiet contempt, and left it to the extracts he subjoined to justify his words. How came it, then, that a man of genius could be felled by so faint a blow? Undoubtedly because he persisted in putting forth pieces which were quite unworthy of him, and which, when brought together in a few pages by a dexterous journalist, were sufficient to convince the lazy public that the man who wrote so badly could by no possibility write well. The lances of the critics would have been but straws if he had not perversely doffed his helmet for the barber's bason. As Jeffrey's own judgment was not based upon a partial knowledge of the volumes, contrariety of taste can alone explain the heartiness of his condemnation and the coldness of his praise. In several cases he has set his heel upon a flower. He calls *Yarrow Unvisited*, for instance, 'a very tedious, affected performance, of which the drift is that the poet refused to visit this celebrated stream, because he had a vision of his own about it which the reality might undo.' Jeffrey was, as well as Wordsworth, a lover of nature, though he looked upon the world with a less

Digitized by Google

a less imaginative eye, and he might have been expected to sympathise with a sentiment which, in some form or other, must have been felt by everybody, and which was never so sweetly expressed before:—

'For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow.'

The insensibility shown to his poetry led Wordsworth to extol the advantages of a catholic taste. He objected to his detractors that they had never had the patience to enter into the spirit of his works, and he was even intolerant of admirers who took exception to the barren spots in the prospect. Such was his demand upon the perceptions of others, that, when himself and Sir George Beaumont were watching the unsavoury undulations of smoke from a blown-out tallow candle, he thought it indicated a defect of imagination in Crabbe that he put on the extinguisher. Unhappily for the romance of the sight, the sense of smell which nature had denied to Wordsworth was entire in his brother bard. But the universality of taste which the Lake poet preached he was the last to practise. He had deprived himself of all right to complain, for his harshest reviewer did him more justice than he was wont to deal out to his greatest contemporaries. His mind was not merely dead to their beauties and alive to their faults, but he sometimes indulged in an extravagance of censure which had no foundation whatsoever. He respected the decrees of that posterity to which he was accustomed to appeal no more than the judgments of the passing day. Posterity has ranked Gray among our happiest poets, and Wordsworth denied that he was a poet at all. He once related that he had never felt envy but twice—when a fellow-student at Cambridge got before him in Italian, and when he tripped up the heels of his brother to prevent his winning a race. Some little jealousy of the poets who ran, or were esteemed to run, better than himself, might have operated unknowingly in after-life; but the principal cause of the rash opinions he pronounced was the very narrowness of taste which he charged upon his critics. Verse which stirred the most cultivated minds like the sound of a trumpet found no echo in his, because he was bound up in the thraldom of a system—that is, in the eternal contemplation of his own theories as exemplified in his own performances. When he quotes two or three lines from his poem on the Wye, to show their superiority to the celebrated passage of Lord Byron on Solitude, he adds, that he does it for the sake of truth, and not from the disgusting motive of commending himself at the expense of a rival genius. He was sincere in his disclaimer; but nothing can evince so strongly the evil consequences of brooding

Digitized by Google

brooding too exclusively over his own sweet notes as that he should have come to the conclusion that these complacent comparisons were identical with the sacred cause of truth. The lofty station that he claimed among poets, and the low place he assigned to others whom the public had bid to go up higher, were notorious in every literary circle, and did him no good among the northern fraternity.

A second principle which he enforced and violated was, that nobody's opinion upon a work could be so valuable as an author's own, because *he* is sure to have pondered it with a hundred times the care of any one else. If the rule was just, what became of his dogmatic denial of the excellence of many of his fellow-poets? By his own confession he was an incompetent judge, and ought to have submissively received the law he presumed to give. But a doctrine more belied by daily experience was never delivered. Pope says that genius is claimed by every mother for her booby son, and whole troops of boobies claim it for themselves. Nay, our very Miltons, who could hardly over-estimate the sublimity of their genius, form the falsest estimate of the relative value of their works, and put Paradise Regained above Paradise Lost. The excess of meditation which an author bestows upon his productions is vitiated by an ingredient which Wordsworth ignores—an equal excess of self-love, which converts blots into beauties. He might, in his own particular case, have profited by the critics to whom he turned a deaf ear, for the faults they branded were in general real, and the mistake was in overlooking the merits which redeemed them.

On the appearance of the volumes of 1807 Lady Beaumont wrote expressing her anxiety for their success. Wordsworth replied that she must moderate her expectations, for the generation was stiff-necked, and would never bow down before him. London wits and party-goers led, he assured her, too heartless an existence to have any love for nature, human or inanimate, and even the kindly portion of the world had allowed that imagination to droop and die, without which he could not be tasted or even comprehended. It was the young he hoped to influence—to teach them the worthy use of their faculties, and make them feel the power of a universe upon which the majority looked with languid eyes. He believed that it was the spirit of his poetry to calm them in affliction, and to put life into their happiness—to add sunshine to daylight, and to show them that there were stars for the night. His hopes and his ambition have not been disappointed; and it is pleasant to observe that the more popular he became the humbler he grew. In a letter of 1839 he speaks with

Digitized by Google

with abated assurance of the destiny of his works, and says that, standing on the brink of the vast ocean he was about to cross, it troubled him little how long he should remain in sight of the multitude who were left behind upon the shore. The reaction of conscious power against the undue attempt to keep it down is some apology for self-exaltation—and the general recognition of his genius, coupled with the effects of age in dimming the vanities of life, could not be lost upon so good and great a man.

Wordsworth's next publication was in prose. His indignation rose at the grasping tyranny of Napoleon, and in May, 1809, he put forth a pamphlet against the Convention (misnamed) of Cintra, in which he delivered at large his opinions on the war. The sentiments were spirit-stirring, but the manner of conveying them was the reverse, and his protest passed unheeded. It was an article of his literary creed, that all good poets, without a single exception, write good prose,—but he has himself broken in upon the uniformity of the rule. The phraseology of his sentences is heavy and frigid; the construction involved; and, though he grudges not space, the loose and circumlocutory diction constantly leaves his meaning dark. But what was least to be expected, there is a poverty of thought even upon subjects which he thoroughly understood. An epistle or rather dissertation, in the Memoirs, addressed to Sir George Beaumont, upon laying out grounds, is nothing more than a pompous paraphrase of a single dictum of Coleridge—and a very large share of the correspondence is of the same forbidding description. There are, indeed, specimens of a far different kind. An early letter to his sister, for example, during the tour with Jones, contains some charmingly fresh descriptions of scenery—and the letter to Scott upon Dryden—which is not the least in his usual manner—is admirable altogether. Southey imputed his want of perspicuity to his habit of dictating and his enthusiasm for Milton's stately prose. Wordsworth ascribed it himself to his little practice in the art. He confessed that he had a lack of words, or, to speak more correctly, of the *right* words, and a deficiency of skill in the arrangement of them, which he thought use would remove. The admiration of Milton may account for the cumbrousness, and the want of practice for the awkwardness of his style, but neither will explain why a teeming mind should have shown upon paper such sterility of ideas.

By the birth of three children the circle had outgrown the accommodations of The Dove and Olive Bough, and in the spring of 1808 the family shifted to Allan Bank, a newly-built house, with

Digitized by Google

with inveterately smoky chimneys. From this misery they were delivered by the determination of the proprietor to enjoy his own smoke, and the Wordsworths removed in 1811 to Grasmere Parsonage. Here, however, in the following year, two of the children died—and the parents became anxious to escape from a place where every object reminded them of their loss. In the spring of 1813 they quitted the vale of Grasmere, and found their final establishment at Rydal Mount—a modest but most comfortable residence, the usual jointure-house, we believe, of the Le Fleming family, an ancient line of baronets, whose principal seat and its fine old woods stand hard by. The view from the terrace is most beautiful—including not only the small lake of Rydal but part of Windermere: and the grounds and gardens were by degrees most skilfully embellished under the poet's direction.

A piece of rare prosperity came to cheer him in his new abode. On the 27th of March he was made 'distributor of stamps' for the county of Westmoreland, an office which produced between five and six hundred a-year. He owed the appointment to the interest of Lord Lonsdale, whom he gratefully acknowledged to have been 'the best benefactor of himself and his children.' That excellent nobleman had previously offered to purchase for him a small property at Ulleswater, which he desired to possess. The estate was to be sold for a thousand pounds, which being two hundred more than Wordsworth thought it prudent to give, he allowed Lord Lonsdale to pay this portion of the cost, though he declined to avail himself, to the full extent, of his patron's munificence. The Poet ever after took great delight in carrying friends from a distance to spend a holiday with him at his own little outlying domain of Patterdale, where the farmer's cottage, if we recollect rightly, bore also some ensign of public hospitality, though certainly neither the Wordsworth Arms nor the Wordsworth Head.

The Canon of Westminster has a theory to explain why the period of sojourn at Allan Bank was not prolific in verse. The family went in before the workmen were out, and the biographer conjectures that his uncle's repose was disturbed by the noise of hammers and saws. The workmen must soon have departed, but the smoke remained, and that, we are told, nearly extinguished his imagination for the remainder of the term. There is an objection to the theory which its ingenious parent has overlooked. These three years were so far from being unproductive, that they were among the most important and laborious of his uncle's life, for it was then that *The Excursion* was chiefly composed. It was not committed to the press till the summer of 1814, and, as the poet predicted, its progress to notice was slow. His nephew says that

Digitized by Google

that Jeffrey 'boasted he had *crushed* it.' Jeffrey was never the noodle to expose himself by such a vaunt. It was the Ettrick Shepherd who called the article, in a letter to Southey, 'a *crushing* review,' and Southey retorted—'Jeffrey crush *the Excursion!* Tell him he might as easily crush Skiddaw.' On this grave affair both Southey's Correspondence and the Autobiographical Preface to Roderick are in direct contradiction to the Canon's statement. The poet, on *his* part, was not slow to boast in the opposite direction. 'I am delighted,' he wrote, 'to learn that the Edinburgh Aristarch has declared against The Excursion, as he will have the mortification of seeing a book enjoy a high reputation to which he has not contributed.' The author has proved a better prophet than his critic, but it is impossible to gainsay many of the remarks which followed the redoubtable Editor's inimitable proclamation —'*This will never do!*' The Excursion was designed for the second part of a philosophical poem upon 'Man, Nature, and Society'—and for any philosophical purpose is altogether a failure. Many difficulties are propounded, and many answers given, but in a style as verbosely mystical as the ideas are shadowy. Much of the obscurity is produced by the endeavour to discover in the book of God's works what is only to be found in the book of his Word. Wordsworth's apology late in life was, that, fearing he might err in articles of faith, he had purposely confined himself to inferior influences. Any one who reads *The Excursion* deliberately must feel that the defence is insufficient. There was no call to descant upon disputed doctrines, but there is many a page in which some allusion to the recognised truths of Christianity was demanded by the subject, and where the substitution of unsatisfactory, and often fanciful, inferences from Nature is like shutting out the sun to grope in darkness. Wordsworth was an earnest member of the Church of England; and though doubtless his religious impressions deepened with age, the omissions in The Excursion were not the consequence of a defective creed. They resulted from the circumstance that he had taken profound and original views of the visible world, and his peculiar system had assumed an importance in his mind beyond what belonged to it in relation to universal truth. The incongruity of putting the philosophy of the poem into the mouth of a Pedler arose from his rigid adherence to another part of his scheme—the desire to exhibit tenderness of heart and loftiness of thought in classes where they were supposed to exist in a very diminished degree. In vindication of his choice of a hero, he has related that he made him what he conceived he should have been himself if it had pleased God to place him in that state of life. The public could not be expected to follow him in his uncertain conjectures of the kind

Digitized by Google

kind of person he might have become if his birth, education, and employment had been totally different, nor would critics be disposed to agree with him that, with all these diversities of circumstances, Wordsworth the Pedler would still have been Wordsworth the Poet.

In spite of the cloudy and unsubstantial philosophy, and its unsuitability to the condition of the principal speaker, in spite too of long and frequent paragraphs of dreary prosing, The Excursion was yet a noble addition to the English Library. It owes its now universal recognition as such to the beauty of the pictures of rustic life and rural scenes with their exquisite accompaniment of natural feeling. The story of *Margaret*—originally an independent piece, composed at Racedown and Alfoxden—is the most pathetic of his productions, and the one which displays the greatest knowledge of the human heart. The *Churchyard in the Mountains* is another admirable poem in itself; and, besides the numerous passages of sustained excellence, there are atoning lines and images in the dullest portions of the work.

In the following year (1815) appeared *The White Doe of Rylstone*. In conception the author considered that it held the highest place among his poems. 'Everything,' he said, 'attempted by the principal personages failed in its material effects and succeeded in its mental.' The idea is good; but, as was common with him, it is faintly brought out. A second feature upon which he prided himself was, that he had represented objects as deriving their influence not from properties which really belonged to them, but from qualities which the imagination of the human agents bestowed. His manner of applying this favourite maxim is, to our thinking, a capital defect in the poem. The main purpose of the narrative is to show how Emily acquired passive fortitude after the violent death of her father and brothers. Nothing brings relief till the White Doe fawns upon her with a kind of loving intelligence. To be soothed by such an incident is according to nature, but to represent it as effectually restoring an agonised spirit, which had resisted the healing power of religion and time, is to subordinate fancy to reason—the visionary to the real—in a degree which can win no sympathy from those who wish to build their consolation for the trials of life upon a *solid* foundation. Another merit which the author claimed for his poem was, that it 'began and ended with pure and lofty imagination'—the starting instance being the visits which the Doe pays every Sabbath to the grave of Emily, and the concluding example the apotheosis of the animal. This seems to us not imagination but extravagance. It has no support from even the superstitions of mankind; it shows no richness of

Digitized by Google

of invention, and has no allegorical import. The very objection is that it *fails* to enlist the imagination, while it shocks our belief. In execution the first canto is, on the whole, very beautiful. There is a gentle music in much of the verse, a holy calm in the tone, a witchery in the local descriptions, which diffuse over the mind the full spirit of the sacred, soft, and sunny scene. The transition to the military narrative in the second canto shows the limit of his powers. Less interesting incidents, more tamely told, could nowhere be found. Representations for which a meditative and didactic manner was suited were his only province—energy of character and hurry of action were beyond his compass. The poet in the sequel acknowledged that he thought there was a 'feebleness in the versification.' The opening canto is not amenable to the censure, but the rhythm and composition both degenerate in those which follow.

In training his eldest son for college, Wordsworth was led about this time into a careful perusal of several Latin poets, which further enticed him into translating a part of the Æneid in rhyme. He had read Ovid's Metamorphoses at school, and used to be in a passion when he found him placed below Virgil, but after he had studied the Mantuan he became one of his steadiest worshippers. He pronounced him the greatest master of language that ever existed; and extolled his lofty moral tone and frequent strokes of tenderness and imagination. Wordsworth's performance was read in MS. by Coleridge, who told him frankly that, though no original writer since Milton had produced happier lines, his version of the Æneid contained page upon page without one brilliant stroke. A specimen appeared in 1832 in the Philological Museum, and nothing could well be more stiff and prosaic. Wordsworth had resolved upon a verbal translation, and he ultimately agreed with Coleridge that he had wasted his time on an impracticable task. Many a Virgilian beauty of phrase had no equivalent in our tongue; and unless an English flower was engrafted in its stead, the stem was left bare. Horace was with our poet the greatest favourite of all, and he understood him too well to attempt to naturalise him. There is no possibility of disembodying thoughts which are inextricably bound up with his own easy and graceful idioms.

Peter Bell was published in 1819—and received with a shout of ridicule. The hierophant had neglected no precaution to provoke the sneers of the profane. He stated in the Dedication that the work had been completed twenty years, and that he had continued correcting it in the interval to render it worthy of a permanent place in our national literature. An announcement so well calculated to awaken the highest expectation was followed by a Prologue more puerile than

Digitized by Google

than anything which ever proceeded from a man with a fiftieth part of his powers. The groundwork of the story—that of a lawless rover, conscience-stricken and ultimately reformed by a series of startling and affecting circumstances occurring at night—is not in itself unpoetic;—but in the management of the theme the author repeated the error which pervades The Idiot Boy. The work is meant to be serious, and is certainly not facetious, but there is so much farcical absurdity of detail and language that the mind is revolted; and though some isolated stanzas are exquisite, *Peter Bell* as a whole is given up by all except the few idolaters who maintain the inspiration of every word which proceeded from their poet's pen. *The Waggoner* came close upon the heels of *Peter*, and put another weapon into the hands of the enemy. Wordsworth said, apologetically, that his object in it had been misunderstood—that it was a play of the fancy on a domestic incident and a lowly character. Whatever might be the design, the fact remains unalterable—that it is almost exclusively a collection of trivial circumstances very diffusely and feebly related. It has nothing to support it—not weight of sentiment, or elegance of expression, or harmony of numbers.

The stream of life flowed on with the poet in its usual tranquil course, diversified by occasional visits to London, tours at home and abroad, and the publication from time to time of a budget of poems. In the later volumes he has eschewed the class of effusions which on earlier occasions exposed him to ridicule, but on the other hand the pieces of distinguished excellence are not so numerous as before. With politics he meddled little except in periods of extraordinary excitement. His sentiments, however, like Southey's, had gradually settled down into steady Conservatism in Church and State. He was firmly opposed to Roman Catholic Emancipation—from the conviction that all the freedom given to papists would be employed in forging chains for their liberators. He was equally earnest in his hostility to the Reform Bill. He believed that if such a measure were once adopted on the proposition of a Cabinet, no succeeding Cabinets, assuming to represent whatever parties in the State, could avoid proceeding in such a course of practical concession to the Democracy as must finally be fatal for the Church, and consequently the Monarchy. He felt for the lower orders with no less ardour of benevolence than in the days of the French Revolution, but he had ceased to look for a wisdom in multitudes which was not to be found in the units. Like Southey, ever a strenuous advocate for popular education, he was also among the earliest to proclaim that moral training was of more importance than any other—and that those would be disappointed who expected

Digitized by Google

reading and writing to produce a golden age. The persons who suppose that a little instruction will have potent effects in removing the vices of the poor should inquire how far it has eradicated their own.

Wordsworth's whole returns from his literary labours up to 1819 had not amounted to 140*l.*; and he remarks even in 1829 that he had worked hard through a long life for less pecuniary emolument than a public performer gets for two or three songs. But there is a tide in the affairs of poets, and it was between 1830 and 1840 that the flood which floated *him* into favour rose to its height. Scott and Byron had in succession entranced the world. They had now withdrawn—and no third king arose to demand recognition. It was in the lull which ensued that the less thrilling notes of the Lake bard obtained a hearing. His adherents were a small but able and zealous band, and they advocated his merits in many eloquent contributions to critical journals that now questioned and rivalled the authority of the Edinburgh Review. When the public atones for neglect, it commonly, like good Lord Lonsdale, pays off principal and interest; and though Wordsworth's works have never become popular in the widest sense of the word, he met at last with a larger allowance of praise than if he had never been unduly depreciated. Honours gathered round him thick in his old age. In 1839 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws amid the enthusiastic plaudits of an unusually crowded Theatre. In 1842 he was permitted to resign his Stamp Distributorship in favour of his second son, William, and two months afterwards Sir Robert Peel conferred upon him one of the few pensions conceded to the claims of literature. The next year the same minister (who always when he visited London showed him the kindest attention in Whitehall Gardens) informed him that he had been selected for the Laureateship, vacated by the death of Southey, 'as a tribute due to the first of living poets.' On coming to town upon this occasion he had the honour to be received in a very distinguished manner by her Majesty. Being invited to a Court ball, the perfect, manly tranquillity of his demeanour in the to him novel equipments of sword, bag-wig, &c., was observed with surprise by many who had been accustomed to smile over the old jocularities about philosophical pedlars and penitential smugglers.

While everything prospered without, evening was casting some of its long shadows over his happy home. His admirable sister became in 1832 a confirmed invalid, and he could never mention her afterwards without a change in his voice, which assumed a gentle and solemn tone. Her loving-kindness in health

Digitized by Google

health had known no bounds, and the sympathy she had ever felt for the sorrows of others was now rivalled by the patience with which she bore her own. The poet's only surviving daughter, Dora, was married in 1841 to an amiable and accomplished gentleman, Mr. Edward Quillinan; and her account of a little tour in Portugal with him showed the public that she had inherited no trivial measure of her aunt's tastes and talents. But here too the knell was not deep in the distance. She died in 1847, and her father wrote that the loss was inestimable, and the sorrow for life.*

That honourable life was not itself to be much longer protracted. On the 7th of April, 1850, Wordsworth attained his eightieth year. He had been attacked a few days before with inflammation of the chest. The acute symptoms gave way to medical treatment, but, unable to rally from the shock, he was now quietly sinking from the after weakness. On the 20th he was asked by his eldest son (the Reverend John Wordsworth) if he would receive the sacrament, and he replied 'That is just what I want.' Two days later his notice was attracted by the noise of his niece drawing aside his curtain, and he inquired 'Is that Dora?' His memory was receding into its ancient strongholds, and it was amid the visionary reproduction of his happiest hours that he was about to pass into a world where his dream would be more than realised. He expired almost imperceptibly at 12 o'clock on the 23rd of April, and on the 27th he was buried by the side of his children in Grasmere churchyard. From his earliest youth he had never written one solitary line which could jar upon the mind if remembered at his grave.

Wordsworth was about five feet ten inches in height. His figure was not imposing, but his countenance had a strikingly intellectual expression. It did not, as frequently happens, derive this character from the eyes, for they were wanting in lustre—in fact, through life more or less diseased. His cheeks, moreover, hung loose, his chin was both small and retreating, and his mouth was neither handsome, nor, strange to say, in any degree suggestive of the refined qualities that belonged to him. But all was redeemed by the noble expanse of forehead, and a nose worthy of a Trajan or an Antonine. In Chantrey's bust the lower part of the face is embellished with a delicacy of skill which no other modern sculptor could have approached. Perhaps the best pictorial likeness of his prime is that introduced into Haydon's early but masterly piece, the Saviour's Entry into Jerusalem—and undoubtedly a head of him, taken long

* Mr. Quillinan also is now dead. He was the author of some very elegant verses, and probably the first Portuguese scholar in this country.

afterwards

Digitized by Google

afterwards by the same artist, is the most satisfactory representation of his venerable age. His manners were those of a plain, unaffected English gentleman—easy, but always with a background of dignity. His animal spirits throughout his vigorous years were unusually high, and communicated to his movements and conversation a vivacity which would not be suspected from the tone of his poetry. Even when his jovial time was gone by, a cordial laugh—a 'genuine grunting laugh,' as one friend is not afraid to call it—evinced his appreciation of fun. He has protested in some well-known sonnets that he preferred silence to personalities, and talked of Una and Desdemona—not of his neighbours. He might write thus in a moralising mood, but in practice the social influence prevailed, and he took his share in the ordinary gossip about persons as well as things. His works of themselves would indicate the fact. Such an immense collection of versified traits and incidents, mostly drawn, by his own confession, from the surrounding inhabitants, could only have been collected by a mind on the alert to hear all that went on. But he had another vein. He liked to unfold his thoughts in solemn dissertations, which were not unfrequently monotonous and heavy. The homage of admiring disciples invites and almost compels the habit, which naturally grows to be carried on out of school. Jeffrey, after meeting him at dinner in 1831, reports that he seemed the very reverse of Lakish or poetical—a hard, sensible, worldly kind of man. This is to be received merely for a testimony of Wordsworth's tact. He would have considered sentiment thrown away upon the author of the *crushing* Article, and he would be gratified to show that the recluse poet could meet the shrewd and adroit critic and jurist on his own ground. He often, indeed, revealed, during his little holidays of London life, a command of conversational dexterity for which there was not much opening at the Lakes. He would now and then return wit for wit with the greatest masters in the art; and if his lot had been cast in the focus of society, and he had cultivated the talent, he might have joined, perhaps, to his better fame the traditionary reputation of a sayer of good things. To add that he was conspicuous among the doers of good deeds, that he was in every relation of life one of the most kind and generous as well as one of the most upright and prudent of men, is only to repeat what is known as widely as his name.

Wordsworth's poetry has passed through two phases of criticism—in the first of which his defects were chiefly noted, and in the second his merits. Already we have arrived at the third era,

Digitized by Google

era, when the majority of readers are just to both. It will not be questioned that he was a great and original writer; and perhaps there will not be many to dispute that no poet who soared so high ever sank so low, or interposed so large a proportion of the commonplace among his worthier verse. Of the double end at which he aimed, he sometimes thought he had succeeded best in one, and sometimes in the other. He told Mr. Justice Coleridge, in 1836, that, if he was to have any name hereafter, he founded the hope upon his truthful representation of the workings of the heart among the lower orders; and in 1849 he wrote to Professor Reed that what he chiefly valued was the spirituality with which he had attempted to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which he had exhibited its ordinary appearances.

He narrates, as we have seen, in *The Prelude* how he came to select his heroes from humble life. In the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* he assigned for his reason that the essential passions nowhere exist with such strength and purity as among peasants, and that in their case the emotion has the additional recommendation of being incorporated with the beautiful forms of Nature. The entire position is open to contradiction; and, admitting it to be true, the inference that the passions of the poor must therefore be more interesting than those of their superiors would be refuted by the recollection that Hamlet, Lear, and Macbeth are kings. But there was no harm in his limiting his range, if he had not imagined that everything within the select domain which had once enlisted his own feelings must have a perpetual value for the public at large. Alice Fell, weeping bitterly because she had made a few more rents in her cloak, would have excited the compassion of any kindly person who had witnessed the scene; but it was not worth while to put into a bottle the tears which were shed for sorrows so slight and transitory. His doctrine that the business of a poet is to educe an interest where none is apparent, engaged him in efforts to squeeze moisture out of dust. We are entirely persuaded, indeed, that if he had allowed his mind to work more freely, and had not been for ever forcing it out of its bent in obedience to rules, he would have found in his personal emotions a surer index of what would interest the world. The main trivialities are attended almost invariably by paltry accessories which, far from being necessary to the development of his design, are in every way a clog upon it. A strong instance, and yet very little stronger than a hundred besides, occurs in all the early versions of *The Thorn*:—

'And

Digitized by Google

'And to the left, *three yards beyond*,
You see a little muddy pond
Of water never dry;
I've measured it from side to side,
'Tis three feet long, and two feet wide.'

In the sequel no use whatever is made of these accurate measurements: they are introduced for their own intrinsic interest, and answer no other purpose.

It might be supposed that, descending to the humblest details of the lowest personages, his portraits would be transcripts of nature. This, however, is seldom the case. He describes feelings with accuracy and minuteness, but they are not the feelings of the poor. As he made his Wanderer the sentimental sort of pedler he fancied he should have been himself, so on all other occasions he attended less to what was likely to be thought by his characters than to what *he* should have thought in the same circumstances. His very principles of composition were opposed to dramatic truth. His aim being to exalt and colour everything from his own imagination, the individuality of traits and incidents is apt to be lost in the reconstruction. Hence, too, another of his peculiarities — that he is seldom or never carried away by his sympathies. Instead of identifying himself with the sorrows of his agents, and receiving their hearts into his own, he appears to stand apart, and to consider them as subjects for poetic and philosophic display. It is a blot even upon the masterly history of Margaret, in The Excursion, that her woes are set forth with a stoical calmness. In general, the want of fervour in our poet produces lukewarmness in his reader; but he has told his tale in this instance with such pathetic power, that his contemplative composure has a painful effect, from the mind missing the assuaging influence of genial pity. Most of his happiest poetry upon character is contained in The Excursion. In the Ballads the human traits are usually insignificant, and the poetry is in the sweet reflections they elicit.

But we agree with Wordsworth in his latest opinion, and think that the portions in which he treats of man are inferior to those in which he deals with nature. The latter have a twofold claim to pre-eminence, as being best in themselves and by far the most original. Other poets have excelled him in the vividness of their descriptions and in the power of conveying the emotions which the actual scene creates in the beholder, but the glory of Wordsworth is to have brought the mind into a deeper, livelier, and more intelligent sympathy with the inanimate world.

Digitized by Google 'To

'To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling.'

Every lover of his works can learn from them to do the same, and the conferring an additional sense could hardly open a wider avenue for the purest pleasure. A vast amount of poetry, which is finer, as verse, than many of the effusions of Wordsworth, is on this account far beneath them in the permanent effects on the heart and understanding. There are myriads in the condition of Peter Bell:—

'A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more'—

and the strains which succeed in making it something more—which teach the power of nature, and develop all its resources—have a merit and a use superior to the excellence of mere literary execution. It was with some such meaning that Sir James Mackintosh said to Madame de Staël, 'Wordsworth is not a great poet, but he is the greatest man among poets.' In turning negligently over the leaves of his volumes, the eye is most impressed by his numerous abortive attempts; but no one ever fairly drank in the spirit of his musings upon nature without acknowledging that he had infused a soul into the body of the universe.

The Sonnets are a distinct department of his works. Wordsworth, who borrowed little, takes more from Milton than from any one else. He has frequently imitated the turn of sentences, and adopted many phrases; but the best use he made of him was to frame his sonnets upon Milton's model. He has never attained to the austere grandeur of the sublime imprecation upon the persecuting Piedmontese. The instrument in his hands partakes more of the character of the lute than the trumpet, and in his most successful specimens he is not much behind his master in sweetness and simplicity. But as simplicity easily degenerates into poverty, Wordsworth has not avoided his besetting failing in his sonnets. No idea was too insignificant for the honour, and, notwithstanding the consummate beauty of many of these pieces, a large number of them are insipid to the last degree. It is not an unusual defect in the best for the end to be inferior to the beginning and middle. The thought was exhausted before the space was filled.

The Sonnets are among the smoothest of Wordsworth's compositions. In *Guilt and Sorrow*, and a few of his minor productions, his rhymed verse is melodious, but his ear was not exacting,

Digitized by Google and

and his poems on the whole are deficient in harmony. Like Coleridge, from whom he had probably acquired the habit, he recited verse in a chanting fashion, which would have given tune to prose. Coleridge, with his perfect ear and his love of luxury of sound, employed it to render music more musical; but, by smoothing over asperities, and imparting increased volume to a slender strain, it led Wordsworth to rest satisfied with faulty metre. Worse than the want of sweetness was his fondness for the jingle of double rhymes. There are more of them, we believe, in his works than are to be found in all the poetry of his predecessors put together, and they disturb some of his most graceful conceptions by a painful similitude to the cadence of singsong ditties.

There is nothing for which Wordsworth has been more frequently censured than his want of finish of style—and there was no charge that he was more eager to repel. He said that he yielded to none in love for his art—that he worked at it with reverence, affection, and industry—and that he never left off labouring a line till he had brought it up to his notions of excellence. The great pains he took does not admit of a doubt; the sole question is, to what extent his efforts were successful. He has some of the most magical lines and stanzas which are to be met with in the whole body of literature; and ideas which seemed almost to defy expression are not unfrequently conveyed in the simplest, clearest, and happiest phrases. But these beauties only enhance regret for his inordinate quantity of feeble verse. The principal reason of the defect was his insufficient command of language. He confesses, as we have mentioned before, that he found it difficult to express himself in prose; and his letters are a conclusive proof how rarely nervous, idiomatic English dropped naturally from his pen. He has shown in entire poems, as well as in particular passages, that he could force chaste and polished diction into his service—but it did not come readily; and either his skill was often baffled or even his patience failed. His limited resources are especially conspicuous in his continual introduction of mean expletives for the sake of eking out the metre or providing a rhyme.

> 'On a fair prospect some have looked,
> And felt, *as I have heard them say*,
> As if the moving time had been
> A thing as steadfast as the scene
> On which they gazed themselves away!'

The 'I have heard them say,' which enfeebles this charming stanza, is the more displeasing that the poet is speaking in his own person, and obviously from his own experience. The examples

Digitized by Google

examples are set so thick that it would be as easy to adduce five hundred as one, and, indeed, the very form of speech we have quoted, varied to 'They will say,' and 'You'd have said,' occurs again and again. The habit of reiterating the same phrase in two or three successive lines, which amounts in him to an offensive mannerism, was another resource to supply the comparative scantiness of his vocabulary. A solitary specimen will illustrate the usage, but it is its constant recurrence which renders it repulsive.

'For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
For joy his head and heels are idle,
He's idle all for very joy.'

Some of the minor pieces, as *The Thorn*, are half made up of the changes rung upon a surplusage of colloquial common-places. Though he termed the frequent inversions in the works of brother poets a want of respect for the reader, his own are incessant, and of the most barbarous kind. It seems as if their wanting the sanction of custom had led him to fancy that they were not inversions at all. That none of these blemishes proceeded from haste is the strongest evidence of his imperfect mastery over diction, and that they were not faults of impetuosity is also the cause that they are seldom accompanied by the vigour and animation which atone for so many slips of fiery composers.

Wordsworth professed that his chief ambition had been to write in pure, intelligible English. His sonnets seldom depart from this standard, and, though the language of the ballads is often far enough from classic, it is abundantly clear. In his blank-verse, however, he often indulged in the oppressive magniloquence of his worst prose, and he is then among the least perspicuous of poets. His obscurity arises in part from the vagueness of his doctrines, but more from the darkness of the lantern in which he buries his light.

It is constantly asserted that he effected a reform in the language of poetry, that he found the public bigoted to a vicious and flowery diction which seemed to mean a great deal and really meant nothing, and that he led them back to sense and simplicity. The claim appears to us to be a fanciful assumption, refuted by the facts of literary history. Feebler poetasters were no doubt read when Wordsworth began to write than would now command an audience, however small, but they had no real hold upon the public, and Cowper was the only *popular* bard of the day. His masculine and unadorned English was relished in every cultivated circle in the land, and Wordsworth was the child, and not the father of a reaction, which, after all, has been greatly exaggerated. Goldsmith was the most celebrated of Cowper's immediate

Digitized by Google

immediate predecessors, and it will not be pretended that *The Deserted Village* and *The Traveller* are among the specimens of inane phraseology. Burns had died before Wordsworth attracted notice; the wonderful Peasant's performances were admired by none more than by Wordsworth himself: were they not already far more popular than the Lake-poet's have ever been —or ever will be?—and were they, in any respect or degree, tinged with the absurdities of the Hayley school? When we come forward we find that the men of the generation were Scott, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Crabbe, and one or two others. Wordsworth himself was little read in comparison, and, if he had anything to do with weaning the public from their vitiated predilections, it must have been through his influence on these more popular poets, whose works represented the reigning taste of the time. But nothing is more certain than that not a single one of them had formed his style upon that of the *Lyrical Ballads* or *The Excursion*. Lord Byron, during his residence in Switzerland, was imbued through Shelley with some of Wordsworth's characteristic feeling for Nature, which may be palpably traced in the third canto of Childe Harold composed at the period. The *style* of the noble poet, however, had been fixed long before, and displayed in more than one immortal production. Wordsworth, in fact, always spoke of Byron's language with unmeasured reprehension, and said that a critical review of it ought to be written to guard others from imitating it. He was equally emphatic in his censure of Scott—and between the diction of Moore and that of the Lake bard, there was no more resemblance than between water and perfume. Campbell, far from condescending to gleam from the effusions of Grasmere and Rydal, was among their uncompromising opponents.

Whatever influence Wordsworth may have exercised on poetic style, be it great or small, was by deviating in practice from the principles of composition for which he contended. Both his theory, and the poems which illustrate it, continue to this hour to be all but universally condemned. He resolved to write as the lower orders talked; and though where the poor are the speakers it would be in accordance with strict dramatic propriety, the system would not be tolerated in serious poetry. The example of Shakspeare dispenses with argument. His characters are acknowledged to be nature itself, but their language in his Tragedies is not that which is spoken by ordinary men. It is the richly metaphorical style of Shakspeare himself, which could never have been general unless in a world of transcendent poets. Yet the discrepancy pleases instead of offending, because all the characters display the passions which are proper to their situation,

Digitized by Google

tion, and with just so much greater power and effect as Shakspeare's poetry was above common prose. Wordsworth's rule, however, did not stop at the wording of dialogues. He maintained that the colloquial language of rustics was the most philosophical and enduring which the Dictionary affords, and the fittest for verse of every description. Any one who mixes with the common people can decide for himself whether their conversation is wont to exhibit more propriety of language than the sayings of a Johnson or the speeches of a Burke. If it were really the case, it would follow that literary cultivation is an evil, and that we ought to learn English of our ploughboys, and not of our Shakspeares and Miltons. But there can be no risk in asserting that the vocabulary of rustics is rude and meagre, and their discourse negligent, diffuse, and weak. The vulgarisms, which are the most racy, vigorous, and characteristic part of their speech, Wordsworth admitted must be dropped, and either he must have substituted equivalent expressions, when the language ceases to be that of the poor, or he must have put up with a stock of words which, after all these deductions, would have been scarcely more copious than that of a South Sea savage. When his finest verse is brought to the test of his principle, they agree no better than light and darkness. Here is his way of describing the effects of the pealing organ in King's College Chapel, with its 'self-poised roof, scooped into ten thousand cells :'—

> 'But from the arms of silence—list! O list!
> The music bursteth into second life;
> The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
> With sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife.'

This is to write like a splendid poet, but it is not to write as rustics talk.

A second canon laid down by Wordsworth was, that poetic diction is, or ought to be, in all respects the same with the language of prose; and as prose has a wide range and numbers among its triumphs such luxuriant eloquence as that of Jeremy Taylor, the principle, if just, would be no less available for the advocates of ornamented verse than for the defence of the homely style of the Lyrical Ballads. But the proposition is certainly too broadly stated, and, though the argument holds good for the adversary, because the phraseology which is not too rich for prose can never be considered too tawdry for poetry, yet it will not warrant the conclusions of Wordsworth that poetry should never rise above prose, or disdain to descend to its lowest level. The great mass of the English tongue is common ground, but there are images which would sound affected out of poetry, and, still more

Digitized by Google

more frequently, there are combinations of words which would appear mean in verse. Wordsworth's works, notwithstanding his horror of poetic phraseology, present examples in the first kind as well as the second.

> 'Evening now unbinds the fetters
> Fashioned by the glowing light,'

would be a fantastic mode of saying, in any description of prose, that the coolness of evening restored the activity suspended by the sultriness of the day—and we question whether the person exists who honestly believes that the stanza which follows is sufficiently dignified for what is, in design at least, a sentimental poem:—

> 'And Susan's growing worse and worse,
> And Betty's in a sad *quandary;*
> And then there's nobody to say
> If she must go, or she must stay!
> —She's in a sad *quandary.*'

Such was the nature of the innovation for which Wordsworth struggled. In the species of diction where he had no precursor he is never likely to have any successor, and the compositions of his that promise to live exhibit a style of which the antiquity is the best security that it will never grow obsolete. No generation has been so prolific in distinguished poets as his own, and, dissenting from the prediction that posterity will allot him the highest place in the brotherhood, we yet cannot question that he will keep the sufficiently eminent station which the world has long since assigned him amidst that illustrious group.

ART. IX.—*The Financial Statements of the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, M.P., delivered in the House of Commons on Friday, 3rd December*, 1852. Piper & Co.

THIS Number of our Journal was nearly due before the late Chancellor of the Exchequer produced his 'Financial Statement.' However therefore we might dissent from a very large proportion of the views therein indicated as to a variety of subjects, we at once perceived that it would be impossible for us to go immediately into the general detail of our objections without an inconvenient delay of our publication: and we might the more readily submit to what we felt to be beyond our choice, as the more properly *financial* topics were discussed with ability

Digitized by Google

ability both in the long debate that followed the ministerial exposition and simultaneously by the most influential of the daily newspapers. It so happens, however, that neither speakers in the House nor writers out of doors enlarged on one particular class of subjects—and that in our own opinion the most important—which the 'Statement' had embraced; and under these circumstances, it seemed to us that we could not, without an absolute dereliction of our own recorded principles, and a neglect of what we consider the best interests of the country, allow it to be supposed even for a moment that we acquiesced in either the propositions or the reasoning of Mr. Disraeli as to several points of our *Maritime administration and policy*. Accordingly, we hastened to prepare a review of that portion of his speech, on the chance of its being published in time to suggest some modification, or at least a reconsideration, of matters which we thought had been dealt with too hastily, and on very imperfect information. With that view, the greater part of the following pages was already in type before the fall of the Government. The more striking *political* consequences of the wholesale defeat of the Budget have, indeed, thrown into the background all its details, and will have deprived our criticisms of any *immediate* interest they might otherwise have had; but they do not, as it appears to us, and as we hope our readers will think, render less necessary some *protest* against its being hereafter assumed that the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer was on those subjects expressing the matured and deliberate sentiments of the Conservative party. On the contrary, we believe that his statements were heard by the majority of the independent members of that party in the House of Commons with as much surprise and dissent as we, and every Conservative out of doors that we have happened to meet, felt at reading them. We therefore adhere to our original design, with the addition only of a very few general observations on the new crisis in public affairs which the Budget has, if not produced, at least accelerated.

If any of our readers might have forgotten, the Peelite journalists have, since the Cabinet catastrophe, taken pains enough to refresh their memories as to the earnestness with which, in the closing article of our September number, we deprecated the premature, and, as we thought, unnecessary and impolitic experiment, of a *budget before Christmas*. With a flourishing exchequer, an actual surplus, and the prospect of a still better one at the close of the financial year, we did not conceive it at all probable that the graver and more experienced members of the late Cabinet would sanction so great a departure, not only from parliamentary

Digitized by Google

parliamentary precedent and the common sense of the case, but from the obvious policy of the circumstances in which that cabinet was *peculiarly* placed.

We were prepared, we then said, to see the motley Opposition endeavouring to concoct some vague insult to the Government on which all their discordant sections could have united; and we were equally prepared for seeing that any such factious combination would give the Ministers a great advantage, and would probably have turned the scale in their favour; and with this view—which we are still convinced was the true one—we took the liberty of expressing what we believe was the general wish and hope of the Conservative party, that the Ministers would not volunteer to play the game of their adversaries, and spontaneously, not merely afford, but create, an occasion in which the latter might fairly, and with no disapprobation of the country at large, combine to resist. The result has unfortunately proved that our judgment was correct and our fears prophetic. Of all questions, a budget was the most perilous for such an experiment, and, above all, a budget involving a great variety of antagonist interests, on each of which the stanchest member of the Conservative party might naturally have special views of his own, and would probably have to consult those of a local constituency. It has, we believe, seldom if ever happened that a budget has been passed in its original integrity. In adjusting its details, we always expect objections, alterations, and compromises,—it is the nature of the case, and it is for that reason that they are discussed in committee. It is therefore that a budget (unless where it rests altogether on some great principle—the income-tax, for instance, or the corn-laws) is as unsatisfactory a form for testing the feelings of either the House or the country as can be imagined. *This* budget had not even the excuse of opening any such new principle as called for so special an appeal to Parliament. It was in substance, after all, as *common-place* a budget as ever was propounded. The speech by which it was introduced was indeed sufficiently original; of the budget itself, however, the three main features were no more than *halving* two existing taxes, *doubling* another, and *extending* a fourth—a mere shuffling of the same cards; but this *very simple* process was executed with such a *curiosa infelicitas*, that it combined all the opponents of the Ministry, while not one of their supporters could, or, at least, did, venture to adopt it as a whole.*

On a full reconsideration of the whole case, we willingly

* The two most powerful supporters of the Government, Sir Edward Bulwer and Mr. Cayley, would, in fact, have annihilated the budget, by the repeal of the *whole* malt-tax.

Digitized by Google acknowledge

acknowledge our entire belief that the Government adopted this unusual and unlucky course in a sincere though mistaken spirit of courage and good faith. They were anxious to ascertain their position, and were induced, for motives no doubt honourable and, in their own judgment, weighty, to adopt a vote on the budget as one of confidence. It is impossible to dispute the propriety of the object, but we still must regret that a clearer, a more appropriate, and even earlier occasion was not taken for that, no doubt, necessary trial of strength—for instance, by meeting Mr. Villiers's motion with the old parliamentary test of the *previous question*. *That* would have brought the question to its real issue—a vote of confidence in the good intentions of the Government; and on that question we have little doubt they would have had, as they deserved, a majority; but, if they had not had such a majority on that simple question, how could they hope for one on the more complicated and antagonistic details of a budget, concerning which their own supporters might be expected to feel such a variety of doubts and scruples? The tampering with Mr. Villiers's motion was considered by the House and the Country as a confession of weakness—the bringing forward the budget at so unusual a period of the session was a still more direct one. The battle, thus injudiciously provoked, was fought, and especially by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with distinguished gallantry and, on some detached points, with admirable skill; but, on the whole, the ground was ill chosen—the moment inopportune, and the upshot—what we ventured three months ago to forebode.

It is not with a view of claiming for ourselves any peculiar sagacity—God knows, it needed little to foresee the result—that we make these observations; but a regard to the true and permanent interests of the Conservative party, or at least of that section of it with whose countenance we have been so long honoured, obliges us to lay before our readers what we conceive to be the TRUTH of the case—not a merely retrospective, reproachful, and barren truth—but one calculated—intended at least—to serve as a beacon to guide us hereafter to a safer and more permanent anchorage. Honesty is the best policy, but next to it is Courage—without which, as Johnson wisely said, there is no security for honesty or any other virtue, moral or political.

In that spirit, of sincerity, then, we are bound to say that, if we regretted the untimely introduction of the Budget, we still more strongly dissent from many of the principles of the speech by which it was introduced. No one, of whatever political creed, can now affect to doubt or disparage the many high parliamentary qualities of Mr. Disraeli. His resolute spirit has been conspicuously

Digitized by Google

conspicuously displayed under very extraordinary difficulties. He has combined an indomitable perseverance with great fertility of resource. In opposition he has been and, if he does himself justice, he must again be most formidably influential: he may yet acquire whatever he needs for the discharge of the high functions of a minister. He has shown himself at once a brilliant orator and, what is still rarer, a powerful debater, but he has not, as yet, we think, earned the reputation of a Statesman. Of his Budget, properly so called, any minute examination on our part (even if we had time and room for it) would be now idle, and could tend to no practical result. We will only remark generally that its most judicious portions were so unfortunately linked with others of an opposite character as to defeat themselves. He might, for instance, have extended the House-tax without doubling it, and the Income-tax without hampering it with fresh exemptions and *distinctions*.

On one of his financial details, however, which is of more permanent importance, and of which the danger may not perhaps be passed, we think it right to repeat and record the objections we have heretofore made—we mean the *repeal of the Malt-Tax*—which, when formerly proposed, we denounced as a most injudicious and dangerous measure, but which may, we fear, have derived some additional countenance from Mr. Disraeli's proposition to reduce it by one-half. The reduction, we think, would not have fulfilled any of his intentions, and could only have served as an argument for its abolition. Our readers will find in our 79th volume, p. 265, the reasons of our protest against that proposition. We need not say more than that they appear to us to be stronger than ever. We understand and appreciate the motive of the proposition—the desire of doing something favourable, or at least conciliatory, to the landed interest—but even that it would not have done. The benefit to the land would have been at best very partial—in our fixed opinion, next to nothing—but at all events wholly insignificant compared with the loss of *two millions and a half of revenue*, which must have been replaced by direct taxation. Nor would the measure have had even the partial success of gratifying the agricultural body. Barley is a comparatively small portion of our produce—but even the growers of barley, we believe, and certainly the country gentlemen and farmers in general, are now very well aware of what an infinitesimal share of any reduction of the duty on malt would find its way into *their* pockets.

But waiving these and other equally pregnant topics of the Statement, our present unwelcome business is with that particular class of subjects which had very little relation to what is usually called

Digitized by Google

called a *budget*, and upon which, as we have already intimated, we have the misfortune of differing from the late Chancellor of the Exchequer *toto cœlo*,—we mean that portion of the speech which relates to various branches of our *Maritime Policy*.

It is far indeed from our intention to question the motives which induced the Cabinet to authorize the measures opened in this part of Mr. Disraeli's *programme*, and still less to make them responsible for the language in which it was produced. In their objects and intentions we entirely sympathise. They had heard so much of the losses of the Shipping Interest, and were so convinced of the national danger as well as the commercial injury produced by the repeal of the Navigation Laws, that they readily listened to the complaints of an injured class, and were anxious to make them whatever reparation could be afforded without trenching on the principles of the 'recent legislation' which they had pledged themselves to respect. The fact, however, as we confidently believe, is this:—that the only *real* grievance and danger consisted in the very *essence* of that 'recent legislation,' and that when the gentlemen of the Shipping Interest were *brought to book* (to use one of their own phrases) they could specify nothing that it was in the power of the Government to redress, save some petty grievances which, in the impossibility of obtaining any relief from the real pressure, they put forward with much show of importance and urgency; and the Government, willing to do all that was in their power, consented to undertake the cure of these alleged mischiefs, the true extent of which—probably from their natural desire to keep the details of the Budget secret to the last moment—they were unable to examine by wider inquiries and to test by any antagonist evidence. Their ingenious orator spoke, no doubt, from the *brief* of his informants, and, without, it may be supposed, having gone very sedulously into details which did not belong to his department, was probably not sorry to have a prospect of gratifying the Shipping Interest by what seem at first sight very moderate concessions—though, when more closely sifted, these moderate concessions will be found to involve very serious consequences.

We shall notice successively the different points in the words and in the order in which we find them in what is, we presume, an authorised copy of Mr. Disraeli's 'Statement;' and if we enter into more detail than the occasion may seem to call for, it is because in the present juncture of affairs it is not impossible that, under the imputed authority of a Conservative Administration, the same principles and the same measures may be hereafter reproduced.

Digitized by Google

In opening the general question of relief to the Shipping Interest, Mr. Disraeli said:—

'As the recommendations we are about to make are founded, I think, on a very impartial and liberal consideration of the whole case, we believe that, if those recommendations are adopted by Parliament, we may fairly say that the just claims of the Shipping Interest will be satisfied, and that in our *future* legislation, so far as that interest is concerned, we shall not be disturbed by appeals *of a class nature*.'

We notice this exordium for the purpose of protesting against the invidious introduction of the word *class*, which has been growing into use or rather abuse ever since the Corn Laws were stigmatised as '*class* legislation.' The word involves a principle—in finance a dangerous one, and as in the case before us an absurd one. Ships are a *class* of things *sui generis*—and how can *any* legislation upon *ships*, or on *coaches*, or *railroads*, or any other matter *sui generis*, be other than *sui generis*—a *class* legislation? You subject the ship, for the sake of its own safety, to *lighthouse dues*: you subject the carriage for the same reason to *turnpike tolls*. You have *county-rates* for roads and bridges to facilitate and improve *land-travelling*: you must have *shipping-rates* for pilotage, ballasting, buoys, lights, &c., to facilitate and improve *navigation*. All this is equally *class* taxation, because the objects to be attained belong to the special classes. What are the duties on *licences*, *game-certificates*, *hair-powder*, *armorial bearings*, &c.? Nay, what are the various *exemptions* from taxation, but *class* legislation? Are *they* all to be abrogated? We shall come to details presently; here we only insist on the abuse, as we think it, of the term *class*. Those who abjure the fallacious tenets of a school had better not adopt its deceptive phrases. But this, throughout his speech, Mr. Disraeli seems but too much inclined to do.

Coming, then, to the details of his relief from '*class* legislation,' he proceeds to treat of *Light Dues*:—

'With respect to the *light dues*, we have examined the subject, and it is our opinion that in a great degree the complaints of the Shipping Interest are founded in fact. It certainly seems *quite indefensible* that, irrespective of the dues which they pay for the advantage of lighthouses, which are amply and properly supplied in this country, they should be paying in the form of dues a large sum of money, which is, in fact, the interest paid to the Trinity House for the purchase of private lights, which were *improvidently granted by the Crown or by the Parliament* many years ago.—(*Hear, hear!*) As far as that portion of the light dues, which consists of the interest paid on sums advanced by the Trinity House for the purchase of these private lights, it seems to us *indefensible*,

Digitized by Google

feasible, when the principle of unrestricted competition is established, that the Shipping Interest of this country should be paying a tax not for the lights supplied for their benefit (because for them they pay sufficiently), but in order that improvident grants of former Sovereigns and Parliaments should be counteracted by a peculiar tax raised from them, and in respect to which they get no return whatever.—(*Hear!*)'

We are afraid that any one, and above all a Minister of the Crown, who talks of the 'indefensible and improvident' imposts of Sovereigns and Governments is in these days but too certain of being greeted with a *hear, hear!* Such epithets would be in any case unseemly, but here they want any palliation on the score of fact or justice. The grants alluded to were neither 'improvident nor indefensible'—but strongly the reverse. Early in the last century, when there was no general system of lighthouses, some individuals who happened to be the owners of points of the coast peculiarly dangerous to navigation, erected at their own private cost certain lighthouses—works undertaken, no doubt, in the first instance, with a view to private profit, but which were also a great public benefit. The Sovereign and Parliaments of the day gave to these meritorious enterprises the encouragement they required and deserved, just as they have in our own days granted privileges to private speculations which involve consequential public benefits, such as bridges, canals, railroads, and the like.* A retrospective theorist may regret that King James and his Parliament did not make the *New River* for the supply of London, but he will scarcely call the charter to Sir Hugh Middleton 'improvident and indefensible;' nor will any Chancellor of the Exchequer be now disposed to buy up the interests of the New River Company and all the other companies that have grown up by its example, in order to afford the inhabitants of the metropolis an absolutely *gratuitous* supply of water. These *Private Lights* were, like the New River, a doubtful speculation, and at first, like it, not a very productive one; but in process of time the increase of trade and shipping made them extremely profitable, and then they began to be complained of, just as people now complain of the prices of water. It was urged, as against the private lights, first, that the profits were not only inordinate, but troublesome to the Shipping Interest in their collection; and secondly, that for many reasons both of economy and better administration, they ought to be in the same hands as the public lighthouses, which, after their instructive and beneficial example, had grown up on all sides of them. Lord

* Of the six great bridges of our metropolis, *four* were and *three* still are *toll* bridges; so are the dozen bridges between London and Windsor.

Digitized by Google

Melbourne's and Lord John Russell's Governments, feeling that these objections were reasonable, set about remedying them, and on the wise principle of combining justice with policy, they purchased out the private proprietors, and absorbed the *private* lighthouses into the general system, charging to the general system—not the former vexatious rates, but only—and that for a limited time—the *interest* of the sum that in compliance with the wishes of the Shipping Interest had been employed in the desired transfer. That purchase-money (incurred between 1836 and 1841) amounted altogether to about 1,250,000*l.*; but by the economy and activity of the Trinity House this sum is already reduced to 108,000*l.* (not *one-fourth* of the value of *one* of the private lights)—and will be speedily paid off altogether. What could be fairer? Let us add, in order to prevent misrepresentation of our opinions, that we fully not merely concede, but insist that no higher *permanent* rate of dues should be levied than will defray the efficient and liberal charges of the general establishment. But we especially object to any approach to the principle (implied in Mr. Disraeli's argument) of charging any such special expenditure on the revenues of the country at large—of burthening those who pay for lighting the streets of our towns and cities with the additional and incongruous expense of lighting the Channel and the North Sea.

Mr. Disraeli proceeds to announce some other measures of the same kind, which seem to us very questionable both in fact and in argument:—

'We would relieve the Shipping Interest from the contribution to *the charities of a Corporation* which, however laudable they may be, ought not to be maintained under present circumstances by taxing a British ship.'

The words '*charities of a Corporation*' seem to have been invidiously suggested to Mr. Disraeli as if they were something with which the Shipping Interest has no peculiar concern—whereas the 'Corporation'—the Trinity-House—is only the representative and agent of the Shipping Interests, to which all its charities are exclusively applied. They are no other than superannuations, compensations for injuries, or rewards for special exertions, to worn-out merchant seamen, pilots, boatmen, and the like, or pensions to their widows and orphans—objects which 'former sovereigns and governments' thought it both politic and humane to promote, and which, we believe, have most beneficially influenced the progress of British shipping. We admit that the detail of these charities should be jealously watched, but on what principle can it be alleged that, honestly

Digitized by Google

honestly applied, they are not a duty for which the Shipping Interest is as much bound to provide as any parish for its poor? A pilot is lost in endeavouring to save a ship on the Goodwin—has his widow no claim on the Shipping Interest? or when a man is disabled in saving a wreck, or even worn out in long and arduous service—has he himself no claim on the Shipping Interest in the service of which he has expended his strength and all the working days of his perilous life? The highest rate of pension to an old destitute master of a merchantman is 6*s.*—to a mate, 4*s.* 6*d.*—to a seaman, 3*s.*—all per *month!*—and no one can receive this worse-than-workhouse pittance who is not seventy years old, or disabled from work. Be as rigid as you please in the examination of each case, but can it be denied that these are *charities* for which the Shipping Interest is, in all justice and policy, bound to provide? Nor do we see how they could be more justly or economically managed than by the Trinity House.

We next come to what are called *Passing Tolls*:—

'We think also that all that which is levied from the Shipping Interest under the name of *Passing Tolls* is a *vexation*, a *grievance*, and a *burden* to which the shipping of this country, under present circumstances, ought not to be subjected.—(*Hear, hear!*) And, therefore, we would relieve the Shipping Interest from all *passing tolls*.—(*Hear, hear!*)'

From all that has been said about the hardship of paying for *passing tolls*, that is, tolls to certain harbours which the ship has *passed* and not entered, who would believe that these harbours are only *four*? The case is this: for a hundred miles on either side of the mouth of the Thames there is no natural harbour for a ship of any tonnage. To diminish this great evil, four *harbours of refuge*—two to the north, Whitby and Bridlington, and two to the south, Ramsgate and Dover—were constructed at a great expense,—not as ports of trade, but as places of *refuge*, where vessels bound to or from the Thames may find shelter in those emergencies of which every season affords such awful instances. These harbours are, we admit, of little avail to the general trade in fine weather, but of inestimable value in the frequent hour of danger. In the terrible weather which has been raging while we write, and which has strewed our shores with such disastrous wrecks, we learn that a merchant-fleet of not less than 300 sail (!) have taken refuge in Ramsgate alone, besides numerous other vessels that, unable to find room in the harbour, have anchored in the Downs, as near to it as they could, for the sake of assistance in anchors, cable, and boat-help, which are not elsewhere

Digitized by Google

elsewhere within reach. Ships in ordinary weather would have only *passed* these harbours; but can it be contended that they are not a *benefit* which the ships, for whose special safety they are provided and are maintained, are justly bound to pay for? Would a householder be justified in refusing to pay his Midsummer rate for the parish fire-engine, on the score that his own house had not been on fire since last winter? But again; are not these passing tolls a kind of *insurance* pro tanto on the whole voyage? and we believe that if these *ports of refuge* did not exist, the shipowners would find the insurance of their ships in the North Sea, or round the Forelands, a very different matter. We say nothing of what we believe to be the *illusory* nature of the boon. On the free-trade principle, the diminution, whatever it may be, ought to reach the public in the lowering of freight; the ship-owner would gain nothing, and the public something infinitely small. We could, we believe, establish the utter insignificance of *all* these propositions as measures of *relief* in any quarter; but that is no immediate concern of ours; we are only dealing with principles of which we dread the pernicious consequences.

We next come to the boon offered to the Shipping Interest under the head of *Pilotage*:—

'I will not enter into the question of the anomalies of our system of Pilotage. The House, I am sure, knows well that a Thames pilot can steer a ship to a Cinque port, but may not steer it back. Another pilot connected with another *corporation* performs the duty of returning; and, of course, the Shipping Interest *having to employ two men to perform a duty which one man could discharge*, the expense is proportionately increased.'

The boon is not distinctly announced—but a committee of inquiry is promised, with an intimation that a former committee on the subject was in what we suppose we must now call the *bad* old times, and that the new committee would be

'animated by those views, with respect to *commercial affairs especially, which probably had not so great an influence some years ago.*'

The Conservative and Protectionist parties will not fail to observe this, scarcely veiled, compliment to 'recent legislation.' *We* cannot venture to deny Mr. Disraeli's suggestion that Mr. Pitt, and Lord Liverpool, and the Duke of Wellington, the three last Wardens of the Cinque Ports during a space of now sixty years, were 'animated by views of commercial affairs' different from those of Mr. Disraeli; but we shall show that they probably understood the matter a little better. Mr. Disraeli has not even understood the complaint of his own grievance-monger.

'A Thames

Digitized by Google

'A Thames pilot,' it seems, 'may steer a ship to one of the Cinque-ports, but not back; the pilot of another *corporation* must bring her back, and the Shipping Interests will have to *employ two men at a double expense*, when *one* would suffice.' The fact is, that if a Thames pilot took a vessel to a Cinque or *any other* port, he would not, even if the regulation complained of did not exist, bring her back at the *one charge*—the voyages would still be distinct adventures, and the same man would have to be paid *for each* separate voyage. So vanishes at once the supposed boon to the Shipping Interest, which would have to pay for both voyages, as it does now, and probably *more;* for besides paying for the two voyages, the owner would have to maintain the original pilot during the interval, which might be considerable, between the two trips. What the grievance-monger probably meant to state to the Chancellor of the Exchequer was an imaginary case, so improbable, and—if it could have happened—so insignificant, that we are almost ashamed to occupy half-a-dozen lines in guessing at it. It only shows how hard put he must have been to find a grievance when he produced this absurdity. The complaint perhaps was, that if a London owner had a favourite pilot entrusted to take one of his ships—say to Cowes—who should there *happen* to meet another of the same owner's ships homeward bound, the favourite pilot could not bring her back. True; but if he could, nothing would be saved to his employer. The two voyages would be equally and distinctly paid for; but the favourite pilot would be paid for one, and a Cowes pilot for the other. The shipowner's charge would be just the same. Thus this great *national question* is reduced to the accidental rivalry of two individual pilots. This is simply ridiculous; but Mr. Disraeli's comment upon it involves a much graver difficulty and, we may add, public danger. The case is put only one way—from the Thames *out and home:* such a case must be exceedingly rare. But much more frequent—indeed of *hourly* occurrence—is the case of ships *coming* down the North Sea, or up Channel *into* the Thames. For their use every port, from Lerwick to Harwich, and from Cork to Dover, has a body of local pilots, acquainted with the whole channel, who take up, in their several districts, the duty of pilotage. If, according to Mr. Disraeli's argument, these local people are to be displaced by Thames pilots—if they are not to have the exclusive privilege of supplying the demands occurring within their own districts, what is to become of the whole race of pilots beyond the mouth of the Thames: the finest, hardiest, most intelligent, and most useful class of mariners on the face of the waters—not merely discouraged, but annihilated? Let us take the very instance

Digitized by Google

stance of these poor Cinque Port pilots whom Mr. Disraeli would thus displace. In the 18th Section of the General Pilot Act we find—

'A sufficient number of the pilots of the Cinque Ports, not less than *eighteen* at any time, and *in unremitting succession from time to time by day and night*, shall *constantly ply at sea* or be afloat between the South Foreland and Dungeness to take charge of ships and vessels coming from the westward, and shall not allow any ship having a signal for a pilot flying, without *attempting* to board.'

Eighteen full-manned pilot-boats, at the least, always at sea and in *constant succession* day and night, within a space of thirty miles—these are the people and this is the service which Mr. Disraeli proposes to annihilate on the imaginary grievance of some imaginary Thames pilot. But his whole view of the case is a radical mistake. Pilotage is a *specialty*, depending on local knowledge and constant practice—instead of endeavouring to *generalize* the employment, and employ *one man instead of two*, all the great public interests, as well as that of the shipowners, require that the service should be *localized*, and *two men* employed *in preference to one*. The principle announced by Mr. Disraeli would, in the most favourable case, not save a penny to the shipowner; and if it had the remotest chance of being even attempted, would be, by the extinction of *local* pilotage, of the greatest peril to the commerce, and eventually to the safety of the country. Such is the danger of inaccurate or interested information on a great practical subject.*

Mr. Disraeli next proposes to relieve the Shipping Interests from what he calls *Admiralty Grievances*—a phrase which he certainly did not learn from any of his naval colleagues, but by which he designates grievances which trade is supposed to suffer from certain *exclusive privileges* given to the royal navy. He has the goodness to mitigate the censure implied in this statement of *grievances* by the following compliments—which we think will hardly be swallowed as sugarplums:—

'*Salvage.*—

'I think we ought not, however, for a moment to indulge in a feeling that the royal navy is to be charged with reprehensible conduct in this matter.—(*Hear, hear!*) I have no doubt myself, from all I can observe and learn from inquiry, that the conduct of the officers of the royal navy, *especially of* LATE YEARS, is *distinguished by a generous* sym-

* The only improvement we can imagine in the present system would be to place the Cinque Port pilotage under the direction of the Trinity House; but even to that we know that the Duke of Wellington was decidedly opposed, as doing no practical good, and as likely to diminish the direct *surveillance* over and encouragement of the local pilots.

pathy

Digitized by Google

pathy with all classes of their countrymen, which cannot be too highly praised.—(*Hear, hear!*) I have no doubt that in the navy, as well as in all departments of life, *much more humanizing tendencies are exerting their influence than there did twenty-five, or forty, or fifty years ago.*—(*Hear!*) But *the system remains*, notwithstanding *the increased civilization of man*, and in its operation it will be found that instances will occur when the *oppression is considerable.*—(Hear!)'

This is no doubt very complimentary to the increased civilization of mankind *in all the departments of life* within the last fifty years, which has placed Mr. Disraeli in the position formerly occupied by such uncivilized or imperfectly civilized men as Mr. Pitt, Mr. Addington, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Perceval, and Mr. Canning! For the present race of naval officers we have the greatest respect, and for some individually the greatest regard, admiration, and affection; but we cannot indorse, and they, we think, will not accept this compliment at the expense of such men as Lord Howe, Lord St. Vincent, Lord Duncan, Lord Nelson, Lord Collingwood, Lord Bridport, Lord Hood, Lord Keith, Lord Gambier, Lord Exmouth, Lord Saumarez, Sir Roger Curtis, Sir William Young, Sir Sidney Smith, Sir John Duckworth, Sir John Warren, Sir Samuel Hood, Sir Richard Keates, Sir Thomas Thompson, Sir Harry Neale, Sir Graham Moore, and fifty others of that *ungenerous* and *uncivilized* age and class whose memories, names, and deeds are still fresh and dear to us—or of Sir Byam Martin and Sir George Cockburn, still happily preserved to us as specimens of the gallant seamen and accomplished gentlemen of those vituperated times! Most of the distinguished officers of the present day were bred in their school, and we will venture to say that there is not one of them who will accept as a compliment Mr. Disraeli's distinction between them and their illustrious predecessors. Mr. Disraeli would probably reply to this remark that he meant to censure not the officers, but the system. To this we reply, that he need not in that case have, as we think, invidiously contrasted 'officers of *late* years' with those of a former day, and dwelt upon 'the *increased generosity* and *civilization of* man' as peculiarly exhibited in the Royal Navy—but let us concede to him that his tongue only was in fault, and that he only meant the *system*; we rejoin that this is what we most seriously complain of—the characters of the officers of the last two generations needed no other defence than is afforded by the mere enumeration of their names—but the inuendo on the *system* is more serious, because these vague reproaches tend to discredit a line of naval policy on which, as we believe, the very existence of this empire depends. Mr. Disraeli does not expressly mention *Impressment*, but his language is of the same complexion

Digitized by Google

complexion with that which has been used by those who have been very active of late in attacking that palladium of our national safety, and all this general allusion to the *uncivilized* and *oppressive* practices of thirty and fifty years ago, has a tendency —very alarming from the mouth of a minister—to countenance the prejudices which that other class of persons have endeavoured to create. We believe that there was no one who heard Mr. Disraeli's speech who did not believe that amongst the *grievances* of the mercantile navy he had *Impressment* 'looming' in his distant thought, and some even expected that he would conclude with an express proposition on that point.

We shall return to this vital question presently, but we will first observe on the minor grievances which he enumerated and proposes to remedy. They are called, he says, *Admiralty grievances.* We have never happened to hear the phrase, which would be a gross misnomer—for the matters, be they grievances or not, are enacted by *law*, and not of any mere *Admiralty* authority.

'I come now to those grievances which I have described as *Admiralty Grievances.*

'The House is aware that when a merchant ship finds herself on a foreign station, one of the crew, without any ceremony, quits the captain without any notice, and often without any cause, and immediately enlists in a ship belonging to the Royal navy that happens to be upon that station. At present he can, at a moment's notice, notwithstanding his engagement with his master, hoist his red shirt, enlist in the Royal ship that may be in the offing, and demand his wages, and the captain of the merchant ship not only loses one of his crew, but is called upon immediately to pay wages which are not due till arrival in port. This right and privilege acts very injuriously upon the discipline and general conduct of the merchant shipping.—(*Hear, hear!*)'

We are not at all surprised that Mr. Disraeli, on receiving such a statement, should pronounce it to be a grievance deserving serious consideration. But we think that a closer examination will materially alter the aspect of the question. The existing enactment on this subject is above 130 years old—the 2nd Geo. II., c. 3, an Act passed for the protection of both the Shipping Interest and the Merchant Seamen. This Act concludes with this Clause—

'§ 13. Provided, That nothing in this Act contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, to debar any seaman or mariner belonging to any merchant ship or vessel from entering, or being entered, into the service of his Majesty, his heirs and successors, on board any of his or their ships or vessels; nor shall such seaman or mariner, for such entry, forfeit the wages due to him during the term of his service in such merchant ship or vessel; nor shall such entry be deemed a desertion.'

This

Digitized by Google

This law gives no power to naval officers to *claim* any man, but only to *accept* their services, and provides that a man so entering shall not be considered a deserter, and shall therefore not forfeit his wages; from which it follows as a legal consequence, that the master is bound to pay as if the man had been ordinarily discharged. The Act was passed and has been in fact executed *for the benefit of the seamen;* it is a check on the conduct of the master, and almost the only check on his treatment of his crew. In foreign parts there could hardly be any other; and we think we may assert, that in point of fact few such cases occur, except when the sailor had complaints against the master, and sought for redress by appealing to the captain of the Royal ship. We have inquired of distinguished officers of the present day as to the extent of the practice in their experience. We transcribe the answer of one of the highest in rank, character, and experience.

'The grievance is of little amount. I have certainly seen instances of merchant seamen hoisting the red shirt, and on inquiry I found that the men had, in most cases, just cause of complaint against the master for ill-treatment or the badness of provisions, but I never saw in my own ships, nor heard of any in the many squadrons in which I have served, of the masters being compelled to pay the men's wages in *cash*—an *order* on the owners at home was invariably tendered and accepted. I have ever taken care, before I accepted a man, to see that it would not distress the merchant vessel—on the contrary, when I found merchant vessels short of men and none to be procured, they have been lent from her Majesty's ship for the completion of the voyage. A case once occurred to me in India of a number of the crew of a large vessel, 1600 tons, with a valuable cargo, coming to enter, giving as their reason the severity with which they were treated. On inquiry I found the complaints were true, but considering the size and value of the ship, I was unwilling to remove them, and I thought it most prudent to lecture the officers of the merchant-ship on the impropriety of their punishments and to leave the men in her, but the Master *insisted* on my taking *three* of them, fearing their example might create a mutiny. I did so. They proved themselves worthy of being made *first-class petty officers*, and were paid off eventually—the most exemplary men I had in the ship.'

All our other inquiries have produced similar replies, and all treat the matter rather as a measure of police and protection both for the Masters and the men: that it is an acceptable resource towards keeping up the strength of the Queen's ships on foreign stations is true, but this, in the state of good order and good health which generally prevails, happens to a very small extent; but in any case, such entries are voluntary; and we should be sorry to deprive either the Queen's service of this accidental resource or the merchant seaman of the only kind of appeal or refuge

Digitized by Google

refuge that he can have in foreign parts against ill treatment —it is virtually their *Habeas Corpus* in foreign countries. The maintaining the police of the sea, and the affording justice and protection to all entitled to claim them, is one of the first reasons why in time of peace we spread our flag all over the world: and if this appeal were cut off from the dissatisfied seaman, we should find that he would, as he now sometimes does when a royal ship is not at hand, desert to some foreign service, or, perhaps, eventually to an enemy.

Mr. Disraeli no doubt sees this, though perhaps not in its full light, for he does not propose to alter the main feature of the alleged grievance. 'We propose that, if he avails himself of this privilege of enlisting in the Royal navy, he shall not receive his wages until the rest of the crew are paid off.'

Moonshine! What possible benefit can this be to the ship-owner?—what does it signify to him whether he is called upon to pay the wages when the *order* arrives in England or when his ship arrives? In frequent, perhaps in most cases, the ship will have arrived in England before the *order* given to the seaman; and even in the rare case of a payment in cash on the spot, the master could have no more difficulty about that small sum than he has for the numerous greater disbursements he must be in the habit of making at every port where he touches. The only possible boon, therefore, that this measure could be to the Shipping Interest is one that they would repudiate with indignation—the chance of never paying at all. For see what the position of the *seaman* would be. How is he, after he has left his merchant-ship, to know where and when she is to be paid?—He has, perhaps, entered at Rio a Queen's ship on her way round Cape Horn—the merchant ship gets back to England in a couple of months, and her crew is paid off in the Thames. The Queen's ship does not return for two or three years, and then is paid off at Plymouth,—how is the sailor to proceed to recover his wages? He must take a journey to London to look for the owners, of whom he knows, perhaps, not even the names; he must probably employ some agent to find them out, to prove his own identity, and to establish this, as it will then be, obsolete debt. And when all this is done, how much of the wages will remain to the poor unprotected seaman? Can any one doubt that this pretended boon would be wholly illusory to the Shipping Interest, and a source of grievous injustice and even ruin to the seaman?

But there is a further proposal on this point at which we look with still more alarm:—

'We propose, further, that if by the royal navy availing itself of this

Digitized by Google

this privilege any injury is done *to the captains of merchant ships, the country must be prepared to compensate the captain for the injury he may thus receive.*—(Hear, hear!)'

We must first observe that the word *privilege* is another mistake. It is no privilege to the *Royal Navy;* and never was claimed or used as such. It is simply a privilege—and so Mr. Disraeli had just before called it—to the *merchant seaman*, conferred by the statute. No part of the affair rests on *Admiralty* or any other authority but the statute and its *common-law* consequences. How is it possible, then, to make the officers of the Navy responsible for the voluntary act of a seaman on whom the statute confers that privilege? If the man presents himself, and there happens to be a vacancy—a single vacancy in the complement of the Queen's ship—the Queen's officers have, in strict *legality*, no right to reject him—though they do, as we have shown, exercise a discretion in the matter, so far as to refuse to cripple the necessary strength of the merchant vessel; and there are, as we have also shown, instances in which the Queen's officers endeavour to reconcile differences, and to persuade the merchant seaman to remain in his ship.

And then as to the proposed remedy by *compensation* for consequential damages—consider what an incalculable and interminable series of litigation would be thus opened. How is what a merchant master or owner may call *injury* to be measured; where and when is the question to be tried; how are all the witnesses, *pro* and *con.*, to be collected from all quarters of the globe; and who is to suffer the penalty? The question would not even be, whether the seaman had a justifiable motive for quitting his ship, and the Queen's officer a justifiable reason for accepting him. No; but some eventual, generally doubtful and contested, question of *contingent and consequential injury*, in all the infinite variety of shapes that such problematical allegations may take. And on what principle of law or equity can either the naval officer be made *personally*, or the public Treasury *pecuniarily*, responsible for their simple acquiescence in the privilege granted to the merchant seaman by the statute? We confidently assert that any such incentive to litigation would be most mischievous, and that there could be no extrication from it but by the *total repeal* of that provision of the statute, and a positive prohibition of any merchant seaman's entering a Queen's ship under *any* circumstance. To this extremity Mr. Disraeli very properly declines to go, though it is, in truth, the only remedy for the alleged grievance. In fine, we believe that the advantages of the law and custom, as they at present exist, very much overbalance the alleged inconvenience, and we are sure

Digitized by Google

sure that the proposed remedy would be found altogether unsatisfactory.

He next proceeds to state:—

'There is no doubt that in this country, *notwithstanding our boasted panegyric of the mercantile marine*, notwithstanding the readiness of orators at all times to descant upon the mercantile marine being the nursery of our navy, the mercantile marine has been *treated as an inferior service*—(*hear!*)—has not certainly, I may say without exaggeration, been treated in the spirit which becomes a commercial people. —(*Hear!*)'

We are sorry to see these provoking distinctions brought forward by such high authority. Such a protest against considering the mercantile navy *as an inferior service*—may obtain a thoughtless *Hear, hear!* but is the inference politic? is it conciliatory? is it just? The Merchant service is a most meritorious, important, and, we may say, vital portion of our national system, and has a right to be treated with equal fairness, in all respects, with the Royal Navy; and we may appeal, not to the '*boasted panegyrics of orators*,' but to the statute-book, for the unceasing solicitude of the legislature for the protection and well-being of the merchant seamen; but Mr. Disraeli thinks them essentially injured and oppressed by being considered *an 'inferior service;'* but why bring forward as a source of humiliation and discontent a fact that exists in the nature of things, and which no legislation can alter? Is it not so in all the conditions and occupations of mankind, that there is necessarily a class which, equally meritorious, equally, or perhaps in a great degree useful, is, and must be, considered as *inferior*? Are not the boys who drive the horses an inferior class to the skilful hands that guide the plough? are not workmen and artisans an inferior class to architects and engineers? Do not the Queen's Guards look upon themselves as of a somewhat superior service to the train-bands? and so in all the ranks and conditions of life. We have dwelt on this expression as not only invidious in itself, but because the false principle that it inculcates seems to us to pervade all this portion of Mr. Disraeli's speech, and to have misled his judgment. It is absolutely inconsistent either with the common sense of mankind, with the safety of the empire, or with the very nature of human society, to build any practical system of maritime legislation on an assumption that the mercantile service shall not be deemed *inferior* in duty, in distinction, and in political consideration, to the Royal Navy. And *cui bono?* Does Mr. Disraeli expect that such observations as these are to reverse the whole course of human opinions and feelings—to convince mankind that the *Battle of Trafalgar* was not a *superior*

Digitized by Google

a *superior* service to *a run to New York*, and that it is not a higher distinction to have belonged to Nelson's '*Victory*' than to poor Tom Hood's '*Mary-Anne of Shields*?'

The next *Admiralty Grievance* which is proposed to be redressed is *Salvage*. This, as in the former case, is an invidious misnomer. The *Admiralty* has nothing to do with Salvage. It is not collected under their authority, nor in any way subject to their jurisdiction. It is a branch not only of our own most ancient statute-law, but of the law of nations. And it is singular enough that the only trace we find in the 'ADMIRALTY INSTRUCTIONS *for Her Majesty's service at* SEA' is a provision,—*not* that the Queen's ships should *receive* salvage, but that they should *pay* it to merchant ships in case of assistance. But let that pass—the misnomer is of no consequence except as creating an injurious impression against the Royal Navy, which, in truth, has no other claim to salvage as against the mercantile navy, than the mercantile navy has against it.

But Mr. Disraeli has opened this topic with a repetition of grave insinuations against the old officers of the navy, sharpened rather than mitigated by a half compliment to the present race.

'But I have no doubt myself that in this affair of *Salvage*, if you *contrast the conduct of the royal navy with what the conduct of the royal navy was many years ago*, you will find that their conduct has been *extremely improved*, has been much more considerate, has been often distinguished by great generosity.—(*Hear, hear!*) But *the fact remains*, that at the present moment even there are instances of the effect of the system of salvage upon our mercantile marine, *which I have before me now*, but with which I will not trouble the House—if I were only speaking upon the question of salvage I would—which convince her Majesty's Government that the present system of salvage ought not to be encouraged, and therefore we are prepared to recommend *that it should entirely cease*.—(Cries of "*Hear, hear!*")'

We cannot but wish that such grave imputations had been accompanied by one or two samples of the instances both of former and recent abuses. We should be very much surprised that there were any that could justify the *entire abrogation* of this ancient, and, in general, most reasonable principle. Salvage is the reward paid voluntarily, or, if contested, *adjudicated* by the proper tribunals, for the preservation of ships or goods in danger of being lost; and the amount ought to be, and is when legally adjudicated, proportioned to the value of the property saved, and to the danger, damage, or labour which the salvors may have incurred. There is no class of legal cases so various or so liable to conflicting estimates as salvage; it is a more frequent source of contest between merchantmen than between

Digitized by Google

between them and Queen's ships. We do not doubt that naval officers, like other men employed in such services, may have sometimes overrated the value of their services, but there have been always tribunals to decide such claims in the first instance, and if either party be dissatisfied, there is a superior court of appeal at which some eminent lawyer presides, assisted, when the case happens to involve naval technicalities, by two merchant-seamen assessors, and sometimes, we believe, by a jury. Nor would individual cases even of exorbitant demands, or, if we could suppose them, of unreasonable adjudications, justify the total abrogation of the system as regards the Royal Navy. We must therefore suppose that Mr. Disraeli proceeds on some more general principle—that principle probably is, that, as the Queen's ships are *found* and their officers and crews paid by the State, the assistance to ships or property in danger is a public duty, and as such not entitled to private remuneration.

Now we at once admit that a private salvor and a public officer in a Queen's ship are in very different circumstances—the private salvor has a right to charge, in addition to his personal risk or exertions, for his loss of time, and the risk or damage to his vessel—for these a public officer can have no claim; we should doubt that it ever was claimed; we more than doubt that any court of appeal ever allowed it. But for the *personal* exertions or risk of her Majesty's officers or men in performing services *not contemplated in their stipulated conditions of service*, and not more incumbent on them than on the rest of her Majesty's subjects, we cannot conceive why they should not be remunerated as any other of her Majesty's subjects would be.

We believe that the general law of salvage is of public policy, founded in justice and a due appreciation of human motives; and without any reflection on the individual man—whether a Deal pilot or a lieutenant of a guard-ship—we do not believe that the Shipping Interest will be in any degree benefited by the *total exclusion* of her Majesty's officers and men from the same right of appealing to the salvage courts that all the rest of the world possesses—the court always having the right and the duty of limiting the reward of the claimant to his *individual and personal* exertions. Mr. Disraeli has not stated any of the cases that have induced him to recommend so sweeping a repeal; but several instances have come to our recent knowledge which confirm us in a contrary opinion. A vessel struck the other day, in extremely bad weather, on one of the banks at the mouth of the Thames; her danger was visible from both shores; several boats from the Essex coast immediately put off—to save—no, we are sorry to say, but to plunder her—and they were doing so, when one of the Queen's

Digitized by Google

Queen's coast-guard officers, stationed on the Kentish shore, observing through the storm that something extraordinary was passing, manned a boat, though he had no official obligation to do so, pushed off for the wreck, rescued her from the plunderers, saved the cargo and stores, and finally, as it was hoped, would save the ship. Would it be either justice or policy to debar that officer and his boat's crew from the salvage of the recovered vessel? But such is the only result that we can imagine of Mr. Disraeli's measure. Neither trusting our own memory, nor relying on our own opinion, we, here again, have had recourse to those of some distinguished officers—not men to whom it can be reproached that they belong to the *ungenerous*, *uncivilized*, and obsolete old school, as they have been lately employed in important commands, and to whom for that reason we preferred applying for their testimony. Here is one of the statements with which we have been favoured:—

'I have been much engaged in rescuing the crews and cargoes of merchant-vessels, and I will state two or three cases which show the principle on which salvage is granted, and how little it would benefit the shipping interest if it were abolished. In the first case in which I received salvage money the admiral on the station claimed to participate, as if it had been prize-money. We appealed to Sir William Scott, whose judgment entered at large into the character of salvage, and the rights of those entitled to share in it; and decided that salvage money was the reward of *personal exertion*—no one being entitled but those personally aiding and assisting. In another case a lieutenant and 100 men were despatched to assist the agent of Lloyd's in the recovery of a cargo wrecked at some distance from where the ship lay; many other officers and men of the ship thought they were entitled to share in the salvage money awarded by the underwriters. Here again recourse was had to a legal opinion, and it was given against them, as belonging only to the officers and men *actually engaged in the service*; which was a most hazardous one, and we actually lost one of the best men of the ship, who was washed overboard out of the wreck. I have even known instances in which owners and underwriters have offered rewards *beyond* the amount of the salvage, as a mark of their satisfaction at the services of the party employed. And I must add that, in all my service, I never saw an instance in which an unreasonable salvage was sought. I have known the amount questioned, but in all such cases (as far as my memory serves) the court decided in favour of the claimants.'

We have similar answers from other officers, equally experienced and distinguished, furnishing us with instances, varying of course in circumstances, but so similar as to the point in question to those stated in the foregoing extract, that we need not trouble our readers with their details.

There is also another and a still more important question involved

Digitized by Google

volved in this matter—namely, the good faith of the Government towards the seamen. If Mr. Disraeli's proposition be that the Queen's seamen may be expected to perform the *extra duty* of salvage without remuneration, we assert that any such principle is contrary to all law, as well as to all policy. So scrupulous have all Governments been not to claim from the Royal seamen *any* gratuitous extra duty, that in the standing 'Instructions for Her Majesty's Service at Sea,' from the earliest date we can trace them, a *special pay* is assigned to both officers and men for any works they may be accidentally required to do in any of the *dockyards*, or *in any of Her Majesty's ships but their own!* Is this ancient privilege and boon to be taken from the seamen, and if not, on what principle can their still older and still stronger claims of extra work done for private ships be abrogated? Is this a specimen of the conciliatory and 'civilized' measures promised by another portion of Mr. Disraeli's speech for rendering the Queen's service more popular?

On the whole, therefore, we must enter our protest—if such was Mr. Disraeli's intention—and we can gather no other from his expressions—against charging the officers and men of the Royal Navy with new responsibilities and more hazardous duties, wholly extraneous from their original engagements, and at the same time debarring them, and *them alone*, from the accidental and contingent rewards provided by law for their gallantry and humanity, which they, as well *as all the rest of mankind*, have enjoyed from the earliest times of maritime history.

The next head of Mr. Disraeli's speech is *Anchorage*.

'*I need say very little* on the subject of *Anchorage*. That *is a regulation that, like salvage, depends, I believe, entirely upon the Admiralty; and the Admiralty are prepared to say that all vexations of that kind* shall also be concluded (*hear, hear*); and from henceforth, if our propositions are favourably received, *no merchant's vessel will be disturbed* in its anchorage by the superior claim of a ship belonging to the Royal Navy.—(*Hear, hear.*)'

All this is a mistake. Mr. Disraeli says '*it* is a regulation that, *like salvage, depends entirely* on the *Admiralty*.' We have just shown that the *Admiralty* has no more to do with *salvage* than with *sewage*. And what is the grievance strangely epitomised by the term 'anchorage?' We gather from the word *disturb* in the last lines of the paragraph that he alludes to a supposed right in the royal ships of detruding a merchant vessel from her anchorage. Now we never heard of any such right being claimed, and therefore we do not understand how the *favourable reception of* the House of Commons can be needed to extinguish a right that does not exist. The Queen's

Digitized by Google

Queen's ship has, as far as we know, no right of anchorage that does not equally exist in the merchantman. There is, in truth, no *right* in the case; both take up the anchorages most convenient to them, but if danger should arise to either from too great a proximity, the smaller vessel will naturally get out of the way of the heavier body, as a tilbury will get out of the way of a brewer's dray, or a hackney cab avoid collision with an *omnibus*. If an Indiaman of 1600 tons should accidentally or from necessity give what is called a *foul berth* to a coasting sloop, the little coaster will shift to another, and the bigger vessel, if only for her own sake, will generally help her, if necessary, to do so. Questions of anchorage, when they arise, are, in general, decided by the local authorities, not by any special law or privilege, but by the customs of the sea and the circumstances of the case. We have no doubt that practically it may sometimes happen that a merchantman finds it prudent or necessary to shift her berth to avoid collision with a Queen's ship, but such instances are so rare that one officer whom we have consulted never saw an instance of it in his long service; and another calls the complaint 'equally unjust and frivolous.' But we go a step further. There is, we repeat, no absolute *right* in the matter; but there can be no doubt that there ought to be, and that there is, whenever the case occurs, such a *practice*, and that a Queen's ship would be entitled to precedence on such an occasion for reasons so many and so obvious that we need not specify them; but what will our readers think of this having been represented to Mr. Disraeli as an *Admiralty grievance*, when we tell them that the only interference of the Admiralty in the matter has been to prevent any abuse? In the ADMIRALTY INSTRUCTIONS for the general conduct of the Naval Service, we find this article:—

'Ch. V. § 39. Whenever the Captain of one of H.M. ships shall have occasion to anchor, he is to be *extremely careful* to place the ship in a safe berth, and so as not to *endanger* ANY OTHER SHIP which may be already anchored.'

When Mr. Disraeli spoke of the readiness of the Admiralty to abolish the alleged grievance, *if* Parliament should receive the proposition favourably, he could hardly have been aware that the Admiralty had already done all that need be or *could* be done in such a matter. And this is the stranger as there were two experienced sea officers in the Cabinet to whom this article of the Naval Instructions must be familiar. This looks as if Mr. Disraeli's information was from some private source, and that neither the Cabinet at large nor even the first Lord of the Admiralty was consulted on the subject of this '*Admiralty grievance*.'

Digitized by Google

The next division is entitled—*The manning the Mercantile Navy.*

'Sir, there is a subject of paramount importance connected with the shipping interest to which I must now refer; and that is the *restrictions* which at present exist upon manning the merchant navy.—(*Hear, hear!*) In the opinion of her Majesty's Government *they are restrictions which, in principle, are indefensible.*—(*Hear, hear!*) They are very doubtful whether, even in practice, they are beneficial.—(*Hear, hear!*) *They think that the time has arrived, or cannot be long postponed, when those restrictions must entirely cease.*—(*Hear, hear!*)'

Here again, we have to guess what are the grievance denounced or the remedy intended, and if we misunderstand them the fault is not ours. We know of no such *restrictions*—save the provision that the crew of a British ship shall consist of at least *two-thirds* British seamen. If that be the grievance which the late Ministry thought *indefensible*, it is another point of our wide difference from them. We admit at once that the restriction is an offset of our old navigation-laws, which 'recent legislation' had, as yet, spared; and that if Mr. Disraeli were Sir Robert Peel or Lord John Russell, he might feel a natural wish to carry out the disastrous principle; but why, professing to regret, though still bound to maintain, 'recent legislation,' he should think it necessary to push it still further than even his reckless predecessors ventured to do, we cannot imagine. What should we think of a surgeon who, because a patient had lost his right arm, should in conformity with '*the recent amputation*' propose to cut off his left? The Peelite policy most mischievously, as Mr. Disraeli thinks or thought, admitted foreign shipping into our domestic trade; Mr. Disraeli would complete the mischief by admitting foreign seamen. If he had advanced such a proposition as an argument *ad absurdum* against the extension of a fatal error, we could have understood it; but that he should spontaneously adopt it as a measure of mercantile policy seems unaccountable. We admit indeed that the relief contemplated by this change would not be, like all the others we have been dealing with, illusory to the ship-owner. We know that *Danes*, *Swedes*, and *Germans* are to be had to navigate our ships at a cheaper rate than our native seamen, and that they would be so employed probably in large numbers, and of course to the immediate profit of the shipowners; and we dare say that it was some gentlemen especially connected with North-Sea interests that *cheered* the proposition so frequently and so loudly; but is the country, anxious as it just now appears about our naval defences, disposed to echo those *cheers*? We hear every day serious complaints that the Atlantic trade is draining off

Digitized by Google

off our British seamen to America, and that they are only to be retained by the necessity in which the shipowners find themselves of competing with the American wages; but here is a proposition for doubling the evil and encouraging deserters to America by substituting for them the cheaper article from Denmark and Sweden—in short, burning the candle at both ends. If this was really the project of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, then we are constrained to say that his defeat is a national benefit. If he had any other meaning, we cannot but regret that a Minister with such decided views and such facility of expression did not more distinctly explain it.

This ominous announcement is, however, accompanied by another not less so :—

'We cannot consider the *question of manning the mercantile marine in an isolated* manner; we must view it with reference to another subject of great importance—viz., the subject of manning the Royal navy. (*Hear.*) We trust that we, in due time, shall have to submit to the House measures which *will effect* A VERY GREAT CHANGE *in the system on which the Royal navy is manned.* (*Hear.*) The House may be persuaded that the time cannot *much longer be postponed when that question must be met.* Nothing can be more unsatisfactory, I would *almost say more irrational, than the system upon which the Royal navy is manned* (*hear*)—the system which *dismisses the seasoned seaman* (*loud cries of "Hear, hear"*) *when he is most qualified* to do his duty to his country. (*Renewed cries of "Hear, hear."*) *There is* NO REASON WHATEVER *that we should apply to the Royal navy other principles than those that we apply to the* SISTER *service.* (*Hear, hear.*) Indeed, there is every reason why we should render the Royal navy the most efficient service in the world. (Hear.) The attention of Her Majesty's Government is anxiously directed to this question. We are awaiting now the report of a committee sitting upon this great subject.'

Here is what seems to us a great and alarming confusion of apocryphal fact and unsound principle. We begin with the latter because it pervades the whole statement, and is, as appears by the '*renewed cheering*,' plausible enough to require the earliest correction. 'There is *no reason whatever*,' Mr. Disraeli says, 'for applying to manning the *Navy*, any other system than is employed in the sister service—the *Army*.' Now we say, at once, there is *every reason!* The services are *sisters* only in their end and object—the public defence—but they are, in every circumstance of their composition, their training, the scenes of their services, the specialties of their duties, and the habits of their lives, as *dissimilar* as a boat and a barrack—as the main-top and a troop-horse, or, in short, as sea and land. The army recruit is nine times out of ten an agricultural labourer or a truant artisan, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six, wholly ignorant of any particle of the profes-

sion

Digitized by Google

sion in which he enters, who must of necessity be drilled, that is, schooled, to acquire the rudiments of his new business, and to get rid of all his former habits, even to his air and his gait—to the motion of his limbs and the posture of his body: when, after a year or two's education, you have at last made him a SOLDIER, it is common sense as well as good policy to *keep* the costly instrument you have thus created in regular work and constant employ *as long* as it is capable of its duty.

What is the case of the SAILOR?

In a majority of cases the sea has been his first trade. What countless urchins of nine or ten, and even of seven or eight, are to be seen paddling about in all the ports of the kingdom! Watch the fishing-boats rounding the pier-head of any harbour in England, and you will see them swarming with what in any other business would be looked upon as almost children—

'*seaboys*
In *cradle* of the rude imperious surge,'

as Shakspeare—that greatest observer of nature, who writes volumes with a touch—emphatically calls them.

There is a pleasing illustration of this fact and of the public feeling upon it. We have all seen and admired the print from that picture in which the Queen's good taste has had the Prince of Wales delineated as a '*sailor-boy*.' It is graceful and popular, because it is natural and probable. What should we have said of it if a child of that age had been masqueraded as a *fusilier* or a *dragoon*?

Even those whose childhood has not been spent on the waters take to the sea so early that it becomes their natural element and their only trade; generally beginning in a fishing smack or coaster—a rude but profitable school, where the youth is not taught details of gait, dress, and deportment, but committed to a vital struggle with the elements, which requires animal courage, bodily strength, and technical dexterity beyond any other business of mankind. The bodily powers of the seaman are in constant and illimitable exercise, and his technical dexterity, on which depends not merely his livelihood, but his life and that of all his shipmates, is to be applied to such an infinity of minute and complicated matters as no man could ever master if he did not begin to learn them earlier by many years than any man is received into the army. It is this peculiarity—this idiosyncracy of the sailor's character, that has hitherto been, and ought to be, the first element of all regulation and legislation about them, and nothing but a total forgetfulness of these distinguishing circumstances could have induced Mr. Disraeli to make such an assertion as that there was '*no reason whatever*' why the Navy should be *manned* on any different principle from the Army.

Digitized by Google From

From this false principle he naturally proceeds to false corollaries. Why pay off *ships* when no one thinks of paying off a *regiment*? One might as well ask why one changes one's shirt and never one's skin? A ship is a fabric, and a weak and perishable one. The material Ship, if not periodically cleared, stripped, overhauled, and examined, even to the most hidden plank or trenail, would be in danger of foundering; but a Regiment is a kind of incorporeal hereditament which never wears out. How many Boynes, Blenheims, and Cullodens have perished, while the Coldstreams and the Blues are as fresh and fit for service as ever they were! And what would be thought of a proposition of *turning over* a company of the *Foot Guards* to the *Lancers*, or of *Highlanders* into the *Artillery*? We admit that the technical absurdity would be greater, and Mr. Disraeli would, no doubt, disclaim it; but as regards the feelings of the men it is really a test of the principle he has advanced that 'there is *no reason whatever* for any difference of system between the two *sister* services;' and the practical application of it which Mr. Disraeli avows and advocates leads to the same conclusion. Why, he will ask, if it be necessary to change the ship, why also change the ship's company; and above all, why do so after such short service as three years? Instead of *no reason whatever*, we think we can produce many and cogent, nay, imperative ones. Let us suppose the sailors to be entered for twenty years, liable to be *turned over*, as may be thought advisable, from ship to ship—are the *captain* and the whole body of *officers* to be also permanently incorporated and attached to the same ship's company as in a *regiment*? We leave to any naval officer, or to any observer of the working of the naval service, whether that, or anything like it, is possible, or would be, as regards either the officers or the men, tolerable. On the other hand, if a ship's company, after coming home from a foreign station, were to see all their *officers* relieved while they were turned over to another ship for that or another foreign station, is it in nature—above all, is it in a sailor's nature—that anything should result but disaffection and danger? We use the words *disaffection* and *danger* designedly, and they will suggest to every considerate mind another most important difference that Mr. Disraeli seems to have left out of his account between a *ship* and a *regiment*.

But let us examine the actual practice and the actual mischief as reprobated by the Minister and confirmed by the *cheers* of his auditors. Ships' companies are, it seems, paid off and dispersed 'just when they have become most capable of serving their country'—that is, *in time of peace* men are entered for a service of only three years, or till their ship is paid

Digitized by Google

paid off, which is not expected to exceed that time to any serious degree. This practice, however, is established neither by law nor written regulation. It is not even a compact, but an *understanding*, amounting, we admit, to a virtual compact, but applying only to a *time of peace—war-service* is a wholly different case, to which we shall refer presently. Let us see, then, whether in *time of peace* there is *no reason whatever* for a practice as old as the Royal navy? We postpone for a moment the question of the *precise* period for which it is expedient that a ship's company should be kept together. Let us first examine the principle. Mr. Disraeli's assertion, that the man thus prematurely paid off is *lost to the country*, is founded in his original misapprehension of the seaman's habits and character as they exist in nature, and as we have just sketched them. He is *never* lost to the country. The seaman thus paid off generally indulges in a short relaxation, during which we admit that he is lost to the country, and too often to himself, but which is a natural, perhaps a necessary, consequence of the hardship and celibacy of his life at sea; but after that interval he, invariably and inevitably, does one or other of two things—he either re-enters for the Royal navy—or returns to the school whence he came—the merchant service; where, instead of being *lost to the country*, he is perhaps improving, certainly not diminishing his power of serving it, whenever a season of war-danger may oblige the country to require his services. We have used the phrase '*perhaps improving*,' because in one respect the merchant service is a better practical *school* of thorough seamanship than even the Royal navy. The royal ship is full manned—*over manned* as far as seamanship is concerned—she is provided with appointed classes of petty officers and seamen, and even artificers for every imaginable duty. In a well-ordered ship there is, as we have heard a noble and gallant officer say, 'a place for everything, and everything in its place, and an appointed man for every place and thing.' But on board the merchant-ship—always sparingly and generally very scantily manned—*Jack* there must needs be *Jack of all trades*. Every man must do everything, and *one* becomes charged with duties which in a Queen's ship would be distributed to a dozen. So that if, after indulging himself, as he may think it, in a trading voyage or two, *Jack* should return to the Royal service, he does so at least as efficient in point of seamanship as he had left it.

But whether he temporarily or wholly quits the Royal service, his place is soon supplied, and these periodical payings-off create a larger cultivation and more constant succession of that

Digitized by Google

that precious article—a thorough-bred man-of-war's man. Suppose of a ship's company 100 decline to re-enter, they must be replaced from the original nursery, and the shorter the period the greater will be the proportion of these choice men thus *circulated*, as it were, through the military and mercantile navies. Suppose 500 men entered for life—say 21 years; at the end of that period you would have to discharge 500 worn-out men, fit for nothing but Greenwich Hospital, and to enter 500 new, and according to Mr. Disraeli's hypothesis, untrained ones; but—suppose the 500 had been paid off every third year, you would have added, in a regular succession of health and strength, 3000 or 3500 experienced men to the *general stock*, and more than quintupled in that respect our maritime resources. It is upon that *general stock*, and not merely on the number of men who may be serving *in the Royal navy* at any given day, that the permanent power and ultimate safety of the country must depend. The mercantile navy is not merely the *Nursery*, but also the *Reserve* of the Royal navy—the *Standing Navy*, we may call it, of the empire—of which in peace the Royal navy *in commission* is but a volunteer detachment—just as the fifteen or twenty line-of-battle-ships now at sea are but the advanced guard of the hundred line-of-battle ships which lie in our interior harbours, like, as Sir Francis Head said, '*lions asleep*,' ready to be roused at the first cry of public danger, and to be manned (as all experience shows) without the process of a ballot, in a quarter of the time that it takes to collect even the rudiments of a land *militia*.

This brings us to the vital principle of the whole case. It is evidently on the supposed abrogation of this great national power of IMPRESSMENT that all these questions about *manning the navy* are raised, and the portion of Mr. Disraeli's speech which has given us the most alarm, and which has prompted this endeavour to counteract its tendencies, is that it seems to countenance the idea that we ought, and that we *can*, find some substitute for that *ultima ratio* of national defence. We will not here repeat the unanswered, and, we are satisfied, unanswerable, arguments by which we have heretofore proved the legality, the justice, and, in fine, the imperious necessity of impressment, and have deprecated all meddling with this vital question. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' for, if *evil* it be, it is only the alternative of greater evils. We subjoin references to our former discussions of it,* and we most earnestly entreat all that may from their official or legislative duties or patriotic or professional feelings take an interest in the subject to turn to

* Quarterly Review, vol. lxxxi. pp. 571–576; vol. lxxxviii., pp. 300–309; the latter particularly discusses its relation to the defence of the country at the present time.

those

Digitized by Google

those reasonings—the results, at least, of an impartial study of all that (to our knowledge) has been said or written on the question.

There is, however, one additional illustration furnished so opportunely by the present moment that it deserves more particular notice than the slight allusion we have just made to it—we mean the *Militia.* At the very time at which these prophetic complaints against the dormant principle of Impressment were thus, we must say, encouraged by the late Government, all parties in the State vied with each other in imposing upon us a *land-impressment*—a measure, we grant, of equal prudence and justice, and an exercise of that paramount right of society, *salus populi suprema lex*—but how, we ask, in its *principle* does the Militia Ballot differ from Naval Impressment? They stand exactly on the same ground of public safety: but how much greater is the individual hardship in the militia case! You take a man—by ballot—without any regard to his trade or calling or personal aptitude—a ploughman—a gardener—an artisan—a shopkeeper—anybody—to make a soldier of him—you take him from his home, his family, and from the means of maintaining his family, and for a number of years, and you do it *now*, on the mere apprehension of a future, perhaps a distant, danger. And all this is done not only with the unanimous applause of statesmen, but, we are glad to say, with the ready acquiescence of the whole Country. Now see what Impressment is:—A seaman is exempted from the militia ballot, because he is deemed by law liable to do similar service at sea, but his ordinary life is not interrupted, his service is not anticipated, he pursues his trade till the last moment, till the actual and imperious danger arrives, and then he is not taken from either his trade or his home—he only changes one ship for another, and we may truly say—*sua si bona norint*—a harder service for a lighter—but, at all events—for one of the same character, and accordant with all the acquirements and habits of his life. We are utterly at a loss to see what reasonable answer can be made to this comparison and contrast. We conclude with an historical fact—one out of many that might be adduced. In 1790, 16,000 seamen only were voted for the service of the year. On the 5th of *May*, Mr. Pitt brought down the King's message announcing an expected rupture with Spain. On the same day press-warrants were issued, and with such effect that, within the month of *June*, sixteen sail of the line were ready under Admiral Barrington, and towards the close of *July* Lord Howe sailed from Torbay with *thirty-one* sail of the line, nine of them three-deckers! The sudden development of this great force decided the quarrel: Spain submitted. Our extra ships were paid off

Digitized by Google

off within a few months, the 20,000 additional hands were discharged to follow their ordinary occupations, and before the close of the year the force in commission was reduced to 19,000 seamen! Here was a combination of force, celerity, economy, and success, which no other system ever could or can produce!

The sum of our opinion is this, that these new questions about MANNING THE NAVY are idle, unnecessary, and mischievous—that the present *system* is as perfect as any human institution of the kind is ever likely to be—that it has for it law, reason, and policy—that it has had centuries of success—that at this hour—in spite of a temporary difficulty occasioned by the sudden demand for merchant tonnage and, of course, crews for California and Australia—H.M.'s ships are manned with sufficient facility—that the paid-off men re-enter more readily, and that her Majesty's officers have a wider choice and exercise it more fastidiously than at former times, when not half the same number of men were required. Such we are informed is our present condition; and as to the future, there is no reason whatsoever to doubt that, on any new emergency, we could send fifty sail of the line to sea as expeditiously and with the same glorious prospects as on any former occasion.

Mr. Disraeli tells us that the Government have had a Committee sitting on this subject. We were sorry to hear it: the very appointment of such a committee is a kind of surrender—a confession that something is wrong, and made by those who ought rather—if they found public opinion running so strongly in a wrong direction as to require public inquiry—to have met it boldly as Ministers of the Crown, and endeavoured to correct it by their official and parliamentary authority. The Cabinet and the Board of Admiralty ought to be the only *committees* in which such *fundamental* principles should be discussed; subaltern committees and commissions are everywhere only crutches for those who feel themselves too weak to walk alone.

The *period* of peace service is a different question. The practice has hitherto been three years—a limit probably suggested in old times as that during which a ship might be safely reckoned on as needing no considerable repair nor extensive examination; and some experienced officers still adhere to that opinion; but there can be little doubt that the science of construction has improved, that the practice of *coppering*, and the establishment of so many colonial dockyards, have considerably lengthened the time in which a ship may be reasonably expected to keep the sea: on *that* ground, therefore, the ship's service might, we think, be safely extended. We have heretofore expressed our opinion that three years may be too short a period,

Digitized by Google

period, and that it might perhaps be extended to four, and in some special cases to five—but we speak with some degree of doubt. Two advantages of a longer period seem obvious—the diminution of the very considerable expense, trouble, and damage of dismantling a ship in complete order—reducing her to a hulk, then next day beginning to fit out another in her stead. That however is a mere question of dockyard economy, on the extent of which we have heard that the practical authorities are by no means agreed.

The second *primâ facie* advantage of a longer period is that which we presume Mr. Disraeli must have had in his eye when he lamented that a ship's company was paid off just as she had attained her most perfect state—this is true, in most cases, as to the *ship's company;* they are, or ought to be, at the end of three years in a most efficient state, but, as we have just said, it may not be so of the *ship.* She is certainly the worse for the wear, and whatever average time may be safely taken for the efficiency of the *ship,* that period cannot be exceeded for the service of the *men;* for it would never do, as part of a general system, to subject the same crew to fit out another ship—the work of all that they most dislike—so much so that the greatest delay now felt in manning our ships is, that the men hold off till they are nearly fitted.

Nor do we think the keeping together a good ship's company of so much importance as may not unnaturally be assumed by a theorist. Are we sure that it would continue equally good in temper and spirit if its service were to be prolonged? Is the term of three years of *such a life* as sailors lead, and of *absence from wife and children,* too short?—do even the officers find it so? Let it be recollected that the whole ship's company, officers and men, keep watch every day and night in the year, one-half relieving the other in successive watches; but so that they have each no more than four hours and eight hours *alternately* in bed, to say nothing of accidental disturbances—that there can be neither absence nor relaxation—that for months, perhaps for the whole period of service, they never set their foot ashore—and that the only variety in their existence is some additional trouble: what would the *sister service* say to this?* The dire necessities of war may force us to continue the hardships of the sailor's life longer than, if there were any option, we ought, but we compensate them for this additional length of service by pay and pension; but in time of peace we hesitate about any considerable extension of their service without the

* The Troops on foreign service are no doubt subject to something of the same kind of domestic privation, though to nothing like the same extent as the Navy.

option

Digitized by Google

option of an interval. We have said that we see no objection to the extension from three years to four, because in truth it is of no great importance either way; it will add but little to the seaman's period of service, or infringe on his habits, while it must, we think, tend to economy in the dockyards, without impairing the trustworthiness of the ship. There is another most important consideration involved in this question of time—how, without a quick succession and circulation, are the number and quality of officers fit to serve afloat to be maintained? This is already felt to be a serious difficulty; what will it be if we diminish the opportunities of service by lengthening its period?

As to the dispersing a smart ship's company — we must recollect that they *must*, sooner or later, be separated, and that it is much better done *too soon* than *too late;* if they really are smart, *cheerful*, and not *over-wearied* men-of-war's men, they will soon carry their good spirit and discipline into some other of Her Majesty's ships. We have taken the trouble of inquiring, as a practical test, the numbers of *re-entered* men in a ship lately commissioned and now about to put to sea, and we find that of a complement of a little more than 150, 112 are old men-of-war's men, and only 43 new entries—we confess that, *on general principles*, we had rather (though, no doubt, the Captain would not) that there had been a larger proportion of *new entries;* and, to conclude this topic, we may add that for peace service a good officer ought to have a new ship's company, such as now commonly enter the service, in perfect efficiency at the end of three months—not perhaps so smart, so dandy, but in excellent working order.

The only point on which a doubt might arise is as to proficiency in *gunnery*, which is a *specialty* not to be acquired in the merchant service, and which we think deserves, and may even require, a distinct system and a limited protraction of the services of men trained to that particular object. But here again, we must remark that anything that a man can learn may be learned in *three* years' schooling, and after that time their acquirements are perhaps better distributed amongst new ships' companies. What should we think of keeping an Etonian at school or an Oxonian at college four or five years longer than usual, only because they had already mastered all the objects of their study?

On the whole of this question we are of opinion that the present period of three years for peace-service is generally satisfactory; that its extension to four years would save something in dockyard expenses, and probably not be complained of by the men, nor, *perhaps*, by the officers. But *that* we think is the greatest extent to which the present system can be safely altered; except that—

Digitized by Google as

as we proposed two years ago (*Q. R.*, vol. lxxxviii. p. 313-4)—a limited number, say 5000 men, might be entered for five, or even seven years, and specially trained and instructed in gunnery and some higher parts of seamanship, in order to their being distributed, on the breaking out of a war, through the newly raised ships' companies as petty officers, and those who should have been found the best marksmen, as captains of guns.

This system, or something like it—and *its extension to a special corps of steam engineers*—seem to be rendered expedient, if not necessary, by the new species of warfare with which we are threatened; and it may be adopted rather in aid than in diminution of the two great principles on which we think our naval power is founded—*a moderately quick succession of* NEW *hands in time of* PEACE, *and an absolute claim on* ALL *hands in the event of* WAR!

Such are the observations which the ex-minister's method of dealing with one most important class of questions has driven us most reluctantly to lay before our readers. In the ordinary course of legislation, such propositions would have been submitted to the test of parliamentary discussion, where Mr. Disraeli might have qualified, or perhaps justified, the passages which, in the shape they have reached us, appear so objectionable; but under the circumstances in which we are now placed they seem to stand on record as the acknowledged principles of the Conservative party.* Against that inference we think ourselves entitled to protest, in justice to the illustrious statesmen of the last fifty or sixty years, in whose principles the Conservatives of our day were bred, to whose party it is their pride to belong, and whose administration on all the important points that we have enumerated, as well as their general policy, several remarkable expressions of Mr. Disraeli's speech seem to have been calculated studiously—we had almost said wantonly—to disparage. But we have had a yet higher motive. We believe the whole spirit of that speech, and many of the details, to be at variance with the best interests of the country. We believe it to be a strong incentive to that unhappy appetite for innovation and change in all our institutions which the *Reform Bill* had already excited, and which, instead of endeavouring to allay or moderate as a Conservative leader might have been expected to do, he has encouraged and eulogized, by telling us that it is time that those old practices—which he calls *griev-*

* The Times of the 1st January takes the whole of Mr. Disraeli's Statement *pro concesso*, and reasons as if it was to be adopted without opposition or exception. It is such an impression that we wish to counteract.

Digitized by Google *ances*,

ances, but which we have shown he had very imperfectly considered—should be 'submitted to *the feelings*' of what he *significantly* terms 'a *modern* House of Commons.' No doubt every minister must consult the reason and even the feelings of the House of Commons which he addresses, but we will venture to assert that the old House of Commons showed a good deal more solicitude about the shipping interests than its 'modern' successors have done; nor can we help adding, in justice to modern Houses of Commons, our conviction that if any one of those alleged grievances had been real, they would not have been left for twenty years unredressed by the reformed Parliament. Whether the late division has at all impaired Mr. Disraeli's deference for a *modern* House of Commons, we know not; but we confess that his speech has gone a good way toward reconciling *us* to that event—for we certainly do not expect to hear from any successor he may have, a *programme* of more disorganizing tendencies.

But we will do Mr. Disraeli more justice than he has done himself. We are satisfied that if he had not been appealing to 'the *feelings* of a modern House of Commons'—had he been addressing the *reason* of an assembly less broken into factions, and of a less unsettled and innovating spirit, he would not have condescended to adopt the *ad captandum* tone and tenets of which we have been forced to exhibit some specimens—and the result would have been that his budget, when its proper season had arrived, would have been discussed as a budget should be, and as all former budgets have been, on its merits, and not taken as a battle-field for a grand *mêlée* of discordant opinions, pretensions, and principles.

As to the new Government which is announced while we are writing, we can say no more than that our confidence in them will be measured by their resistance to further revolution, whatever shape it may assume. The list includes some names not only generally respectable, but for which this Journal has often professed individual regard and confidence, and others for whom we have always had a very contrary feeling. We might, in other circumstances, have thought ourselves justified in expressing our surprise at, and distrust of, such a discordance of opinions united by the mere amalgam of *place;* but this objection, so far as it applies to the mere formation of the Government, we feel that we are at this moment precluded from urging, for assuredly it was the late Ministry that, by its resolution to stand or fall by the Budget—and such a Budget!—mainly contributed to consolidate the various oppositions. We have no doubt—indeed, there is abundant evidence—that there was already a secret

Digitized by Google

secret understanding, a virtual coalition, which was only waiting an ostensible occasion to act in open concert. We foresaw and foretold it, and, as far as our humble voice might reach, endeavoured to avert it. But it was anticipated by the unhappy impatience of the Ministry. Their opponents, instead of being put to the shifts of finding a pretence, were invited—nothing loth—to a trial of strength. They were victorious—and we cannot, under the usually admitted latitude of *political* morality, complain that the combined victors should divide the common spoils. So much we are bound in justice to say of the *primâ facie* composition of the new Ministry, though we are, we confess, at a loss to foresee how, in the interior of their cabinet, they are to reconcile their antecedent principles with a unity of ministerial measures.

If it was impolitic in the late ministers to afford their antagonists the opportunity of coalescing, it was, we think, more so in that portion of the new administration that calls itself Conservative to accept it. Their doing so has placed them in what the French call a false position. From the time—now near three years since—that it became evident that Lord John Russell's Government had not a leg of its own to stand on, they should, we think, have looked towards a re-union with the great Conservative party, to which, by feelings, connexions, and principles, they naturally belonged, and from which they had separated on a question of which, in truth, all that really remained was a mere verbal dispute whether it was only dormant or absolutely defunct—the result being for all present and practical purposes just the same. Instead of this they have approached by degrees, and at length allied themselves with those, in conflict with whom and whose principles they had spent all the distinguished portion of their former political lives, and with whom they had, and even now have, as far as we can see, nothing in common but the accident of having been both out of place. What reasonable expectation can we have of their stability? As *an existing Government*, chosen by the Crown in the legitimate exercise of its authority, it is entitled to a fair, and even indulgent trial; but our readers know that we have long since doubted, almost despaired, of the possibility of any effective Government to be administered subject to '*the feelings of a modern House of Commons*'—and it is obvious that a ministry constructed on the temporary concert of three, or indeed four, distinct and widely differing parties, is in a position of very peculiar difficulty, embarrassment, and, we must add, of suspicion. We confess that we do not see how it is to obtain sufficient numerical strength in the House of Commons without such a sacrifice of individual character as would deprive it

Digitized by Google

it of all moral support; and we must regret that a more homogeneous combination of all the political elements that are or profess to be Conservative, had not afforded the country a better prospect of extrication from the discredit and danger of *Governments on sufferance.*

We are as strongly as ever convinced that the great Conservative party, comprising a large majority in the Lords, nearly half the House of Commons, and fully, we believe, three-fourths of the property and intelligence of the United Kingdom, is really our sheet-anchor against the current and the storm of revolution. It has failed, indeed, to maintain itself in power, but more, we believe, from want of Parliamentary tact and authority than even of the Parliamentary strength which a short lapse of time might probably have improved, for it really possessed the approbation and goodwill, if not the confidence, of the country at large. It is not denied that the *administrative* duties of the several departments were never better executed—*all* with zeal, courtesy, and candour, some with distinguished ability; but it must be admitted that in Parliament they were inferior in discipline, tactics, power of debate, and personal influence to the veterans—the *vieille garde* of Lord Grey and Sir Robert—who were banded against them. Whether under better strategy—by bolder movements at first, or more *Fabian* caution at last—they might not have broken that formidable but incoherent array, can only be conjectured; but, one thing is certain, that they now compose the most powerful Opposition that ever was assembled in the House of Commons, and that it is stronger, not merely in numbers, but essentially in character, authority, influence, and power in the country, than any two together of the three or four parties whose coalition has outnumbered it. They hold in their honest and independent hands the balance of the state, and they will, we are confident, be guided in the exercise of that great and delicate trust by the prospective policy sketched out for them by Lord Derby in his address to the Conservative members of both Houses at their meeting on the 20th of December:—

'He hoped that, if the new Government brought forward truly Conservative measures, it would receive, if he could not say the cordial, at least the sincere support of the Conservative party, uninfluenced by pique or resentment; but if the Government about to be formed should not bring forward Conservative measures—if, influenced by the men with whom they were now associated, *they brought forward democratic measures, the great Conservative party should remember that, even out of office, they had immense influence in the country, and that they should use that influence to stop the downward course that the Government would be urged to pursue. Thus they would be enabled successfully to defend and preserve the* INSTITUTIONS OF THIS GREAT COUNTRY.'—*Standard*, Dec. 21.

Digitized by Google In

In these general sentiments we humbly concur; but we must be allowed to regret, in the same spirit of frankness and freedom which we trust has always characterised the Quarterly Review, that there were two prominent and important points of Lord Derby's administration from which we are obliged to record our unqualified dissent. First, the want of statesmanlike reserve and of national dignity in the tone and style in which the recognition of the French Emperor was announced. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri;* and on such an occasion it would have been natural to remember the remarkable instructions given by the first Buonaparte to Talleyrand for his deportment towards Lord Whitworth —'*Mettez vous y froid, altier et même un peu fier.*' The acquiescence in the choice of the *French people* should have been wholly, or at least as much as possible kept distinct from all *personal* allusions, and the most extravagant and despotic usurpation the world has ever seen should not have been treated in so encomiastic and *fraternizing* a style. Our second regret is, that the Government should have gone out—on what principle or even point we really know not—without having shown any sympathy with the feeling that was most prominent and decided at the late elections—the vindication and maintenance of the PROTESTANT CONSTITUTION; and that the *ostentatious violation of the law* by Dr. MacHale and his fellows has been not only sanctioned by impunity, but crowned with the very triumph which his audacity foretold.

*** NOTE *to No.* 182—*Article on Dr. Hanna's Life of Chalmers.*

THE Rev. Dr. Leishman, minister of Govan, near Glasgow, complains that the account given in our September Number (p. 453) of some communications between a certain section of the Scotch clergy and the Government, towards the crisis of the Free-Kirk controversy, is inaccurate, and, as he thinks, injurious to his own character. We are well aware that Dr. Leishman merits entire respect, and do not for a moment doubt that the statement he objects to is incorrect as far as it concerns him individually. But we must inform Dr. Leishman that we merely endeavoured to condense in that passage the substance of *Dr. Hanna's* full and detailed statement of transactions with which we could not but suppose him to have been thoroughly acquainted at the date of their occurrence. Dr. Hanna's extensive and deliberate work had been for a considerable time before the world: we had never heard of any reclamation against that particular portion of his narrative; and we cannot now discover the possibility of extracting from it (see especially Memoirs of Chalmers, vol. iv. p. 302) any other sense than that which our article expressed. Dr. Leishman should have appealed to his brother divine—not to the reviewer.

Digitized by Google

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*History of the Ancient Barony of Castle Combe in the County of Wilts, chiefly compiled from original MSS.—with Memoirs of the Families of Dunstanville, Badlesmere, Tiptoft, Scrope, Fastolf, &c.* By George Poulett Scrope, Esq., M.P. 1852. 4to. pp. 404. (Not published.)

NOTHING could be more true or philosophical than certain remarks of Sir Francis Palgrave's in his Preface to the Parliamentary Writs; and nothing in better taste, or more indicative of his knowing what he was undertaking, than Mr. Scrope's adopting them as the first paragraph of his own Preface:—

'The genuine history of a country can never be well understood without a complete and searching analysis of the component parts of the community, as well as the country. Genealogical inquiries and local topography, so far from being unworthy the attention of the philosophical inquirer, are amongst the best materials he can use; and the fortunes and changes of one family, or the events of one upland township, may explain the darkest and most dubious portions of the annals of a realm.'

There is no doubt of this; and no need of anything like an apology for any gentleman who, possessing 'a large collection of well-preserved documents' relating to a manor and ancient barony, conceives an idea that a narrative compiled from such materials may be 'not devoid of value as a contribution to the topography of the country.' He will have a right to consider it as something higher; as a contribution—if not a great, yet a genuine one—to the materials which, if such a fabric is ever to be raised, must lie at the foundation of the History of England.

And we are not without hope on this point. Certainly it will be very odd to have such a thing, and we shall wonder, as we do with gas-light and railways—not to mention cabs and busses—how we ever contrived to do without it; but undoubtedly the materials for English history, and history in general, have been for many years past rapidly, though quietly, accumulating. Brickmaking is a quiet business, and the quarry and the sawpit

Digitized by Google

are places of hard work without much noise. The materials which they furnish make no show till they are properly put together; and, in the mean time, the best that we can do is to keep them safe, and so *arranged* as that we may know what we have got, what we want, and where to put what we may get next. Already, we must think, it is time that something should be done as to that point of *arrangement;*—but we have no room at this moment for a proper discussion of the subject. We only state the fact that such an accumulation of materials is rapidly taking place, and beg leave to suggest to the distinguished men of letters now in office that the educated public expects some serious attempt to prevent our being actually embarrassed by our riches—a calamity which never arises from quantity, but from bad management.

If we talk of History at all, we should consider—though many do not—how much laborious research, recondite learning, and rare accomplishment must be set to work before we can have the most superficial sixpenny History of England—the slightest sketch that any respectable governess could put into the hands of her young pupils. It matters not how much of the book, as it comes under their little thumbs, has been borrowed from other books, or how much it may owe to intermediate sources of any kind. Its mere existence proves that persons have been engaged in its production who understood languages, and could read writings, now unintelligible to all but professed antiquaries. There must, moreover, have been men who were able to discriminate between what is genuine and what is spurious in such matters, and for that purpose acquainted with such diplomatic, numismatic, and technical criteria as are mastered only by long study and experience. And beside all this—for we are supposing the History, however slight and small, to be true—it must be indebted, mediately or immediately, to the skill and labour of men, not only competent to form an opinion respecting the honesty of purpose, the extent of knowledge, and the liability to prejudice, in each original writer who is used as an authority, but also familiar with the manners, habits, turns of thought and feeling, the state of science, art, and literature, the conventional use of phrases and images—in short, with all the characteristic circumstances of the generation to which he belonged and for which he wrote.

Some readers may feel as Rasselas did, and exclaim 'Enough! you have convinced me that no man can be an historian.' How far the Prince was right as to poetry we do not inquire; but as to history, it is true enough, if we conceive of it as a thing to be made by any one man. Take up any early volume of Hume. We have opened the second at random; and turning over the pages

Digitized by Google

pages with the simple
lighted on these at the
Knyghton, p. 2403; V
Bened. Abb., p. 626-7
five ancients quoted a
not take the trouble to
which we may hold re
for granted that these
which they are cited
whether Hume's Histo
In the first place, nob
from the men thems
if he had he could r
it as necessary to c
Belshazzar did to su
the writing on the
may be found in p.
Curiæ Regis; and
date is concerned,
to the period 1194-
of three of Hume's
in the extracts prev
scriber had been m
t and *c* in the record
Archbishop of Cant
We can imagine, ev
days, that an histor
confounding the acts
Inn. Nor is this
writing of these rolls
the most valuable an
editors of our age),
manifested itself in
solemn result. We l
city consented that a
their city; and, for a
forate their walls to
portis ubi sibi placueri
it stands in print 'pr
it to please himself bu
To return, however,
tion is) that Roger Hov
could have returned to
years. Suppose that
elegant penman of a

Digitized by Google

their original manuscripts, even without his being able to read one word of them. Suppose only each of these authors to have formally delivered his autograph as his act and deed, what a world of time and thought and labour had been saved and superseded! Extend this supposition, for we do not mean that it has any special or particular application to these authors or to this case, and imagine what controversies and collations, what doubts and fancies, what expense of time and trouble and money, in editing and printing, and re-editing and reprinting, would have been saved by the mere knowledge—that is, the unquestionable certainty — that there was a *genuine text* to begin with!

But though Hume did not get what may be strictly called the originals, yet he got the works of these writers (and we will suppose quite sufficiently) in print. Who can say what dangers they had passed through in their manuscript state? We need not do more than allude generally to the merciless destruction and hairbreadth escapes of MSS.; but were we called on to give a specific case in illustration, we could perhaps hardly offer a better than that of one of the mediæval chroniclers thus accidentally brought under our notice. Benedictus Abbas—that is, Benedict, who became Abbot of Peterborough in the year 1177—wrote the Lives and Acts of Henry II. and Richard I. Probably the copies of that performance were never very numerous; but be this as it may, we believe that on the 23rd October, 1731, only two old manuscripts of the still unprinted work were known to be in existence, both in one library, and that library on fire. A tenth part of its contents was utterly destroyed; a still greater number were reduced to the scorched, shrivelled, and mutilated condition of what are technically described in the catalogue as 'bundles in cases.' Of the two codices of the Abbot's History, one escaped unhurt; the other, or what remains of it (for it is noted in the catalogue of the Cotton MSS. as *incendio corrugatus et mutilus*), is among the 'bundles in cases.' It was a costly torch, that tenth that Vulcan seized; but who can say how much light it cast on the arcana and anecdota of the Cotton Library —how much light that has been reflected to us, and is shining round us? Of course, we do not pretend to say that, but for the stir and bustle occasioned by this fire in Little Dean's Yard, with Mr. Speaker Onslow on the spot personally assisting in the rescue, Father Benedict might have kept his *latitat* through the second half of a millenium; for it is known that some detectives (Humphrey Wanley, Henry Wharton, perhaps others) had an eye upon him; but, at the same time, who will venture to affirm that, if the good Abbot had not been all but burned in 1731, he

Digitized by Google

he would have emerged printed and published by Tom Hearne in 1735?

Garrick made a great mistake when he set his wit against that odd little antiquary. It was not amiss to represent Time as saying

to Thomas Hearne—

'Whatever I forget you learn;'

for certainly, in the game of hide-and-seek, Time seldom encountered so indefatigable and baffling a playmate. But it was quite a mistake to represent the antiquary as answering

in furious fret—

'Whate'er I learn you soon forget.'

If Garrick had said that Time would soon forget his obligation to Thomas Hearne, or even that Thomas had ever existed, it might have been fair enough, and not very far from the truth. When once such and such facts—although not perhaps ascertained without long research and controversy—have passed through a few processes of distillation from older and duller books into some more popular and engaging form, the instructed orders are apt to lose all notion that the said facts were ever unknown to anybody; or, at least, to despise the ignorance of those who are unacquainted with what is now so notorious. If the reader could be thrown back into a chat with Roger Ascham and his royal pupil, he would peradventure be ashamed to quote such schoolboy books as 'Æsop, Phædrus, and the rest' before a learned queen and a more learned pedagogue—not imagining that it might be news to both to hear that such a person as Phædrus had ever lived. The world has become so knowing, is so far aware of what it does and does not know, and its knowledge has been so far sifted, sorted, and arranged, that anything new (that is, new to us) is put in its place at once, just as the recovered leaf of a book is slipped into its place between the others. The volume may be still imperfect: but such integrity as it has at once absorbs the long-lost fragment, and from that moment none but careful virtuosi are aware that the scrap in question had ever been missing. Late in the sixteenth century Phædrus walked in and took his place among the classics, like a gentleman whose seat has been kept till the play is half over. How are those who come in still later to know that he has not been there ever since it began? Time scarcely remembers François Pithou, but the Phædrus poked up in the library at Rheims he will never lose sight of; and without disputing that Scott's Novels may have had a greater run of late years, yet those of Justinian are in no danger of being wholly forgotten, though some at least of the few who read them may not know how they came by them. And so with regard to little Hearne. Time, if he

Digitized by Google

be forgot Thomas, did not forget what Thomas had learned, but seized it, stamped it for eternity, and gave it wings for all space. Time carried it to Edinburgh, where he found David Hume on a sofa writing the History of England. Time took it to Paternoster-row, and put it in the trade-edition of one of the most-read books in our language. Time has never ceased to disperse it in every quarter of the globe. Time still repeats, and while Time endures what the small decypherer of yellow rolls picked out of them will continue to be repeated in every edition of Hume, and in every petty publication for which the larger History of England has furnished materials; though probably not one reader in an hundred has any idea of being indebted to Thomas Hearne, or that any such person as Thomas Hearne ever existed. In short, it matters not how often, or how much, the results may have been modernized and popularized—as surely as it is the produce of the dark and dirty mine, grubbed up, and ground down, and elaborated by the hands of unwashed, unthanked, unknown artificers, that glows on the canvass of Rubens, and is living beauty when it has flowed from the pencil of Titian, so surely is it the dry and distasteful labour of the antiquary that furnishes the material for polite literature, and specially for History. To make, to preserve, to enrich history—history in the widest sense of that wide word—not merely as the chronicle of wars and revolutions, of the setting up and pulling down of kingdoms, but as the record and testimony of all that has been in religion and morals, in arts and letters, and the only hold which the mind of man has on the past—to enlarge this, and to make it truth, and to preserve with careful diligence for all generations every voucher for what is known, and every evidence that may help to carry on the inquiry—this is the true business of the antiquary.

But whoever employs himself in this business will find that a great part of the most valuable materials for his purpose are things provided with no such intention. It may seem like a reflection on human nature to say so:—but, in such matters at least, we generally learn best and most securely where the writer meant to teach us nothing, or nothing like what we want to know and do actually learn from him. The truth of this is so obvious as not to require any illustration; but the volume before us furnishes a remarkably good one—for undoubtedly the seneschal, bailiff, tything-man, and so forth of Castle Combe, no more expected that after five hundred years their proceedings would be pondered and illustrated by a studious lord of that barony, than they anticipated that after a little more than one century, a something would be invented to which the world would give the name of a printing-press.

As

Digitized by Google

As Mr. P. Scrope's History of his residence, though printed, is not published, and the spot itself is an unobtrusive one, there can be no offence either to Castle Combe or our readers in supposing that they may require a few words of introduction to each other. We find quoted on the title-page the brief notice penned three centuries ago by Leland—'There is a place in Wyleshir caullid Combe Castelle, a four miles west from Chippenham; and to this place longe diverse knights' services and liberties. And this Lordship now longgith to one Scrope.' This is pithy and to the purpose as far as it goes, but does not dispense with our author's own more picturesque description:—

'It lies deeply embosomed among steep, and generally wooded, slopes, in an angle of one of those narrow cleft-like valleys that intersect and drain the flat-topped range of limestone hills, called in Gloucestershire the Cotswolds, and which extend southwards across the north-east corner of Wiltshire, as far as Bath. A small but rapid stream runs through the village, and after a course of some miles joins the Avon near the town of Box, whence it is known as the Box Brook.

'The position here described gave occasion to the name of Combe, by which in the Saxon æra, and for some time afterwards, the place was alone designated. The prefix was subsequently added from *the Castle*, the meagre remains of which still crown the extremity of a hill about a quarter of a mile west of the town; but which, when entire, must have proudly overlooked the *combe*, or narrow valley, where the church and the principal part of the village are built. In the centre of the latter, and close to the church, stands the ancient market-cross, designating the market-place, from whence the three main streets of the village diverge. The houses which compose it, built of the rubbly limestone of the surrounding hills, generally retain the gable-fronts, labelled and mullioned windows, and often the wide stone-arched fire-places, characteristic of ancient English architecture. On the other side of the church, and at the termination of *West Street*, the old road to the castle, stands the gabled manor-house. Another secondary manor, or dowry-house, of equally primitive appearance, borders the High Street, or road which leads up the hill to the north. A few other houses are scattered on the side of this hill; and on the level top, beside the high road (now a turnpike) leading from Chippenham to Sodbury, are several farmhouses and cottages which go by the name of Upper, or *Over* Combe. The latter phrase is found thus applied in all the old documents concerning the manor, that of *Nether* Combe distinguishing the lower part of the place—distinctions of Saxon origin, no doubt, being almost exactly the *Ober* and *Nieder* still prefixed to the names of villages similarly situated in Germany. This difference of position in the two divisions of the town had its origin, of course, in motives of convenience, suggested by the different occupations of their inhabitants, as is well explained in an ancient Chartulary, or Book of Evidences, chiefly in the handwriting of William of Worcester, surveyor of this manor between 1430 and 1465.'

The

Digitized by Google

The passage alluded to is as follows:—

"In the said manor are two towns, one called Over Combe, in which reside the yeomen, who are occupied in the culture and working of the land which lies upon the hill, and the other called Nether Combe, in which dwell the men who use to make cloth, such as weavers, fullers, dyers, and other tradesmen."

A little farther on Mr. Scrope adds:—

'These features give to the scenery of the parish much beauty, and to some parts an air of romantic seclusion. The immediate neighbourhood of the village is especially striking. The old grey church-tower rising from among trees and low roofs in the bottom, the river rushing over stony shallows or tumbling over weirs, the gabled manor-house, at an angle of the broadest meadow, overhung by its terraced gardens, and the wooded castle-hill, jutting into the vale in the near distance, combine to form an interesting picture.'—p. 5.

As to the elder lords of this happy valley, our readers may think that we go back quite far enough, if, omitting any allusion to Domesday or the Conquest, we state that Reginald de Dunstanville, Earl of Cornwall, was Baron of Castle Combe from the year 1140 to 1175. Speaking with reference to the national troubles in the days of Stephen, our author says,—

'It was probably at the commencement of this disastrous season of civil warfare that the castle of Combe was built, whether by Earl Reginald or by one of the other Reginalds de Dunstanville. The district immediately surrounding it was for a long time the principal theatre of contention, the most important battles and sieges of the war having been fought at Marlborough, Salisbury, Devizes, Malmesbury, Bristol, Gloucester, Tetbury, Cricklade, and Faringdon. The possession of a fortress in so central a spot must therefore have been desirable to both parties; and there can be little doubt that the castle of Combe shared the fate of its neighbours in being frequently and fiercely contested.'—p. 22.

The barony was held by several generations of this family; and in the reign of Henry II., Walter de Dunstanville, the first of that name, obtained a market for the town. Walter, third of the name, dying in 1270, left an only daughter and heiress, Petronilla, or Parnell, then twenty-two years of age, and married to Sir Robert de Montfort, who thus became Baron of Castle Combe. He died shortly after, leaving only one son by the marriage. The widow Petronilla did homage for the estates, had livery of them, and enjoyed them until her death. When that took place does not appear, but she had in the interval married Sir John De la Mare. He therefore, by the courtesy of England, took a life interest, which lasted until 1313. Meanwhile, in 1309, William de Montfort the son, being thus excluded from the possession of the property, had sold all his reversionary

Digitized by Google

reversionary interest in it to Bartholomew Lord Badlesmere for one thousand pounds sterling.

Thus the dynasty of Dunstanville ended, and that of Badlesmere began. Those who have given any study to the period will be aware how soon this and all the other possessions of the wealthy lord of Leedes Castle were forfeited to the crown. He was executed for high treason in the year 1322, and his estates went (we might almost say of course) to the De Spensers. Castle Combe was among those which fell to the elder of the favourites, and we need scarcely add that he did not hold it long.

'In 1326,' says Mr. Scrope, 'the landing of the queen with Mortimer and Prince Edward was speedily followed by the destruction of the De Spensers and the deposition of the king. . . . The first consequence of the revolution thus effected was the reversal of the attainders of the families of those barons who had suffered at Boroughbridge. Among these Lord Badlesmere ranked high, and the earliest occasion was seized to restore his widow to the position which her noble birth and inheritance should command. Even before the deposition of Edward II. a grant was issued, giving "into her custody" the manors of Castle Combe.'

The like occurred as to many other estates in twelve different counties. This lady's brave defence of her husband's castle of Leedes is matter of history. The natural consequence of that, and her lord's arrest, was, that she was sent to the Tower: and—such were the cruel usages of the time—her children with her. She had one son and four daughters—all these daughters being married, though the eldest of them, and of the whole family, was under seventeen. Giles the heir was about eight years old. On the accession of Edward III. his wardship was granted to his cousin, Henry de Burghersh, Bishop of Lincoln; he was himself taken into great favour by the young monarch; and, before he was quite of age, livery of his father's estates generally was granted to him. Castle Combe, however, being a part of his mother's dower, was re-assigned to her in the same character. She had by that time married a second husband; but on her death, in the year 1333, the manor of Castle Combe, and the other lands which she held, came to this son Giles. He had married Elizabeth, daughter of William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury; but leaving no children, the four sisters who had been his fellow-prisoners became co-heiresses of his estates. Our historian observes that the marriages which their father had made for them while children were significant of his care to ally himself with persons in power. At the date of Giles's death, Margery, aged thirty-two, was the wife of William Lord Roos of Hamlake;

Digitized by Google

Hamlake; she afterwards married Thomas Lord Arundel. Maud, aged twenty-eight, was wife of John Earl of Oxford. Elizabeth, aged twenty-five (who had been previously married to Edmund de Mortimer, Earl of March), was wife of William de Bohun, Earl of Northampton. Margaret, the only one younger than her brother, and the only one whose fortunes concern us, was twenty-three years old, and the wife of John de Tibetot, or Tiptoft, the son of Payne or Pagan Lord Tybetot, who, after having been justice of Chester, governor of the Castle of Northampton, and warden of the forests beyond Trent, was killed in the battle of Stirling, in the year 1313. At that time John de Tibetot, his heir, was but one year and two months old. His inheritance consequently came into the king's hands; and, five years afterwards, his wardship was bought of the king, by Bartholomew Lord Badlesmere, for a thousand marks. What became of the young Tibetot couple (whose united ages might perhaps amount to somewhat less than ten years) in the mean time, we do not learn; but, as we have already said, in 1338 the lady was aged twenty-three, the wife of John de Tibetot, and what is more—everything in our view—queen of Castle Combe. So she continued until her death in 1344; after which her husband enjoyed his life estate until 1368.

His heir was his son, Sir Robert de Tybetot, aged twenty-four. He married the daughter of Lord D'Eyncourt; and in 1372 he died, leaving her with three daughters, aged respectively six, four, and two years. From these tiny damsels descended, no doubt, much that was noble and excellent; but the most important thing for us to notice is that to them, and to their circumstances, we are indebted for the volume before us. To them Castle Combe owes its History; and should it ever become a place of pilgrimage with a handbook of its own, it will have to thank them. If after their father's death Sir Richard Scrope, Lord of Bolton, had not—we will not adopt the strong language which his grandson uses with regard to his own case, but will only say, without any simile—'bought' them of the King for a thousand marks, Castle Combe, in all probability, had never come into the Scrope family.

However, Sir Richard Scrope, Lord of Bolton, did *buy* these three little ladies, because he had three little gentlemen of his own, for whom it was his duty to make matches. And though to us there may seem something ridiculous, if not worse, in the nursery nuptials of these babes and sucklings, yet we may hope that the Lord of Bolton did as well for his sons as if he had left them to seek their own fortune in the matter. Certainly we have reason to think that he did so for his second son Stephen, who

Digitized by Google

who married the second little maiden—Milicent. It is our place to mention her because, on a division of the father's estates among the coheiresses, Castle Combe fell into her portion. But independently of this she seems to have been a lady worthy of remembrance. 'In the British Museum,' says Mr. Scrope, 'there exists a curious MS. eulogium of her, written by some contemporary.' Its scribe, having professed in his title to indite a 'Discourse upon the family of Tybetot,' begins it by calling on the reader to observe that the whole drift is to 'try out' the encomiums of the 'vertuose lady, called Milicent, second daughter of Robert;' and, after some slight notice of her father's merits, he goes on thus:—

'This Robert married with the daughter of one Lord of Deyncourt, by name also Margarett, by whom the said Robert had iij daughters of price, the first called Margarett, the second Milicenta the third Elizabeth.

'O how noble was this generation! Come forth, thou triple virgynytie. Joyne yourself in mariadge, and bring forth issue; let not this seede be lost nor hid. Behold the womanly company of sisters; behold upon you resteth the love of a brotherly knott, longynge and wyshynge to marry you!

'Now if a man should enquyre who is the father-in-law to this virtuouse Milicent, I remember it was Richard Scroope, Tresurer of England, which had iij sonnes, Roger, Stephen, and Nicholas, which took to their wiffes the iij daughters aforesaid. Stevyn took Milicent, Roger had Margarett, and Nicholas was husband to Elizabeth. One masse said dyd surely knytt uppe this threfold bond of matrymony; laud and praise be to Christ thereof! For this tryple mariage had a prosperouse and complete end; great solemnytye with sensing of the high alters was had and done at that tyme of the Levytes. Then had King Edward the III. recovered his kingdome againe, and was in the xlvj^th^ year of his rayne. Now that we have passed on this progenies and matrimonies aforesaid, lett us sett asjde all digressions, and speke only of Milicent, that was maryed unto Stevyn (as this writing has made mention to fore), which was Tresurer unto King Richard the Second. He begott of his wieff Milicent ij sonnes, the elder named Stevyn, a gentle esquyer, and lyved many yeres, but his younger brother Robert died.'—p. 263.

But the Lady Milicent's claim to our notice rests much more on an encomium which Mr. Scrope has 'tried out' from Holinshed.

'In 1401 Sir Stephen Scrope returned to Ireland as deputy of Thomas of Lancaster, the King's son; and if the following anecdote be true, another instance is afforded of the admirable manner in which a woman sometimes uses her influence. It is said that his wife, the Lady Milicent, having heard the complaints which were made against him for his conduct whilst in Ireland some years before, refused to accompany him to that kingdom, except he would receive a solemn oath

Digitized by Google

oath on the Bible, that wittingly he would wrong no Christian creature in that land, that truly and duly he should see payment made for all expenses; and hereof, she said, she had made a vow to Christ so determinately, that, unless it were on his part firmly promised, she could not, without peril of soul, go with him. Her husband assented, and accomplished her request effectually; recovered a good opinion for his upright dealing; reformed his caterers and purveyors; enriched the country; maintained a plentiful house. Remission of great offences; remedies for persons endangered to the Prince; pardons of land and lives he granted so charitably and so discreetly, that his name was never recited among them without many blessings and prayers; and so cheerfully they were ready to serve him against the Irish upon all necessary occasions.'—p. 133.

Our *anonymous* panegyrist proceeds to tell that 'Milicent lived with her first husband xxvj yeres, and after his decease was married unto John Fastolf, which was a valiant knyght and sharpe in bateylle. The ij lyved together xxxviij yeres.' How far this warrior is to be accounted the original of Shakspeare's fat knight, is too wide a question to be entered on here; and we are the less bound to discuss it, because Sir John, though Lord of Castle Combe for half a century, does not appear ever to have seen the place, and probably, even if he observed its name among his multitudinous manors, knew less of its inhabitants than we do. One part of his conduct, however, has been already alluded to, and must be further noticed. When he married the Lady Milicent, she had one son by her former husband—Stephen Scrope—who appears to have been about twelve years of age;—and the historian says:—

'Fastolf, it seems, lost no time in selling his marriage and wardship for a round sum of money—a proceeding of which Scrope afterwards grievously complained. The purchaser was the celebrated Sir William Gascoigne, knight, then Chief Justice of England, and the price obtained by Fastolf was 450 marks, or 300*l.* The indenture of agreement between the parties is still extant at Castle Combe, with their signatures,'—p. 264.

There is something very pleasant in the idea of those two parties meeting to settle such a bargain. One would like to know whether 'his lordship went abroad by advice' to seek it, and how far their conversation resembled that which Shakspeare has given as belonging to another interview. The historian adds, 'the marriage here contemplated did not take effect,—probably owing to the death of Sir William Gascoigne, in 1413, before Stephen Scrope was of age to complete the contract;' and it may have been so;—but another very probable reason may be assigned. Certainly, poor Stephen seems to have been hardly used, and there might be some excuse for his saying in the

Digitized by Google

the bitterness of his wrath, when making out his 'General Bill of charges against the estate of Fastolf'—

'In the first yere that my fader Fastolf was married to my moder, he solde me for V^{c} marcs, withoute any titill or right, through which sale as in this worlde my persone was disfigured for ever. Wherefore I clayme the seid some of V^{c} marks, withoute [that is, making no charge for] the hurt of my disfiguring. Item, he bought me agene;—[that is, in milder language, returned the five hundred marks when the match was broken off]—so he bought me and soilde me as a beste, agens al ryght and law, to myn hurt more than M^{l} marks.'—p. 281.

There might, we say, be some ground for this complaint of the unhappy Stephen, inasmuch as it does not appear that his inclination was at any time or in any degree consulted, or that any way of escape was provided for him. But it is only justice to the times, and to their odd ways, to observe that in the indenture express provision was made for the case of his being unacceptable to all the young ladies—and for putting an end to the matter, 'si, par disagrement des ditz files destre mariez a dit Stephen le fitz, ils soient mariez as auters persones.' It might, therefore, be upon some distaste of the Miss Gascoynes' that the match was broken off; and this is the more likely and excusable, perhaps, on account of the disfigurement to which he refers. The precise nature of it does not appear, though he alludes to it more fully in a 'Schedule of Grievances, which he seems to have drawn up and sent to Sir John about the year 1452.' He begins it by saying:—

'It is to remembre that in the first year that my moder was maried to my fader Fastolf, he of his pleasure solde me to William Gascoyne, that tyme chief justice of this lande, for v. c. marke. The wich he had in his possession a iij. yere. Thorugh the wiche sale I tooke sekenes that kept me a xiij. or xiiij. yere swyng: whereby I am disfigured in my persone, and shall be whilest I lyve.'—p. 279.

Having thus fairly conveyed the barony to the Scrope family, we may trust it to float down the stream of modern time by itself, while we revert to its ancient state, and take a glance at it from another point of view.

'What constitutes a state?' After all that we have said about Castle Combe, what was it? Our readers of the Palgrave school, who would like to have 'a complete and searching analysis of the component parts of the community,' will not be satisfied if we answer that it was an ancient manor or barony, with 'diverse knights' services and liberties;' rejoicing in 'tol, them, sok, sak, infangthef,' &c.; and bringing with it all the seigniorities, royalties, jurisdictions, privileges, immunities, and a thousand other things which the manor of Dale brought to

Digitized by Google

to one 'I. S.,' his heirs and assigns. We grant that what they desire is a thing to be asked for, and aimed at; though we fear that the ample materials in Mr. Poulett Scrope's possession are insufficient to furnish it. But even the extracts which he has given us afford many interesting glimpses of what was going on in 'an upland township' during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and as these come chiefly from the records of judicial proceedings, it may be well, in the first place, to give our historian's brief account of the authorities and tribunals by which this little *imperium in imperio* (as it might almost be termed) was governed. This is worth while; not because the place was of peculiar historical interest in itself, but, on the contrary, because it was a little sequestered community, during the greater part, if not the whole, of the period to which we principally refer, without any resident lord or any admixture or connexion with public affairs; and, in these points, as well as many others, a fair specimen of hundreds of contemporary communities—a specimen chiefly valuable for its want of peculiarity—except indeed the very valuable peculiarity of having such records as those now drawn upon the member for Stroud. That gentleman says—

'The tenants and other inhabitants of the manor had the great advantage of local courts of justice at their own door, which held pleas of debt or damage arising among themselves or at their fair and markets, and adjudicated on all petty offences, they themselves composing the court, under the presidency of the seneschal or steward of the manor.

'These courts consisted of—

'1. The Court Baron, or Manor Court, usually in these rolls styled Curia Intrinseca, at which the customary tenants of the manor surrendered or were admitted to their holdings, paid their quit-rents, and transacted all business relating to their tenures, through a *homage*, or selected body of them, chosen on the meeting of the court. The steward (seneschallus) presided, and looked to the lord's interests in these matters. The bailiff (ballivus domini) collected the fees (pecunias domini), fines, and amerciaments which were imposed by the homage. The homage also heard and decided civil actions of debt or damage to the amount of 40*s.*; punished all trespassers on the lord's soil or waters, on the deer in his park, or the hares, conies, or *pheasants* in his warren—which latter class of offences were very numerous, although very heavily amerced. They likewise determined cases of waif and estray, and of villains absenting themselves or marrying their daughters without the lord's consent (sine licentiâ), &c. . . . .

'2. The Knights' Court (Curia Militum, sometimes in these rolls Curia Extrinseca), usually held at the same time with the Court Baron, but occasionally on separate days. At this court the noblemen and gentlemen (nobiles sive generosi) who held lands or manors by knight's service of the barony of Castle Combe were bound to attend, either

Digitized by Google

either in person or by proxy, to do their suit and service, and pay the rents, escheats, and reliefs due from them severally, as it might happen. They were generally, as a matter of course, essoigned, that is, excused from attendance, on payment of a fee, latterly of 2*s.* each, but which formerly appears to have been much higher—25*s.* or 30*s.* Against such as failed to pay, writs of *distringas* were issued, and on further failure pledges were required or distraint actually enforced.

'3. The Court Leet, or View of Frankpledge, which was usually held twice in the year; sometimes even two were held within little more than three months. At this court the tything-man attended with the entire tything (decennarius cum totâ decenniâ)—that is, the *dozein*, or twelve principal inhabitants, who acted as a grand jury. The absence of any inhabitant duly summoned to attend was reported, and he was fined 2*d.*, as also was the tything-man for not producing him. The tything-man was bound to collect from the tenants and pay in at each of the two principal courts 1*d.* for each yardland and ½*d.* for each half-yardland and cottage, and each "Monday's thing." This amounted to 3*s.* *de certo*, a fixed sum. He also presented yearly a *capitagium garcionum*, sometimes called *chevagium*, or nominal list of foreign servants and artificers, who paid yearly 2*d.* each for the privilege of dwelling within the manor without belonging to the tything, for which payment their masters were pledged. The list varies in number from 20 to 70.

'The *tastatores* then reported all cases of breach of the assize of bread or beer; the tything-man breaches of the peace, frauds, unjust levying of toll, nuisances, and other offences either against the common or statute law, or in breach of the by-laws or orders made by themselves for the regulation of the community residing in the manor. Upon these cases the presentment of the *decennia* seems to have been usually final and conclusive; the petty jury, which in the later courts always appears, being in the fourteenth century only occasionally chosen and sworn in the more important cases.'—p. 155.

It may be proper to state that the extracts which Mr. Scrope has given from the records of these courts are divided into three sets—the first referring to the period A.D. 1340-1400, and introduced as above; the second to 1408-1460; the third to 1460-1700. Those belonging to the *second* period are thus prefaced:—

'The most frequent offences against the lord's property recorded in the proceedings of his Courts Baron in the fifteenth as in the preceding century were of this character; namely, the cutting of timber, or taking deer, game, rabbits, &c., in his park, or fishing in his waters; others of usual occurrence were quarrying, or otherwise breaking his soil without leave, rescuing waifs or strays, villains absenting themselves without licence (for which a payment was exacted, usually of 12*d.* per annum, or a composition of 20*s.* for life), &c.

'The offences of a public character adjudicated in the Court Leet were

Digitized by Google

were of the nature of affrays, assaults, blood-shedding, tippling in alehouses, eavesdropping or night-walking, keeping bad houses, gaming or playing at forbidden games, barratry or disturbing the peace by false reports and quarrels, rescue, pound-breach, scolding or scandal, nuisances of all kinds, breaking hedges or neglecting to keep them or the highways in repair, using false or unstamped weights and measures, forestalling, regrating, and all the other numerous tribe of offences against the general statutes or by-laws of the leet made for the purpose of regulating the sale or quality of provisions or other goods—flesh, leather, bread, beer, wine, &c. The Leet does not appear to have determined cases of felony, but committed the prisoners to the county gaol to be tried at the general delivery; the steward acting as a justice of peace.

'The officers of the Leet Court were on the increase in this later period, as might be expected from the increase of their duties under new statutes, and also of the population of the place. Two constables were in the fifteenth century annually sworn, in addition to the tything-man or "decennarius;" and besides the "tastatores" or "ale-conners," we find now "viewers of flesche and vitealls" (carnarii), "searchers or sealers of leather" (sigillatores corei), "overlookers of the process of dyeing and fulling cloth" (conservatores artis tinctorum et fullatorum), "supervisores regiæ viæ," or highway surveyors, and a "numerator ovium," or sheep-teller, to regulate the stint of pasture on the common.

'A very common offence, frequently mentioned, was the impleading or suing tenants of the manor in other courts, whereby the lord's court was deprived of its due fees, and the tenants impoverished.'—p. 231.

Yes, and beside the fees on the one hand and the impoverishment on the other, it is clear, even from the glimpse which we get of their life and conversation, that the people of Castle Combe had a great idea of keeping themselves to themselves and minding their own business. Some, to be sure, could not get away without paying, because they were *the lord's natives;* but, on the other hand, many who were in their view foreigners were paying for the privilege of living among them. Indeed it seems, looking upon the body generally, as if they were well off and knew it. William of Worcester—whom the readers of Thomas Hearne will be hardly able to imagine as a real live man, holding the office of secretary to Sir John Fastolf, and in that capacity acting as what Mr. Scrope calls surveyor, overlooker, supervisor, or auditor of the knight's accounts at Castle Combe—William mentions as a principal reason of the prosperity of the place during the long lordship of his patron, that the tenants were not allowed to plead in other courts than their own—*quod non pladerent in aliis curiis.*

They kept in their own place, and minded their own business; and it is proper next to ascertain what that business was. The chief part has been stated in an extract already given;

Digitized by Google

given; and it might perhaps be sufficient to repeat that one part was called Over Combe, and inhabited by those 'occupied in the culture and working of the land, which lies upon the hill'—and the other called Nether Combe, in which dwelt the men who used 'to make cloth, such as weavers, fullers, dyers, and other tradesmen.' On this Mr. Scrope, after copying some details from the book of evidences, observes—'The clothing trade, which appears to have flourished here at so early a date, was favoured by the rapid stream that traverses the parish, admitting the erection of several fulling-mills upon it.' This might mislead the reader, by seeming to refer to the time 'between 1430 and 1465,' which had just been mentioned as the period during which William of Worcester, whose statement is quoted, acted as supervisor of the manor. The clothing trade had, however, been established much earlier, and the same writer states, in one of his miscellaneous memoranda, that 'William Toker [the obsolete German *Tucher*], Huchcok Toker, and Thomas Toker, were the first inhabitants who were artificers of wool and cloths here'—also that 'Roger Young junior dwelt in Castel Combe as a clothier in the time of King Edward III.; and a certain knight, Sir Robert Yevelton, in the time of Richard II., came by force of arms to beat Roger Young; and the said knight fled into the church of that place for safety of his body.' There is some latitude in speaking of 'the time of Edward III.,' as it extended from 1326 to 1377; but one of Mr. Scrope's extracts (p. 160) shows that a William Touker was resident in the town at least as early as the 26th October, 1350.

Perhaps a more leisurely scrutiny of his documents may enable the historian of the manor to trace this manufacture to a still earlier period; and should he take that trouble, we cannot but think it possible that he may find some trace of another branch of business. Diaper is not so like to King Pepin as Spondel is to Spindle; and indeed it seems rather natural that a reader of the first word should think of the second; especially if he finds it as a proper name, after having read of whole generations of Tokers, Toukers, and Towkers deriving their name from the article which they manufactured. Now, as early as the year 1354 the *homage* presented that John *Spondel* was one of *the lord's natives*, and a sort of *habeas corpus* was issued, directing his brother, Adam *Spondel*, to produce the said John at the next court. Probably there may be something intermediate about him in the records of the court; but among the extracts given by Mr. Scrope we find nothing more until the year 1363, when the homage presented that 'Johannes

Digitized by Google

'Johannes *Spondele*, nativus domini,' was living at Tetbury; and measures were taken for bringing him to reside within the barony before next court-day. They seem, however, to have been ineffectual; and about three years later the homage were obliged to confess that they had not yet got 'Johannem *Spoundel*, dictum *Flexmangere*, nativum domini.' Does this indicate the manufacture of flax—and that the lord's natives laid their hands to the spindle? The proceedings of the court, as far as we can learn from the extracts, were inefficient; and long after—indeed after an interval of twenty years, so that we may perhaps have come upon another generation—we find the next notice, in a form very like that of the first, directing the next of kin 'Johannis *Flexman*, nativi domini, manentis apud Tetbury,' to produce him at the next court under a penalty of xx*s*. What came of this we know not; but seventy years afterwards there occurs in William of Worcester's list of natives 'Thomas *Spondell*, alias dictus *Flaxman*, manens cum sequelâ suâ apud Tetbury'—p. 217. We recommend this case to Mr. Scrope's further attention, not merely on the ground already suggested, but because we suspect it to be a curious and rare instance of self-emancipation, and of a native setting the lord at defiance. No doubt the most difficult duty of such local tribunals and officials was, to 'comprehend all vagrom men' over whom they claimed jurisdiction. It was all well as long as the offender obeyed the summons of the court; but 'how if he will not stand?' The authorities were not satisfied, we see, to follow Dogberry's advice, and 'take no note of him;' if at length they were summoned to meet for mutual congratulation on the riddance, there may be some trace of it on the Court-rolls. At all events, the case is worth looking into.

After work comes play, as a general rule; but it seems to us rather remarkable that we glean so little information on that point. Within the first period—A.D. 1340-1400—we observe no trace whatever of music, dancing, sports or pastimes of any description; unless one case, singular in every sense of the word, may be considered as an exception. At a court holden on the 25th October, 1367, a waif was presented, consisting of a horse, saddle, bridle, and wallet, value iij*s*. vj*d*., and a certain instrument value iv*d*., which had been abandoned in flight by some thief unknown—*quoddam instrumentum dictum* baggepype *pretio ivd.—wayviata per quendam latronem ignotum.* How they knew that the waiver was a thief, whether they caught him, and if they did how they treated him, is more than we can tell. It would be premature, and out of place, to mention the grounds which exist for surmising that those who kept the peace of Castle Combe thought it more charitable to suspect the man of stealing

Digitized by Google

stealing a chattel worth iv*d.*, than of playing on bagpipes; and humanely intended, if he should be caught, to deal with him as a thief rather than as a musician. This is the only hint that anything called or pretending to be music existed in these parts before A.D. 1400; not so very long before young Hal embarked for Azincourt, taking with him 'Snyth' his 'fydeler,' as one of the fifteen minstrels who attended him. What was done with the pipes does not appear. They were of course the property of the lord, but it is more than probable that he never got them; for he was away in Spain fighting under the Duke of Lancaster, and had just shared in the glories of Najarra. In fact, it is not until we reach A.D. 1428 that we meet with any notice of diversion; and then it appears in the form of gambling. In the November of that year John Niweton and Maurice ap David are presented at the court, not as men overtaken in a fault, but as *communes lusores ad talos*—common dicers—in an alehouse—and not a very well-conducted one either. We happen to know that John Reod and his wife Cecilia, who kept it, were not quite what they should have been. Within a twelvemonth after, they were presented and made to bring up the unsealed vessels in which they had sold beer, contrary to the statute, which straitly charged that no measure should be in any town unless it agreed with the king's measure, and was marked with the seal of the shire-town—and also directed that if any should sell or buy by measures unsealed, and not examined by the mayor or bailiffs, he should be grievously amerced: and accordingly John Reod, having been made to produce his unsealed beer-measures, as well as a pottle, a quart, and a pint of tin, in which he had sold both red wine and sweet wine—(was this an offence before the time of Richard II., or was it only that he sold short measure?)—it was considered that he had forfeited the value of the beer and wine as well as his vessels; but through the leniency of the court he was amerced in the sum of two shillings only. This, however, by the way, and only to show what sort of person John Reod was, and how he was going on; and, with the same view we might mention that only a few months before the presentment of these dicers, John Reod had paid a fine of vj*d.*, and forfeited a candlestick, value j*d.*, with which he had drawn blood from this very Maurice ap David. Perhaps it is not unfair to assume that where there were two common dicers there were more; but at the same time it is fair to remark that this is the only reference to anything of the kind which we have detected even in the second portion of Mr. Scrope's extracts; and the fact that, while the offenders were fined only ij*d.* each for their dicing, the host was fined

Digitized by Google

vj*d.* for harbouring them, and ordered not to do so again under the heavy penalty of xx*s.*, looks as if the authorities had discovered a nascent evil, and determined to remedy it by strong measures.

This view is favoured by one or two subsequent extracts. The first is nineteen years later, and belongs to the month of May, 1447. It was then ordered, by the assent and consent of all the tenants, that no one should play at staff-ball, or foot-ball, under a penalty of xl*d.*, to be paid to the lord. One cannot imagine that such recreations would have been forbidden under so heavy a penalty, unless as seen or thought to be inseparable from some serious mischief. This suspicion is confirmed by an extract under the date of September, 1452, which recites that the tenants had been repeatedly forbidden to play at hand-ball for money, under a penalty of vj*s.* viij*d.*, to be paid to the lord; and directs that from thenceforth no tenant should harbour any persons playing at tables or dice after nine o'clock, under a penalty of xl*d.* for the harbourer, and of vj*s.* viij*d.* for the player. This appears to have been found insufficient; and it was followed in the year 1455 by an order that none of the tenants should remain at a tavern at all after nine o'clock in the summer, or after eight o'clock between Midsummer and Easter, under a penalty of vi*s.* viij*d.*, to be strictly enforced, as often as the lord's peace should be broken by them.

This is all that we discover down to A.D. 1460. Passing over rather more than a century, we find the subjects of Queen Elizabeth recreating themselves more freely and frequently; at least, what we grant is not quite the same thing, we find more frequent notice of their proceedings in that way. It is not, indeed, till the 13th or 14th year of her reign (1571) that we meet with any information; but then it comes upon us in rather a wholesale way —to wit, in the presentment of 'A list of the players at unlawful games for money—at nyne-holes, and rushe and bowles. These be comen doers.' The list itself our historian delicately omits; but subsequent extracts seem to indicate that the company of 'doers' in this kind had continued to call for notice both by their increased number and the greater variety of their diversions. In 1576 we find four card-players—(luserunt apud cartas pictas, videlicet, *Kuffe*); and these incurred a penalty of vj*s.* viij*d.*, which however was mitigated to xij*d.*; two offenders who played at 'nyne holes,' and were fined xij*d.* each; three at bowls (apud globos), for which each had to pay ij*d.* But it is not our business to meddle with these modern times, except just to remark that they do not seem to have mended; for among the latest presentments (in 1611—if it had been

Digitized by Google

been a little later we might have imagined that John Bunyan had had a hand in it) occurs that of John Churchey and another for playing at shift-groate on Sundays, at the house of John Hollydaie, 'ad malum exemplum aliorum.' And the bad example seems to have been followed; for the next year John Hollydaie himself, and two others, were presented as persons who habitually played at cards (usi sunt ludere) on Sundays. But these, we repeat, were modern fashions.

We are more desirous to gain from the slender, though interesting, materials before us, something like an idea of the interior life of Castle Combe in its earlier ages. Whoever reads Mr. Scrope's book with that view can hardly fail to observe that, beside what may be properly called business or amusement, two things lay near the hearts, and occupied much of the time and thoughts of the inhabitants. The first of these he will probably have noticed before he arrives at p. 341; but if it has not struck him, he will there find the historian calling his attention to it.

'The regulations respecting the brewing and selling of ale and beer were specially various and perplexing. From divers entries in the rolls, it appears that no one was permitted to brew so long as any church ale (that is, ale made on account of the parish, and sold at the "church house" for the benefit of the common fund for the relief of the poor) remained unsold (1490); nor so long as the keeper of the park had any to sell (1530); nor at any time without license from the lord or the court (1589); nor to sell beer without a sign or (during the fair) an "ale-stake" hung out (1464. 1478, 1553); nor refuse to sell so long as the sign was hung out (1464); nor ask a higher price for each quality than that fixed by the jury of assize (1557, 1580); nor lower the quality below what the "ale-tasters" approved of (1464); nor sell at the times of divine service, nor after nine o'clock at night (1590); nor sell at all without entering into a bond for 10*l.* and a surety in 5*l.* to keep order in their houses (1577, 1588); all these regulations to be strictly observed by brewers and ale-sellers under penalty of 10*s.* or upwards for each offence. But especially was the enforcing the assize of beer and ale ever a matter of great difficulty. It was found necessary from time to time both to vary the prices fixed, and to resort to all sort of expedients, in the vain endeavour to secure good liquor to be sold at low prices.'

Vain indeed;—as Mr. Scrope goes on to show by various extracts belonging to the reign of Elizabeth—the latest of them to its tenth year—after which date, so far as our information extends, there occurred nothing like a serious effort at local legislation on the subject. Well it might be given up;—for, at a court held on the 22nd May, it was the painful duty of the tything-man to state that 'the ale-wyves had broken ALL the orders of the last lawe-daye.'

Digitized by Google

lawe-daye.' The court, so far as appears, received the presentment in silence, and made no order. The despair of the tything-man may be imagined, as well as the triumph of the fair delinquents. One cannot help seeing them in high-crowned hats, with arms akimbo, making mouths at the court and jury sworn, and laughing outright at the tything-man and the rest of creation. On the 19th of July, in the same year, a feeble attempt at legislation was made; some orders about price and management were issued; but our historian sadly remarks, 'that even this was unsuccessful is shown by frequent convictions and repetitions of the same or similar injunctions.'

We will not, however, dwell longer on this point than just to notice one species of offence, which the historian has omitted in his summary. We refer to the case of John Lautroppe, who was presented in April, 1462, for that 'brasiavit iij vicibus sub uno signo'—that is, we presume, that under one notice he had made three distinct brewings. But, to say the truth, we refer to the offence without clearly understanding its nature, not so much to increase the sad catalogue of crimes and troubles just quoted, as to introduce one of the *dramatis personæ* at Castle Combe, who must have had peculiar claims to the notice of the court, even if he had brewed fairly, or not at all. John Lautroppe seems to have been the very man whom the framers of the 'Statute for the View of Frankpledge,' in the year 1325, had an eye to, when, in enumerating 'what things Stewards in their Leets shall inquire about,' they particularly specified 'ceux qi dorment les jours et viellent les nuiz et mangent bien et bievent bien et nount nul bien.' John Lautroppe was, beyond all doubt, one of this ancient and inextinguishable family. At the same time that he was charged with the offence of furtive brewing, he was presented as a common night-walker and eaves-dropper—*communis noctivagus et auscultator ad fenestras.* He qualified himself as to the good eating which the statute requires, by 'hole-creeping' after his neighbours' geese and pigs—*est communis* holecreppar *anserum et porcellorum tenentium*—and as to the good drinking, we have seen the clandestine but thrice-abundant provision which he made for that.

The significant word by which Lautroppe's character and mode of doing business are indicated, is one which we do not recollect to have seen elsewhere; and it affords an opportunity for remarking generally (for in this particular instance it may be merely our ignorance or forgetfulness) that such works as that now before us are highly valuable for the additions which they offer to our glossaries—that is, to the necessary materials for what we hope may some day exist—a real Dictionary of our

Digitized by Google

our whole mother-tongue. We only observe one other offender of this class, and that one, we are sorry to say, a female. Alice Shyme, who flourished six years later, does not seem to have particularly affected geese and pigs. She was in a more general way of business, and took whatever came to hand. William Bochur and Thomas Taillour, who harboured her, were ordered to remove her out of the barony before the next court-day, as '*communam* (sic) *holecropperam* diversarum rerum vicinorum morum,' under a penalty of xx*s.* to the lord. P. 235.

But though these ever-brewing men of Wiltshire were thus, perhaps unconsciously, and not without some self-seeking, laying a foundation for the imperishable fame of their county, let it not be thought that they were a drunken race. So far as we can judge from the imperfect evidence before us, they were quite the reverse. Looking at the author's Index to his Extracts, we find only, 'Drunk, penalty for being enforced, 1618, 1630' (which latter date ought, by the way, to be 1631); and, seeing that these extracts begin in 1340, it appears strange that none of an earlier date should record the commission and punishment of this crime. Here are only two references, with thirteen years between them; and, what is the oddest part of the matter, both seem to lead us to the same man. We say 'seem,' because, of course, there may have been two Richard Sarjants, and both may have got drunk—perhaps like father, like son; In any case, however, the presentments are instructive. In April, 1618, the jurors stated that Richard Sarjant had made an affray on David Owell and drawn his blood, and for that offence he was fined sixpence; they farther presented that he was drunk at the time, and for that he was fined five shillings, to be distributed among the poor according to the form of the statute. This was a severe punishment, and perhaps it kept him sober till 1631, when he was again presented as having been drunk about the 25th of September, and was once more fined five shillings. Our charitable view of the case is rather strengthened by the fact that, on this second occasion, the jurors also presented George Smarte for having been drunk about the 5th day of April 1631. This was an old story, and looks as if a drunken man was not to be met with every day in Castle Combe; and on the whole we seem authorised to believe that, during the period to which our remarks generally relate, its inhabitants were a sober, industrious people, who consumed their home-brewed beer with moderation and advantage, though it cannot be denied that they made a great bustle about it.

In the midst of all this brewing and fermentation it seems strange,

Digitized by Google

strange, but it is peculiarly characteristic of the times, to find a Hermit quietly taking up his quarters. Who he was, or whence he came, we are not told. Were it not for the date we should feel sure at once that he was the 'hermit hoar' consulted and immortalized by our great moralist; but all that we really learn is that, at a court held on the 8th of May, 1358, the cottage, late Alice Redemayde's, was granted to John the Hermit, on condition that as long as he lived he should pray for the lord and his ancestors. The lord was Sir Richard Scrope, first Baron of Bolton. He was a warrior, and at this time, about thirty years of age. He fought in the battle of Crecy when only eighteen; and at the time of which we are speaking, had but recently returned from the campaign in Scotland—returned, that is, to England, for that he ever saw Castle Combe is more than we know. Neither can we tell whether he now for the first time set up a hermit on any of his territories. Those who are conversant with the details of French and Spanish history will know that the occurrence announced synchronizes very exactly with the retreat of some illustrious individuals into the mendicant orders; and perhaps it may contribute its mite towards illustrating the singular and mysterious state of religion at that period. It is an odd coincidence, if it is nothing more, that the will of a member of another branch of the same family contains some of the most curious information which we possess respecting hermits and the patronage that they received. By his will, dated June 23rd, 1415, Henry, third Lord Scrope of Masham, made extraordinary provision for funeral pomp and the performance of his obsequies in various places. *Inter alia* this noble and pious peer bequeathed to John, the Anchoret of Westminster, C*s.* and the pair of beads which he was himself accustomed to use; to Robert the Recluse (*Recluso*) of Beverly, xl*s.*; to a certain chaplain dwelling in York, in a street called Gilligate, *in the church of St. Mary*, viij*s.* iv*d.*; to John the Hermit, who used to live at the hill near Pontefract, xiij*s.* iv*d.*; to Thomas the chaplain, dwelling (*commoranti continuo*) in the church of St. Nicholas, Gloucester, xiij*s.* iv*d.*; to the Anchoret of Stafford, xiij*s.* iv*d.*; of Kurkebiske, xiij*s.* iv*d.*; of Wath, xx*s.*; of Peesholme, near York, xiij*s.* iv*d.*; to Elizabeth, late servant of the Anchoret at Hampole—the sum is left *blank*—but the entry is curious, partly because people do not generally conceive of hermits as keeping servants—especially maid-servants—and partly because it may not impossibly refer to the only one of all these hermits whose name and works have descended to modern times. If this Elizabeth had been servant to Richard or St. Richard Hampole, she must either have

Digitized by Google

have been a very old woman in 1415, or a mere child when the hermit died in 1349. The Lord of Masham furthermore left to the recluse at Newcastle in the house of the Dominicans, xiij*s.* iv*d.*; to the recluse at Kexby Ferry, xiij*s.* iv*d.*; to the several anchorets of Wigton, of Castre, of Thorganby near Colyngwith, of Leek near Upsale, of Gainsburgh, of Kneesall near Southwell, of Staunford, living in the parish church there, of Dertford, each xiij*s.* iv*d.* After these specific bequests the testator adds: Also to every anchoret and recluse dwelling in London or its suburbs, vj*s.* viij*d.* Also to every anchoret and recluse dwelling in York and its suburbs (except such as are already named), vi*s.* viij*d.* To the anchoret of Shrewsbury at the Dominican convent there, xx*s.* Also to every other anchoret and anchoritess that can be found without much trouble (*potest leviter cognosci*) within three months after his decease vj*s.* viij*d.* If any reader thinks that the money might have been better bestowed, he may comfort himself with the knowledge that the will never took effect, owing to the attainder and execution of the testator for high treason.

But in this crowd of hermits (though it may be worth while to show that a crowd might be collected in those days) we must not lose sight of our own hermit John, dimly visible as he is amid the steam of mash-tuns and cooling-backs at Castle Combe. What became of him we do not know—but the mere fact that he there found out a 'peaceful hermitage' furnishes us with a convenient stepping-stone to the second of the two things which, as we have already intimated, lay near the hearts and engaged the thoughts and affections of his neighbours. They were, as we have seen, very particular about their beer, but they had the sense to know that even good beer was not good for much if they could not drink it in peace. The peace they would have kept; and, we apprehend, did keep with singular care and success. We do not mean merely that they had no Spa-fields riots, no Reform meetings, no Convocation; nor merely that there was as much concord and good neighbourship as is compatible perhaps with the infirmities of human nature. Of course strife occasionally arose, and broke out into assaults and batteries, though probably not so frequent or so fierce as if the parties had exchanged their complacent ale for the viler liquors of modern times. There was Richard Spencer, in 1415, who had been in the rector's service. He not only, it seems, *fecit insultum* on that reverend divine—for which he was fined iij*d.*—but again beat him—*levavit hictus super dictum Rectorem*—and was therefore mulcted in another iij*d.* We are not told what led to the assault, but history shows that, even in the best regulated communities,

Digitized by Google

munities, there will generally be some unruly subjects; and, when there are, they are pretty sure to quarrel with 'the parson.' These fines were perhaps not light with reference to the means of the culprit. William Baate, who three years later was bound over to keep the peace towards the rector and all the King's lieges under a penalty of xx*l.* with three sureties of x*l.* each, was, we may presume, an offender of more consideration and influence. But the most remarkable case, on account of the view which seems from the terms of the report to have been taken of it, was that of John le Tayllour, presented in like fashion—A.D. 1364—for beating the parson. If, as is probable, the great cause of 'Peebles *v.* Plainstanes' is not settled, this decision of the court of Castle Combe may be of singular value to 'old Pest' and his unfortunate client—

'And then to come back to my pet process of all—my battery and assault process, when I had the good luck to provoke him to pull my nose at the very threshold of the Court, whilk was the very thing I wanted—Mr. Pest—ye ken him, Daddie Fairford!—old Pest was for making it out *hamesucken*, for he said the Court might be said—*said!* ugh!—to be my dwelling-place. I dwell mair there than ony gate else, and the essence of *hamesucken* is to strike a man in his own dwelling-place—and so there's hope Plainstanes may be hanged, as many has for a less matter.'—*Redgauntlet.*

How would poor Peter Peebles and his legal adviser have chuckled over a presentation in the year 1364, 'quod Johannes le Tayllour fecit *homsokene* super Personam in ecclesiâ et injuste levavit *hictus* super dictum Rectorem;' followed by the statement that, though the criminal was not hanged, he was fined vj*d.*? For ourselves we wish to view it as an indication, or at least as a ground of hope, that there was one priest who was thought to have found him a home in the house of God, while all his brethren, as far as we learn, were abroad poaching.

These cases, and more which might be cited, show that the government would not allow the peace to be broken with impunity; but we cannot help seeing—and we wish to describe and to suggest, as characteristic of the people and their times—something far beyond the mere prevention or punishment of violence. The authorities, and the lieges too, both disapproved of disturbance; of all men the most hateful in their eyes were the 'perturbators'—we use their word; of course we are aware that the men probably called themselves 'reformers'—but the authorities dealt in a very summary way with persons who were troublesome, litigious, and discontented, and wanted to make other people like themselves. So at least it appears to us who live under a somewhat different system of things, and, scanty as

Digitized by Google

as our materials for judgment are, we cannot help admiring it very much. It is almost enough to make one fall in love with an arbitrary government. Of course we do not wish to see the fourteenth century return, or the seneschal of Castle Combe sitting in Downing Street; but we can well imagine that the constitution and administration of this and many another little *imperium in imperio* worked well. It is quite possible that in such a state of things, and with such circumstantials, common sense in the heads and somewhat undefined powers in the hands of honest men, who had familiar knowledge of the parties, very commonly led to substantial justice. Perhaps they were not as particular about statute-letter, or exact precedent, as Sir Vicary Gibbs or Lord Eldon might have been; but what then? Was Richard Symonds to go on making the place a bear-garden, just because nobody had done it before in precisely the same way, or because he had kept within the letter of such of their laws as had any letter at all? The reader may never have heard of him, but no doubt all the folks living at Upper Combe and Nether Combe on the 15th of April, 1387, knew what sort of person Richard Symonds was. They had talked over his doings often enough, and had made up their minds that he was really too bad, and they felt quite certain that whatever brawls disturbed the street he was, somehow or other, at the bottom of them. Well, then, when there had been 'numerous assaults committed by the lord's tenants one upon the other,' though no record is produced to show that Richard had assaulted anybody, yet it was probably very right, not only to fine him xx*s.*, but to stigmatize him with the worst brand which the good people of that time and place could set upon any delinquent—to denounce him to his contemporaries, and register him for posterity, as an habitual disturber of Castle Combe—yea, 'communis perturbator pacis in perturbationem totius dominii.'

Richard North, too, in the year 1413, was presented simply on the ground that he was a constant disturber and one who stirred up strife among his neighbours—'communis perturbator pacis et motor litis et jurgii inter tenentes domini contra pacem domini Regis.' Two years after the jurors prayed that Richard Riche, who seems to have been a kindred spirit, though probably a manufacturer in good circumstances, might be required to find sufficient security for his good behaviour. They complained that he interfered in all quarrels—'intromittit de omni querelâ ad perturbationem pacis et totius communitatis tenentium domini hic'—a termination worthy to stand beside Anstey's 'tunc.' But to our own minds the leading case on this subject is that of an unlucky man whom we have already had occasion to mention both

Digitized by Google

both as a sufferer and as a sinner. Maurice ap David, as we know, had his blood shed by the candlestick of John Reod. The thing was wrong, the candlestick was forfeited, and John Reod was fined vj*d.* That was in May 1428; and then, as we have seen, in the following November, Maurice ap David was presented as a common dicer, and fined ij*d.* We may now add that, in the next March, it became incumbent on the tything-man to present that Richard Waleys, lying in wait by night about nine o'clock—assaulted Maurice ap David at Castle Combe, and there with a cudgel of no value—'cum uno baculo nullius valoris'—beat, wounded, and ill-treated him so that his life was despaired of. Waleys could not deny the charge; and was happy to get off with paying a fine of iij*s.* iv*d.* on the spot, and giving security to keep the peace towards all the King's lieges under a penalty of x*l.* with two or three sureties of v*l.* each. This seems a severe punishment for beating (one knows not on what provocation) a convicted and twopence-fined dicer, who had probably been staying at the alehouse to the very last moment allowed by the law; for why else was he noctivagating about the town at the unnatural hour of nine? Is it not probable that the solution may be found in the matter of aggravation which the tything-man, brief and pithy as his presentments generally were, on this occasion so touchingly introduced? It was not merely that Richard Waleys had beaten one of the lord's tenants, or one of his own neighbours, but that he had done it to the great discomposure of the rest—'perturbando et de somno suscitando tenentes domini circummorantes.' What if Maurice had taken the beating quietly? or if Richard had beaten him out of hearing? It is vain to speculate; especially as the tything-man was forced to add the pregnant declaration 'quod est communis perturbator pacis.'

Surely there is deep repose in this. The dew of peace fell heavily on the happy valley—the restoring manna of night-rest that must be gathered up by sunrise and will not abide the noon. One is irresistibly carried away to Messina:—'You shall make no noise in the streets,' said Dogberry, 'for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.' No noise—not even to talk. 'If you hear a child cry in the night you must call to the nurse and bid her still it,' chimes in Verges. 'They are both in a tale'—a tale that had lasted, more or less, as truth in common life, to the days of Shakspeare; but which is now almost to be classed with old-world stories, and scarcely to be understood by a generation who, even in our little towns, are (as Sir Thomas Browne expresses it) 'acting their antipodes,' and rampaging about, gas-lighted, and wide awake, at midnight.

Digitized by Google While

While we are on the subject of assaults and breaches of the peace it may be worth while to make one other remark. Of course we do not know from what number of cases Mr. Scrope has made his selection, and we notice the matter rather as a suggestion to him, than as pretending to reason on, or even to state, a fact. We have seen that in the year 1428 Maurice ap David was beaten with a candlestick, and in the year after with a cudgel; but (with one single exception) we do not observe the use of any other weapon before the sixteenth century. Sometimes, indeed, it is not clear, as when, in 1415, Richard Spencer, already mentioned, 'levavit hictus' on the rector; or when, in 1481, supposing the parties to be real (for we are again haunted with a suspicion of Bunyanism), John Loverygge 'insultum fecit' on Thomas Churche 'cum malis verbis,' where it seems probable, though it does not appear certain, that he added blows. In 1524, however, John Brewer killed William Bull with a sword. How he came to have one, and what he was doing with it on the Sunday after Candlemas, we are not told; but his evil example does not seem to have been followed, even in his own family, which, from circumstances already alluded to, we may presume to have been large. At least, in 1544 we find Robert Brewer reverting to the primitive candlestick, and fined ixd. for the use which he made of it. The weapon was on this occasion valued at viij*d.*, whence we may infer that both candlesticks and assaults had become dearer since the days of Maurice ap David. The exception to which we have alluded seems, not only from its isolation, but from the name of the offender, to have been foreign, and not 'in a concatenation accordingly' with the manners and customs of the natives. It is the case of John Portyngale, who was presented on the 22nd of May, 1394, for drawing a hanger or wood-knife (*extraxit* j. *baselard*) on Robert Bokeler (p. 326). The names of Maurice ap David and Richard Waleys who beat him, as well as that of David Owell, the victim of the twice-drunk Richard Sarjant, (and perhaps others may occur in assault cases,) have likewise a somewhat foreign appearance, and lead to a suspicion that those who bore them were not genuine Wiltshire folk, but Welshmen by descent, if not by birth.

But we have gossiped long enough with these good people, whose acquaintance we are glad to have made. We have not entered into anything like criticism of the volume containing their history, because when a gentleman sees fit to print a history of private property, from documents in private custody, and to limit his book to private circulation, it seems as if he had a right to do it in his own way, and was scarcely amenable to public criticism. Nor could that tribunal be tempted to exceed its powers,

Digitized by Google

powers, if, as in this case, he does it in a goodly quarto of 400 pages, exhibiting, along with unequivocal marks of knowledge and hard work, as much technical ornament as good sense and a chaste love of art will sanction. There is little merit in passing by such trivial matters in the way of *errata* and *corrigenda* as have caught our eye in a cursory view of the work; but there is one mistake so important as to require specific notice. It will be obvious to all the author's friends who sympathize in his taste for antiquarian research. In his Preface Mr. Poulett Scrope says—

'Monuments rapidly decay; deeds and MSS. are continually destroyed or lost; libraries and collections of drawings, &c., are broken up and dispersed. Is there no spirit of antiquarian and local research left in the county [we will take the liberty to read country], that will struggle to save from oblivion what still remains decipherable of the relics of our past history? At all events, I have endeavoured to fulfil my share of a seemingly sacred duty in the following volume.'—p. vii.

The writer's question is a most important one, and we should like to put it seriously to the consciences of all those whom Providence has, by inheritance, purchase, office, or otherwise, made the trustees of unknown truth. Our own view of things leads us to answer that there is such a spirit; that it is struggling; that it has in some considerable degree succeeded—and that its success will be much promoted if those who are similarly circumstanced will do half as much as Mr. Poulett Scrope has done. But when that gentleman speaks of having fulfilled his share of what he justly esteems a sacred duty, we cannot help smiling at the odd delusion. Why, when he has set before the public, and placed within the reach of unknown students, and antiquaries who have more coins in their cabinets than in their purses, the curious and interesting information which he now circulates among his friends, accompanied by such other matter as his ample stores will furnish for its illustration—when he has done this, he will be only beginning. We certainly do feel that he has a great deal of work before him, but we have no fear of his doing it well. Indeed, unless the whole character of Castle Combe is changed, he must speedily do something for his own sake and that of his neighbours. If he does not take some such precaution as we have suggested, what can he expect but to be overrun with antiquaries and archæologists of all sorts, who will rush to the diggings which he has indicated 'in perturbationem totius dominii?'

We hope to be pardoned for concluding with the expression of our regret that one great—perhaps the greatest—motive of our author in the undertaking of this costly volume has been negatived by a decree against which there is no appeal. Mr. George Poulett Thompson, brother to the late Lord Sydenham, assumed

Digitized by Google

assumed the name of Scrope a good many years ago, on marrying the only child of the last male of the most considerable then remaining branch of a family which had been in earlier days endowed not only with very great estates, but with two baronial coronets and an earldom. His father-in-law, the late amiable William Scrope, of Castle Combe in Wilts, and of Cotherington Hall in Lincolnshire, had been distinguished through a long life as a sportsman;—in his latter years he won no little honour as a writer on such pursuits—which had never interfered with the zeal and diligence of the scholar and student. His volumes on Deer-stalking and Salmon-fishing will not soon be forgotten. He was also about the first amateur painter of his time, and well known as a liberal patron of Art. He naturally took a deep interest in the records of his noble lineage, and it must be lamented by many besides ourselves, that his death occurred just soon enough to prevent him from tasting the gratification which his affectionate heir had designed especially for him in the completion of this History.

Art. II.—1. *Diseases of the Human Hair.* From the French of M. Cazenave, Physician to the Hospital of St. Louis, Paris; with a Description of an Apparatus for Fumigating the Scalp. By T. H. Burgess, M.D. 1851.

2. *Hygiène Complète des Cheveux et de la Barbe: Basée sur des récentes découvertes physiologiques et médicales, indiquant les meilleures formules pour conserver la chevelure, arrêter la chute, retarder le grisonnement, régénérer les cheveux perdus depuis long-temps, et combattre enfin toutes les affections du cuir chevelu.* Par A. Debay. Paris, 1851.

SINCE the world began hair has been an universal vanity. Our young reader will doubtless confess that, as his name is tossed up from landing to landing by imposing flunkies, he passes his hands carefully through his curls to give them the last flowing touch ere he enters the ball-room—while Mr. Layard, from out the royal palace buried by the sand-storms of thousands of years, has shown us what thorough 'prigs' were the remote Assyrians in the arrangement of their locks and beards. What applies to the male sex does so with double force to the women; and we have not the slightest doubt that Alcibiades fumed at the waste of many a half-hour whilst his mistress was 'putting her hair tidy,' or arranging the *golden grasshopper*. Not only as a means of ornament has the hair been seized upon by all classes

Digitized by Google

classes and generations of our kind, but it has been converted into an index, as it were, of their religious, political, and social opinions. The difference between the freeman and the slave was of old indicated by the length of the hair. In later times we all know how the Puritan rejoiced in a 'polled' head, whilst the Cavalier flaunted about in exuberant curls; so at the present moment no tub-thumper would venture to address his 'dearly beloved brethren' without having previously plastered his hair into pendant candle-ends. The fact of its being the only part of the body a man can shape and carve according to his fancy is sufficient to account for the constancy with which he has adopted it as his ensign of party and doctrine, and also for the multitudinous modes in which he has worn it. Leaving this part of the subject for a time, however, we will briefly consider those characteristics of hair which, taken broadly, art cannot modify nor fashion hide. Briefly, we say, and very imperfectly—for Hair in an ethnological point of view is itself a very wide subject, and its adequate treatment would require a far longer paper than we at present contemplate.

Dr. Prichard, in his laborious work on the different races of mankind, apportions to the melanic or dark-haired the greater portion of the habitable globe. Europe is the chief seat of the xantho-comic or light-haired races; indeed they seem to be almost confined to its limits, and within those limits to be cooped up in certain degrees of north latitude.

From Norway and Sweden, following their sea-kings, the hardy fair-haired races poured their piratical hordes down the great overhanging peninsula, and as if from some yard-arm thronged and dropped, boarding the great European ship, whose more immediate defenders fled in consternation before them. In this manner nearly the whole of North Germany received its prevailing population, and Britain in her turn saw her primitive black-haired Celts and Cymri driven into the mountains of Scotland and Wales. The subsequent seizures and settlements made by the Danes on our eastern coast did not in any way interfere with the flood of fair-haired people in possession, as they were of the same blond type; and the Norman invasion—in whatever proportion actually dark—would, in point of aggregate numbers, have been far too limited to affect it. The indigenous tribes, on the whole, seem to have been about as completely eaten out by the fierce fair-haired men of the North, whenever they came in contact, as were the small black rats, once common to our island and some portions of the continent, by the more powerful grey rodent of Norway.

The chief features of the ethnological map of Europe were settled

Digitized by Google

settled before the tenth century, and especially as regards the disposition of the dark and light-haired races, it remains in the mass pretty much the same as then. Nevertheless, certain intermixtures have been at work shading off the original differences. At the present moment the fairest haired inhabitants of the earth are to be found north of the parallel 48; this line cuts off England, Belgium, the whole of Northern Germany, and a great portion of Russia. Between the parallels 48 and 45 there seems to be a debateable land of dark brown hair, which includes northern France, Switzerland, and part of Piedmont, passes through Bohemia and Austria Proper, and touches the Georgian and Circassian provinces of the Czar's empire. Below this line again, Spain, Naples, and Turkey, forming the southern extremity of the map, exhibit the genuine dark-haired races. So that, in fact, taking Europe broadly from north to south, its peoples present in the colour of their hair a perfect gradation—the light flaxen of the colder latitudes deepening by imperceptible degrees into the blue-black of the Mediterranean shores. To this regular gradation, however, there are some obvious exceptions. We have already noticed the dark tribes lingering within our own island—the same is true as to the Celtic majority of the Irish; and even the Normans, as we now see them, are decidedly ranked among the black-haired. On the other hand, Venice, which is almost southern in latitude, has always been famous for the golden beauty of its hair, beloved so of Titian and his school. These isolated cases, however, only prove the rule that race mainly determines, among other ethnological peculiarities, the colour and texture of the hair. If latitude or temperature affected it materially, Taffy, Paddy, and Donald would by this time have been toned down pretty decently to the prevailing fair-haired type; if even there had been much mixture of the Celt with the Saxon, we should not see the former breed marked out by such a lump of darkness amidst the generally fair portion of the European map.

The effect of the admixture of races is evidenced very strongly, we think, by comparing the inhabitants of the great capitals with the populations of their respective countries. London, the centre of the world, is neither fair nor dark-haired, but contains within itself all shades of colour. Even so the Parisian no more represents the black-haired Norman or swart Breton than our cockney does the pure Saxon of the southern and western counties. Vienna is another example. What went on rapidly in such cities as these, has been progressing more slowly in those countries which form the highways of nations. Thus the brown hair of middle Europe is the neutral tint, which has

Digitized by Google

naturally resulted from the admixture of the flaxen-haired races of the north with the old southern population.

If we open a wider map we only receive ampler proof that race alone determines the colour of the hair. Thus, taking the parallel of 51 north, and following it as it runs like a necklace round the world, we find a dozen nations threaded upon it like so many parti-coloured beads. The European portion of the necklace is light-haired—whereas the Tartars, northern Mongols, and aboriginal American Indians have black straight hair—and Canada breaks the chain once more with the blond tresses of the Saxon.

That climate and food have some effect in modifying race, and with it hair as one of its most prominent signs, we do not deny; but these disturbing causes must act through a very long period of time to produce any marked effect, and certainly within the historical period we have no proof of a dark-haired people having become light, or *vice versâ* of flowing hair changing into woolly locks—Tom Moore's capital joke about the Irish niggers notwithstanding.

Having said that race determines the colour and quality of the hair, we have said nearly all that ethnology teaches upon the subject. An examination of its structure shows that the difference of colour is entirely owing to the tinct of the fluid which fills the hollow tube in each hair. This tinct or pigment shows through the cortical substance in the same manner that it does through the epidermis of a negro. Hair is in fact but a modification of the skin. The same might be said of feathers, horns, and scales. Not improbably the distinguished lady now honouring these pages with her attention, will be shocked at hearing that her satin-soft shoulder is almost chemically identical with the plated and roughened mail of the crocodile—and she will hardly perhaps believe us when we inform her that her bird, when he sets right some erring feather with his beak, is acting with the same chemically composed instrument upon the same chemically composed material as Mademoiselle does when she disentangles with a comb her charming mistress's softly-flowing tresses. The fond lover again, as he kisses some treasured lock, will doubtless be disgusted when we tell him, that, apart from the sentiment, he might as well impress his fervent lips upon a pig's pettitoe, or even upon the famous Knob Kerry, made out of the horn of a rhinoceros, carried by the king of hunters, Mr. Roualleyn Gordon Cumming.

The hair, anatomically considered, is composed of three parts—the follicle or tubular depression in the skin into which the hair is inserted—the bulb or root of the hair—and the stalk or cortical

Digitized by Google

cortical part filled with pigment. A single hair, with its follicle, might be roughly likened to a hyacinth growing from a glass —with this difference that the hair is supplied with nutriment exclusively from below. The bulb, which rests upon the reticulated bed of capillary vessels of the cutis and sub-cutaneous tissue, draws its pigment cells or colouring matter directly from the blood—in like manner, the horny sheath is secreted directly from the capillaries—so that, unlike the hyacinth-plant, it grows at its root instead of at its free extremity. A hair is not, as it appears, a smooth cylindrical tube like a quill; on the contrary, it is made up of a vast number of little horny laminæ:—or our reader might realize its structure to herself by placing a number of thimbles one within the other—and as she adds to this column by supplying fresh thimbles *below*, she will get a good notion of the manner in which each hair grows, and will see that its oldest portion must be its free extremity.

The pigment cells have been scrutinized by Liebig, who finds a considerable difference in their constitution according to their colour. His results may be thus tabularized:—

	Fair Hair.	Brown Hair.	Black Hair.
Carbon . . .	49·345	50·622	49·935
Hydrogen . . .	6·576	6·613	6·631
Nitrogen . . .	17·936	17·936	17·936
Oxygen and sulphur .	26·143	24·829	25·498

From this analysis it would appear that the beautiful golden hair owes its brightness to an excess of sulphur and oxygen with a deficiency of carbon, whilst black hair owes its jetty aspect to an excess of carbon and a deficiency of sulphur and oxygen. Vanquelin traces an oxide of iron in the latter, and also in red hair. The colouring matter, however, forms but one portion of the difference existing between the soft luxuriant tangles of the Saxon girl and the coarse blue-black locks of the North American squaw. The size and quality of each hair, and the manner in which it is planted, tell powerfully in determining the line between the two races.

Another eminent German has undergone the enormous labour of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colours. In a blond one he found 140,400 hairs; in a brown, 109,440; in a black, 102,962; and in a red one, 88,740. What the red and black heads wanted in number of hairs, was made up, however, in the greater bulk of the hairs individually; and, in all probability, the scalps were pretty equal in weight. It is to the fineness and multiplicity of hairs that blond tresses owe the rich and silk-like character of their flow—a circumstance which artists have so loved to dwell upon.

Digitized by Google

Shakspeare especially seems to have delighted in golden hair. 'Her sunny locks hung on her temples like the golden fleece'—so Bassanio describes Portia in The Merchant of Venice. Again, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Julia says of Sylvia and herself—'Her hair is auburn—mine is perfect yellow.' Twenty other passages will suggest themselves to every reader. Black hair he only mentions twice throughout his entire plays, clearly showing that he imagined light hair to be the peculiar attribute of soft and delicate woman. A similar partiality for this colour, touched with the sun, runs, however, through the great majority of the poets—old Homer himself for one:—and the best painters have seized, with the same instinct, upon golden tresses. A walk through any gallery of old masters will instantly settle this point. There is not a single female head in the National Gallery—beginning with those glorious 'Studies of Heads,' the highest ideal of female beauty by such an idealist as Correggio, and ending with the full-blown blondes of the prodigal Rubens: there is not a single black-haired female head among them.

One is struck, in passing along the streets, by the curiosities one sees in those armouries of Venus, the hairdressers' windows. Whence come those magnificent head-dresses which the waxen dummies slowly display as they revolve? From what source issue those pendant tresses gleaming in the background, with which the blooming belle, aptly entangling their snaky coil with her own, tempts our eligible Adams? Who are they that denude themselves of coal-black locks, that she who can afford a price may shore up her tottering beauty? Alas! free-trading England, even for her hair, has to depend upon the foreigner. Among the many curious occupations of the metropolis is that of the human-hair merchant. Of these there are many, and they import between them upwards of five tons annually. Black hair comes mainly from Brittany and the South of France, where it is collected principally by one adventurous virtuoso, who travels from fair to fair, and buys up and shears the crops of the neighbouring damsels. Mr. Francis Trollope, in his Summer in Brittany, gives a lively description of the manner in which the young girls of the country bring this singular commodity to market, as regularly as peas or cabbages. Staring his fill at a fair in Collenée, he says—

'What surprised me more than all, by the singularity and novelty of the thing, were the operations of the dealers in hair. In various parts of the motley crowd there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs and buying the tresses of the peasant girls. They have particularly fine hair, and frequently in the greatest abundance. I should have

Digitized by Google

have thought that female vanity would have effectually prevented such a traffic as this being carried to any extent. But there seemed to be no difficulty in finding possessors of beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. We saw several girls sheared, one after the other, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out, and hanging down to their waists. Some of the operators were men, and some women. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a whisp by itself, was thrown. No doubt the reason of the indifference to their tresses, on the part of the fair Bretonnes, is to be found in the invariable "mode" which covers every head, from childhood upwards, with close caps, which entirely prevents any part of the hair from being seen, and of course as totally conceals the want of it. The money given for the hair is about 20 sous, or else a gaudy cotton handkerchief—they net immense profits by their trips through the country.'

This hair is the finest and most silken black hair that can be procured. Light hair all comes from Germany, where it is collected by a company of *Dutch farmers*, who come over for orders once a year. It would appear that either the fashion or the necessity of England has, within a recent period, completely altered the relative demands from the two countries. Forty years ago, according to one of the first in the trade, the light German hair alone was called for, and he almost raved about a peculiar golden tint which was supremely prized, and which his father used to keep very close, only producing it to favourite customers, in the same manner that our august sherry-lord, or hock-herr, spares to particular friends—or now and then, it is said, to influential literary characters—a few magnums of some rare and renowned vintage. This treasured article he sold at 8*s.* an ounce—nearly double the price of silver. Now all this has passed away—and the dark shades of brown from France are chiefly called for. Our informant, venturing boldly into a subject wherewith ethnologists fear to tackle, delivers it as his opinion that the colour of the hair of English people has changed within the last half-century, and that the great intercourse since the war with southern nations has deepened by many tints the predominating Saxon blond of our forefathers. The same intelligent prompter assured us that any one accustomed to deal in hair could tell by *smell* alone the difference between German and French hair—nay, that he himself 'when his nose was in' could discriminate between Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and English hair! The destination of the imported article is of course principally the boudoirs of our fashionable world, and the glossy ringlets which the poor peasant girl of Tours parted with for a few sous, as a nest-egg towards her dowry, have doubtless aided in procuring 'a suitable helpmate' for some blue

Digitized by Google

blue spinster or fast Dowager of Mayfair. Wigs of course absorb some portion of the spoil—and a cruel suspicion rises in our mind that the *Comical* artists of this our Babylon do not confine themselves to the treasured relics intrusted to their care, but that many a sorrowing relative kisses without suspicion mementoes eked out from hair that grew not upon the head of the beloved one.

The pure whiteness of the hair in Albinos is owing to the perfect absence of pigment—an absence which extends itself to the choroid coat of the eye and also to the iris. This condition of non-development, which amounts to a physical defect in man, seems to be the normal condition of many animals—such as white bears, white mice, white rabbits, and white weasels—in which the pink eye denotes a total lack of colouring matter; whilst white feathers and hairs are very common among birds and animals, and in many of them indeed this colour—or rather negative of colour—is constant.

The grey hair of age and debility in the human subject results, it is supposed, from a withdrawal of the pigment cells. We feel that we are now touching upon a part of our subject that becomes personal to not a few of our most respected readers. Many a *viveur* who has taken no note of time is suddenly startled by the discovery, as he shaves, of a few grey hairs—'pursuivants of Death'—and he eradicates the tell-tales with anything but an agreeable sensation. Our Parisian friends, who seem to be profoundly afflicted at the appearance of the first snows of age, have organised a diligent army of young girls to war against decay, and to wrest from Time the fatal ensigns he plants upon our brow. The *Salons Epilatoires*, where youth pays this little attention to age for an inconceivably small sum, usually hang out 'Plus de Cheveux Gris'—and indeed of late we observe London advertisements beginning with 'No more Grey Hairs.' White hair, however, is not necessarily the slow work and certain mark of age. Some persons become grey very young; we believe that many in the prime vigour of life are suddenly blanched from the effect of terror, or some other great mental disturbance. Marie Antoinette's hair, it seems to be allowed, turned grey in the night preceding her execution. A case came lately under our own observation, in which a soldier, in order to escape the service, malingered in a hospital for three months, feigning rheumatism, and such was his anxiety to keep up the deception (which was, however, completely penetrated by his medical attendant) that he turned perfectly grey, although quite a young man. In these cases of emotion, it is supposed that the blood sends some fluid among the pigment of the hair, which at once discharges its colour.

Digitized by Google

colour. In some, though very rare instances, persons have been born with patches of white hair, and there is at present in the Museum of Natural History at Paris a portrait of a piebald negro, in which the hair of the head presents very much the parti-coloured appearance of the wigs exposed in the windows, half black and white, as specimens of the power of the various hair-dyes.

Women are quite as often grey as men, but from baldness they are almost entirely exempt. This is owing in a great measure to the larger deposit of fat in the female scalp, which allows of a freer circulation in the capillaries of the skin. Eunuchs, who possess much subcutaneous fat in this part, are never bald. The scalp of a bald man is singularly smooth and ivory-like in texture; a fact which Chaucer noticed in the Friar—'His crown it shon like any glass.' This denseness of texture in the skin is owing to the destruction of the bulbs of the hair and the closure of the follicles; any attempt to reproduce the natural covering of the head on such surfaces will prove quite hopeless. From some cause or other, baldness seems to befal much younger men now than it did thirty or forty years ago. A very observant hatter informed us, a short time since, that he imagined much of it was owing to the common use of silk hats, which, from their impermeability to the air, keep the head at a much higher temperature than the old beaver structures; which, he also informed us, went out principally because we had used up all the beavers in the Hudson's Bay Company's territories. The adoption of silk hats has, however, given them time, it seems, to replenish the breed. This fact affords a singular instance of the influence of fashion upon the animals of a remote continent. It would be more singular still if the silk-hat theory of baldness has any truth in it, as it would then turn out that we were sacrificing our own natural nap in order that the beaver might recover his. Without endorsing the speculative opinion of our hatter, we may, we believe, state it as a well ascertained circumstance that soldiers in helmetted regiments are oftener bald than any other of our heroic defenders.

Hair, the universal vanity, has of course been seized upon universally by quacks—it has proved to them indeed the true Golden Fleece. Science, as though such a subject were beneath its attention, has left the care of the most beautiful ornament of the body in the hands of the grossest charlatans. M. Casenave is the only scientific person who has ever treated at any length of the hair, or has shown, by the light of physiology, what art is capable of doing, and what it is powerless to do, in cases of disease and baldness. Those who understand how the hair is nourished can but smile at the monstrous gullibility of the public in putting

Digitized by Google

putting such faith in the puffs and extracts of the hair-reviewers. Really, the old joke of the power of a certain preparation to restore the bald places in hair-trunks and in worn-out boas, has become a popular working belief. There is one fact which every one should know, and which would be sufficient to rout at once all the trash with which people load their heads. The blood is the only Macassar of the hair, the only oil which can with truth be said to 'insinuate its balsamic properties into the pores of the head,' &c. &c. Oils and pomades may for a time moisten and clog the hair, but over its growth or nourishment they are absolutely powerless. The fine network of vessels on which the bulbs of the hair rest is alone capable of maintaining its healthy existence. To a sluggishness in the capillary circulation baldness is mainly due; when this sluggishness is the result of a general failure of the system, consequent upon age, as we have said before, no art will avail — the inevitable Delilah proceeds unchallenged with her noiseless shears. When, on the contrary, baldness proceeds from any temporary cause—when the bulb still remains intact—slight friction with a rough towel or a brush, aided by some gently irritating pomade, is the only course to be pursued. Dupuytren, who made baldness the subject of a chapter in his great work on Skin Diseases, gives the following receipt, which seems to us calculated to produce the desired result—to promote capillary circulation, and a consequent secretion of the materials of hair-growth:—

℞. Purified beef-marrow . ʒviij.
Acetate of lead . . . ʒj.
Peruvian balsam . . ʒiij.
Alcohol . . . . . ℥j.
Tinct. of cantharides,
cloves, and canella . āā ɱxv.
Mix.

We do not see why internal applications should not be tried, and we are not at all certain that gelatine soups and pills made of the ashes of burnt hair might not be effectual in baldness, as those ingredients would supply to the blood the materials necessary for the production of hirsute growths. Those who have bad taste enough to obliterate with hair-dye the silvery livery of age should at least keep in mind the horrible position in which Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse found himself, whose carrots were turned into a lively green; they should also be informed that nitrate of silver is the chief ingredient of all the preparations, which in most cases act by entirely altering the cortical portion of the hair.

Once a month, at shortest, we of the male sex are, by the exigencies of fashion, obliged to submit our heads to the tender mercies

Digitized by Google

mercies of the executioner. Swathed in wrappers of calico, the head fixed by a neckful of tormenting short hairs, a man is planted like an unfortunate wicket, and bowled at by the abhorred barber with pomatum-pots, essences, tinctures, and small talk. Our friend *Punch*, who seems to have suffered from this martyrdom, recommends a very neat style of batting, or rather of blocking the balls, as thus:—

'SCENE—*A Barber's Shop. Barber's men engaged in cutting hair, making wigs, and other barbaresque operations.*

Enter JONES, *meeting* OILY *the barber.*

Jones. I wish my hair cut.
Oily. Pray, Sir, take a seat.
[OILY *puts chair for* JONES, *who sits. During the following dialogue* OILY *continues cutting* JONES'S *hair.*
Oily. We've had much wet, Sir.
Jones. Very much indeed.
Oily. And yet November's early days were fine.
Jones. They were.
Oily. I hoped fair weather might have lasted us
Until the end.
Jones. At one time—so did I.
Oily. But we have had it very wet.
Jones. We have.
[*A pause of some minutes.*
Oily. I know not, Sir, who cut your hair last time;
But this I say, Sir, it was badly cut:
No doubt 't was in the country.
Jones. No! in town!
Oily. Indeed! I should have fancied otherwise.
Jones. 'Twas cut in town—and in this very room.
Oily. Amazement!—but I now remember well.
We had an awkward new provincial hand,
A fellow from the country. Sir, he did
More damage to my business in a week
Than all my skill can in a year repair.
He must have cut your hair.
Jones (*looking at him*). No—'twas yourself.
Oily. Myself! Impossible! You must mistake.
Jones. I don't mistake—'twas you that cut my hair.
[*A long pause, interrupted only by the clipping of the scissors.*
Oily. Your hair is very dry, Sir.
Jones. Oh! indeed.
Oily. Our Vegetable Extract moistens it.
Jones. I like it dry.
Oily. But, Sir! the hair when dry
Turns quickly grey.
Jones. That colour I prefer.

Oily.

Digitized by Google

Oily. But hair, when grey, will rapidly fall off,
And baldness will ensue.
Jones. I would be bald.
Oily. Perhaps you mean to say you 'd like a wig.—
We've wigs so natural they can't be told
From real hair.
Jones. Deception I detest.
[*Another pause ensues, during which* Oily *blows down* Jones's *neck, and relieves him from the linen wrapper in which he has been enveloped during the process of hair-cutting.*
Oily. We've brushes, soaps, and scent, of every kind.
Jones. I see you have. (*Pays* 6*d.*) I think you'll find that right.
Oily. If there is nothing I can show you, Sir.
Jones. No: nothing. Yet—there may be something, too,
That you may show me.
Oily. Name it, Sir.
Jones. The door. [*Exit* Jones.
Oily (*to his man*). That 's a rum customer at any rate.
Had I cut him as short as he cut me,
How little hair upon his head would be!
But if kind friends will all our pains requite,
We 'll hope for better luck another night.
[*Shop-bell rings and curtain falls.*'

Touching upon the subject of applications for nourishing the hair, we must not omit the most important and imposing, though some people imagine perfectly apocryphal, contributors—Bears. We know Bruin has of late been declared a humbug, and there is but too prevalent an opinion abroad that he does not let his genuine grease flow for the benefit of mankind as freely as barbers would have us believe from the announcement we so often see in back streets of 'another bear to be killed.' After full inquiry, however, we find that Bruin still bleeds without murmuring for an ungrateful public. During the winter months upwards of fifty bears yield up the ghost in this metropolis alone, and they are we find very regular passengers between the ports of St. Petersburg and London. The destiny of these creatures affords a singular instance of the manner in which extremes meet—the shaggy denizen of a Russian forest having at last the honour of yielding up his precious fat to make glossy and smooth the ringlets of an irresistible Puseyite. If Ursa Major could only know his distinguished future!

In order to combat the growing scepticism as to 'hairdressers' bears,' a worthy son of the craft in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's Church was long in the habit, when he slaughtered a Muscovite, of hanging him by chains out of the second-floor window, with an inscription to the effect that customers bringing their own gallipots might cut the fat out for themselves.

The history of the coiffure commenced, we suppose, when Eve first

Digitized by Google

first gazing on a brook (not far from *the* Tree) discovered the dishevelled condition of her head-gear. As far back as we have any records of man, we find a more or less elaborate fashion of dressing the hair. As we have said before, the Nineveh statues and relievos show us how justly the old Hebrew prophets describe and rebuke the dandyism of Sennacherib's captains and counsellors. A modern Truefitt with all his skill must wonder as he gazes upon those exquisite plaitings, and bossings, and curlings which extended over the beard as well as the head of the Assyrian. A glimpse at the wig found in the temple of Isis at Thebes, and now, as has also been mentioned, among the glories of the Museum, proves that the Egyptians, of even an earlier epoch probably, were most studious of their toilet. The Greeks, however, with their innate love of the beautiful, carried the arrangement of the hair to the highest point of artistic excellence. The marbles which have come down to us testify to this perfection, and after a lapse of eighteen hundred years all the nations of Christendom, discarding their own hideous devices, have returned with more or less scrupulousness to the models so bequeathed. The Roman dames speedily overlaid the simple beauty of the Greek mode, piled upon their heads imitations of castles and crowns, hoisted their hair in intricate wreaths, and knotted it with a tiresome elaborateness. The men generally showed better taste and continued to sport sharp crisp locks after the manner of 'the curled Antony,' sometimes with the addition of the beard, sometimes without it. By and bye, however, among other signs of decadence, the simple male coiffure was thrown aside for more luxurious fashions, and the Emperor Commodus for one is said to have powdered his hair with gold.

Outside of Rome, long hair was generally prevalent among freemen. The slaves were invariably cropped, and Cæsar relates that he always ordered the populations of the provinces he had conquered to shave off their hair as a sign of their subjection. In the decline of the Empire, when any of these provinces revolted, the insurgent captains directed the masses to wear their hair long again, as a signal of recovered freedom. Thus the hair-crops of whole countries were alternately mown and allowed to grow like so many fields at the command of the husbandman—the most important of facts political being indicated—(we despise the vile imputation of a pun)—by the state of the poll. Long hair, during the dark ages, was very much respected; and at the beginning of the French monarchy the people chose their kings by the length of their locks. In our own island it was equally esteemed; and so far from its being considered a mark of effeminacy to carefully tend it, we are told that the Danish officers who were quartered upon the

Digitized by Google

the English in the reign of Ethelred the Unready won the hearts of the ladies by the length and beauty of their hair, which they combed *at least once a-day*. The clergy seem to have been the only class of men who wore the hair short, and this they did as a kind of mortification. Not content with exercising this virtue themselves, however, they attempted to impose it upon the laity. Thus St. Anselm fulminated orders against long hair, both in England and France. There was a kind of hair which received the honour of a special canon denouncing it. This hair, crisped by art, was styled by them *the malice of the Devil*. The following represents—in modernized form, of course—the terms in which the French Bishops anathematized it:—

'Prenant un soin paternel de punir, autant qu'il est à propos, ceux qui portent des cheveux frisés et bouclés par artifice, pour faire tomber dans le piége les personnes qui les voient, nous les exhortons et leur enjoignons de vivre plus modestement, en sorte qu'on ne remarque plus en eux *aucuns restes de la malice du diable*. Si quelqu'un pèche contre ce canon, qu'il soit excommunié!'

Indeed, so many and such complicated and contradictory ordinances were issued by like authority about the seventh and eighth centuries, that some wag suggested that the young fellows should continue to wear their hair long until the church had settled what short hair really was. In England the clergy did not confine themselves merely to denouncing the flowing tresses of the nobility; impregnated with the practical turn of mind of the country, they acted as well as talked. Thus Serlo, a Norman prelate, preaching before Henry II. and his court, brought the whole party to such a state of repentance respecting the profligate length of their locks, that they consented to give them up, whereupon the crafty churchman pulled a pair of shears out of his sleeve, and secured his victory by clearing the royal head in a twinkling. Such occasional results of pious impulse were, however, of little avail; on the whole the abomination remained throughout the early reigns of both France and England quite triumphant. In Richard II.'s time the men as well as the women confined the hair over the brow with a fillet. What the clergy, with all their threats of excommunication and promises of paradise, could not effect in a series of ages, was at last brought about by an accident. Francis I., having been wounded in the head at a tournament, was obliged to have his hair cropped, whereupon the whole of fashionable France gave up their locks out of compliment to the sovereign. In the History of England, illustrated with woodcuts of the kings' heads, which we have all of us thumbed over so at school, the sudden and complete change in the method

Digitized by Google

thod of wearing the hair between the installation of the Tudor dynasty and the meridian of bluff King Hal must be well remembered. The portraits of the latter period by Holbein are, however, the best of illustrations. The women, as well as the men, appear almost totally deprived of hair, and we cannot help thinking that much of the hard expression of features, which especially marks the female heads of Henry VIII.'s great painter, was owing to the withdrawal of the softening influence of the hair. The close cropping of the gentlemen, on the other hand, gave them a virile aspect which especially suited with the reforming spirit of the age. As the hair shortened the beard was allowed to flow. Indeed this compensatory process has always obtained; in no age, we think, have the hair and beard been allowed to grow long at the same time. Shakspeare was constantly alluding to the beard. In his day this term included the three more modern subdivisions of beard, moustache, and whisker—they were all then worn in one. 'Did he not wear a great round beard like a glover's paring-knife?' asks one of his characters, clearly alluding to the extent of cheek it covered. In a word, the period *par excellence* of magnificent barbes comprised the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century—and, as a matter of course, there was at the same time manifested the germ of that party which gave a politico-religious character to the hair of the revolutionary epoch. The Cavaliers began to restore long locks early in the reign of Charles I.; the Puritans, so far from adopting the fashion, polled even closer than before, and at last came to rejoice in the cognomen of Roundheads. Between these two grand extremes, however, there were innumerable other fashions of wearing the hair, the minor ensigns, we suppose, of trimming sectaries. Dr. Hall, who published a little work in 1643, 'On the Loathsomnesse of Long Hair,' exclaims—

'How strangely do men cut their hairs—some all before, some all behind, some long round about, their crownes being cut short like cootes or popish priests and friars; some have long locks at their eares, as if they had foure eares, or were prickeared; some have a little long lock onely before, hanging downe to their noses, like the taile of a weasall; every man being made a foole at the barber's pleasure, or making a foole of the barber for having to make him such a foole.'

The virulence with which the Puritans denounced long hair even exceeded that of the priests of old. Diseases of the hair were lugged in as evidences of the divine displeasure: for example, the worthy divine we have just been quoting talks of plica polonica as unquestionably resulting from the wickedness of the times. There is a cat afflicted with this singular hair-disease in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, so we suppose that race

Digitized by Google

race at the present time are living profligate lives! What says Professor Owen?

With the renewed triumph of long hair the beard gradually shrank up; first assuming a forked appearance, then dwindling to a peak, and ultimately vanishing altogether. The female coiffure of the Stuart period was peculiarly pleasing: clustering glossy curls, which were sometimes made soft and semi-transparent by a peculiar friz, gave life and movement to the face; whilst a pretty arrangement of loops hung like a fringe across the forehead, and added a great air of quaintness to the whole expression.

But how shall we approach with sufficient awe the solemn epoch of perukes! It is true we have sufficient evidence that the Egypt of Pharaoh was not ignorant of the wig—the very *corpus delicti* is familiar to our eyes—and many busts and statues in the Vatican have actually marble wigs at this hour upon them—clearly indicating the same fact in the days of imperial Rome. But apart from these very ancient matters, which are comparatively new discoveries, hitherto our attention has been claimed by the simple manipulations of the barber; we now enter upon a period when the dressing of hair rises into a real science, and the perruquier with a majestic bearing takes the dignity of a professor. To France, of course, we owe the re-invention and complete adoption of a head-dress which sacrificed the beauty of nature to the delicacies of art. The epidemic broke out in the reign of Louis XIII. This prince never from his childhood cropped his hair, and the peruke was invented to enable those to whom nature had not been so bountiful in the item of flowing locks to keep themselves in the mode brought in by their royal master. In England the introduction of those portentous head-dresses is well marked in Pepys's Diary. Under date November 3, 1663, he says—

'Home, and by and bye comes Chapman, the perriwigg-maker, and upon my liking it (the wig), without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but it being over, and my perriwigg on, I paid him 3*l.*, and away went he with my own haire to make up another of; and I by and bye went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it, and they concluded it do become me, though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting with my own hair, and so was Besse.

'November 8, 1663. Lord's Day.—To church, where I found that my coming in a perriwigg did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes upon me, but I find no such things.'

From this last extract it would appear, that in the beginning the peruke, made as it was from the natural hair, was not very different from the Cavalier mode. The imagination of France

Digitized by Google speedily

speedily improved, however, upon poor old Dame Nature. Under Louis XIV. the size to which perukes had grown was such, that the face appeared only as a small pimple in the midst of a vast sea of hair. The great architect of this triumphant age of perukes was one Binette, an artist of such note and consequence that without him the King and all his courtiers were nothing. His equipage and running footmen were seen at every door, and he might have adopted without much assumption the celebrated *mot* of his royal master—*L'état c'est moi.* The clergy, physicians, and lawyers speedily adopted the peruke, as they imagined it gave an imposing air to the countenance, and so indeed it must be confessed it did. One can never look at the portraits of the old bishops and judges dressed in the full-bottomed flowing peruke without a sort of conviction that the originals must have been a deal more profound and learned than those of our own close-cropped age. So impressed was the Grand Monarque with the majestic character it lent to the face, that he never appeared without his peruke before his attendants, and it was the necessity, perhaps, of taking it off at the latest moment of the toilet, that caused him to say that no man was a hero to his valet de chambre. This mode grew so universal that children were made to submit to it, and all Nature seemed bewigged. The multiplicity of sizes and forms became so numerous that it was found necessary to frame a new technical vocabulary, now in parts obscure enough even for the most erudite. Thus there were 'perruques grandes et petites—en folio, en quarto, en trente-deux—perruques rondes, carrées, pointues; perruques à boudins, à papillons, à deux et trois marteaux,' &c. &c.

For a long time after this invention the head-dress retained the natural colour of the hair, but in 1714 it became the fashion to have wigs bleached; the process, however, was ineffectual, and they speedily turned an ashen grey; to remedy which defect hair-powder was invoked—another wondrous device which speedily spread from the source and centre of civilization over the rest of Europe.

The natural vanity of the fair sex struggled with more or less success against the loss of their own hair, but they managed to friz and build this up with such piles of lace and ribbons that it at length excelled the male peruke. In 1760, when they had reached a truly monstrous altitude, one Legros had the extraordinary impudence to hint that the thing was getting beyond a joke, and proposed a return to the 'coiffure à la Grecque.' For a moment the fair mob of fashion listened, and the hair-dressers trembled, for well they knew that, if the women hesitated, the mode, like their virtue, would be lost. Accordingly they combined with immense force against Legros, instituted a law-suit, and speedily crushed him. This momentary blight removed,

Digitized by Google

moved, the female head-dress sprang up still more madly than before, and assumed an abstruseness of construction hitherto unexampled. The author of the 'Secret Memoirs' relates that Queen Marie Antoinette herself invented a coiffure which represented all the refinements of landscape gardening—'des collines, des prairies émaillées, des ruisseaux argentins et des torrents écumeux, des jardins symétriques, et des parcs Anglais.' From the altitude of the head-dresses in 1778 it was found that they intercepted the view of spectators in the rear of them at the Opera, and the director was obliged to refuse admittance to the amphitheatre to those persons who wore such immoderate coiffures—a proceeding which reminds us of the joke of Jack Reeve, who, whilst manager of the Adelphi, posted a notice that, in consequence of the crowded state of the house, gentlemen frequenting the pit must shave off their whiskers! Such was the art expended on these tremendous head-dresses, and such the detail required in their different stages, that ladies of quality were often under the hands of the artiste the entire day. Thus, when they had to attend entertainments on succeeding evenings, they were forced to sleep in arm-chairs, for fear of endangering the finish of the coiffure!

The female head-dress, having now arrived at its most Alpine elevation, suddenly toppled over and fell, by the mere accident of the Queen's hair coming off during her accouchement. The court, out of compliment to her Majesty, wore the hair *à l'enfant;* others followed, and the fashion was at an end. And it was well it was so. It required all the art of our own Sir Joshua to bring this strange mode within the sphere of pictorial art. And yet in real life the white powder was not without its merit. It brought out the colour of the cheeks, and added brilliancy to the eyes; in short, it was treating the face like a water-colour landscape, mounting it on an ocean of white, which brought out by contrast all its natural force and effect. Few can have forgotten how many of our beauties gained by figuring in powder at the Court fancy balls of a few seasons back.

The male peruke, startled, it would appear, by the vehement growth of the female coiffure, stood still, grew gradually more calm and reasonable, and at last, spurning any further contest with its rival, resigned altogether—and the natural hair, powdered and gathered in a queue, at first long, then short, and tied with ribbon, became the mode—to rout which it required a revolution; in '93 it fell—together with the monarchy of France. In the world of fashion here the system stood out till somewhat later—but our Gallo-maniac Whigs were early deserters, and Pitt's tax on hair-powder in 1795 gave a grand advantage to the innovating party.

Digitized by Google

party. Pigtails continued, however, to be worn by the army, and those of a considerable length, until 1804, when they were by order reduced to seven inches; and at last, in 1808, another order commanded them to be cut off altogether. There had, however, been a keen qualm in the 'parting spirit' of Protection. The very next day brought a counter-order:—but to the great joy of the rank and file at least it was too late—already the pigtails were all gone. The trouble given to the military by the old mode of powdering the hair and dressing the tail was immense, and it often led to the most ludicrous scenes. The author of the 'Costume of the British Soldier' relates that on one occasion, in a glorious dependency of ours, a field-day being ordered, and there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the juniors must needs have their heads dressed over night, and, to preserve their artistic arrangement, pomatumed, powdered, curled, and clubbed, these poor wretches were forced to *sleep* as well as they could *on their faces!* Such was the rigidity with which certain modes were enforced in the army about this period that there was kept in the adjutant's office of each regiment a pattern of the correct curls, to which the barber could refer.

For many years every trace of powder and pigtail has disappeared from the parade as well as the saloon—and footmen are now the only persons who use a mode which once set off the aristocratic aspects of our Seymours and Hamiltons. The horsehair court-wigs of the Judges seem to be recollections of the white perukes of the early Georgian era, but they are far more massive and precise than the old flowing head-dresses—their exact little curls and sternly cut brow-lines making them fit emblems of the unbending, uncompromising spirit of the modern bench. Only thirty years ago, it must be remembered, the sages of the law, even in ordinary society, sported a peculiar and marking head-gear; or rather there were two varieties in constant use, one brief and brown for the morning, the other white, pretty ample, and terminating in pigtail, for the Lord Mayor's Feast or Bloomsbury Drum. The epoch of Reform witnessed at once the abandonment of Bloomsbury and the final abolition of these judicial ensigns. The last adherent was, we believe, the excellent Mr. Justice James Alan Park—latterly distinguished accordingly as *Bushy Park*. The general disappearance of the episcopal perúke befel at the same era of change and alarm—being warned to set their house in order, they lost no time in dealing with their heads. At this day hardly one wig ever is visible even in the House of Lords: and we must say we doubt whether most of the right reverend fathers have gained in weight of aspect by this complete revolution. It has, of course, extended over all the inferior dignitaries of the clerical order. With the exception of

Digitized by Google

of one most venerable relic which has often nodded in opposition to Dr. Parr's μεγα θαυμα, we do not suppose there remains one *Head*, with a wig, on the banks of either Cam or Isis. Yet people question the capacity or resolution for internal reforms in our academical Caputs!

The natural hair, after its long imprisonment, seemed for a moment to have run wild. The portraits of the beginning of the century, and even down to the time of Lawrence's supremacy, show the hair falling thickly upon the brow, and flowing, especially in the young, over the shoulders. Who can ever forget, that has once seen it, the portrait of young Lindley in the Dulwich Gallery by Sir Thomas—that noble and sad-looking brow, so softly shaded with luxuriant curls? At the present moment almost every lady one meets has her hair arranged in 'bands'—nothing but bands, the most severe and trying of all coiffures, and one only adapted to the most classic style of beauty. For the face with a downright good-natured pug nose, or with one that is only pleasantly *retroussé*, to adopt it, is quite as absurd as for an architect to surmount an irregular Elizabethan building with a Doric frieze. Every physiognomy requires its own peculiar arrangement of hair, and we only wonder that this great truth has ever been lost sight of. There is a kind of hair full of graceful waves, which in Ireland is called 'good-natured hair.' There is something quite charming in its rippling line across the forehead. Art has attempted to imitate it, but the eye immediately detects the imposture—it no more resembles the real thing than the set smile of the opera-dancer does the genuine play of the features from some pleasurable emotion of the mind. This buckled hair is, in short, the same as that denounced by the early churchmen under the name of *the malice of the Devil*, a term which it well deserves. There is another kind of hair which is inclined to hang in slender threadlike locks just on the sides of the face, allowing the light and shade to fall upon the white skin beneath with delightful effect. Painters particularly affect this picturesque falling of the hair, and it is wonderful how it softens the face, and gives archness to the eyes, which peep out as it were between their own natural trellis-work or *jalousies*. We own to a love of the soft glossy ringlets which dally and toy with the light on their airy curves, and dance with every motion of the body. There is something exceedingly feminine and gentle in them, we think, which makes them more fitted for general adoption than any other style. But most of all to be admired for a noble generous countenance, is that compromise between the severe-looking 'band' and the flowing ringlet, in which the hair, in twisting coils of flossy silk, is allowed to fall from the forehead in a delicate sweep round that part of the cheek where it melts into the neck, and is then gathered up into a single shell-like

Digitized by Google

like convolution behind. The Greeks were particularly fond of this arrangement in their sculpture, because it repeated the facial outline and displayed the head to perfection. Some naturally pretty women, following the lead of the strong-minded high-templed sisterhood, are in the habit of sweeping their hair at a very ugly angle off the brow, so as to show a tower of forehead and, as they suppose, produce an overawing impression. This is a sad mistake. Corinna, supreme in taste as in genius and beauty, knows better. The Greeks threw all the commanding dignity into the κόρυμβος—or bow-like ornament. We all admire this in the Diana of the British Museum. It was, however, used indifferently for both sexes—the Apollo Belvedere is crowned in the same manner. The ancients were never guilty of thinking a vast display of forehead beautiful in woman, or that it was in fact at all imposing in appearance—they invariably set the hair on low, and would have stared with horror at the atrocious practice of shaving it at the parting, adopted by some people to give height to the brow. We do not mean to lay down any absolute rule, however, even in this particular; the individuality which exists in every person's hair, as much as in their faces, should be allowed to assert itself, and the dead level of bands should never be permitted to extinguish the natural difference between the tresses of brown Dolores—'blue-black, lustrous, thick as horsehair'—and the Greek islanders' hair like sea-moss, that Alciphron speaks of. Least of all is such an abomination as 'fixature' allowable for one moment—he must have been a bold bad man indeed, who first circulated the means of solidifying the soft and yielding hair of woman.

There is much more individuality in the treatment of gentlemen's hair, simply because most of them leave it more alone, and allow Nature to take her course; nevertheless, the lords of the earth, like the ladies, have to a certain extent their prevailing formula, or rather the hairdressers have, of arranging the hair—to wit, one great sprawling wave across the forehead, with a cauliflower growth on either side. To this pattern the artists would, if they could, reduce all creation. Their opinion upon the graceful flow of the hair is to be found in that utmost effort of their science—the wig—we mean the upstart sham so styled. Was there ever such a hideous, artificial, gentish-looking thing as the George-the-Fourthian peruke—'half in storm, half in calm—patted down over the left temple, like a frothy cup one blows on to cool it?'—Its painfully white net parting, and its painfully tight little curls, haunt us. We scarcely ever see that type now in its full original horror—but bad is the best. It seems, at first thought, very odd that they cannot make a decent imitation of a head of hair. People forge old letters, even to the imitation of the stains of time and the fading of the ink; they copy a flower

until it will well-nigh entice a bee; but who ever failed to discover a wig on the instant? Its nasty, hard scalp-line against the forehead gives a positive shock to any person possessing nervous susceptibility. Surely something might be done. Nothing can ever be expected, however, to come quite up to that beautiful setting on of the hair which nature shows us; for, as a writer in a former number of this Review says—and we may be allowed to add, says beautifully—because the pen is now well known to have been held by feminine fingers—

'It is the exquisite line along the roots of the hair—the graceful undulations of the shores of the head, thus given to sight, with which we are fascinated. Here the skin is invariably found finer, and the colour tenderer, than in any other part of the human face—like the smooth, pure sands, where the tide has just retired.' *

Again, art can never match even the colour of the hair to the complexion and the temperament of the individual. Did any one ever see a man with a head of hair of his own growing that did not suit him? On the other hand, was there ever seen a wig that seemed a part of the man? The infinite variety of Nature in managing the coiffure is unapproachable. One man's hair she tosses up in a sea of curls; another's she smoothes down to the meekness of a maid's; a third's she flames up, like a conflagration; a fourth's she seems to have crystallized, each hair thwarting and crossing its neighbour, like a mass of needles; to a fifth she imparts that sweet and graceful flow which F. Grant and all other feeling painters do their best to copy. In colour and texture, again, she is equally excellent; each flesh-tint has its agreeing shade and character of hair, which if a man departs from, he disguises himself. What a standing protest is the sandy whisker to the glossy black peruke! Again, how contradictory and withered a worn old face looks, whose shaggy white eyebrows are crowned by chestnut curling locks! It reminds us of a style of drawing in vogue with ladies some years since, in which a bright-coloured haymaker is seen at work in a cold, blacklead pencil landscape.

Of the modern beard and whisker we desire to write respectfully. A mutton chop seems to have suggested the form of the substantial British whisker. Out of this simple design countless varieties of forms have arisen. How have they arisen? Can any one give an account of his own whiskers from their birth upwards? To our mind there is nothing more mysterious than the growth of this manly appendage. Did any far-seeing youth deliberately design his own whisker? Was there ever known a hobbledehoy who saw 'a great future' in his silken down, and determined to train it in the way it should go? We think not. British whiskers, in truth, have grown up like all the great institutions of the country, noiselessly

* See Essays by the Authoress of Letters from the Baltic, lately collected as *Reading for the Rail.*

Digitized by Google

and

and persistently—an outward expression, as the Germans would say, of the inner life of the people; the general idea allowing of infinite variety according to the individuality of the wearer. Let us take the next half-dozen men passing by the window as we write. The first has his whiskers tucked into the corners of his mouth, as though he were holding them up with his teeth. The second whisker that we descry has wandered into the middle of the cheek, and there stopped as though it did not know where to go to, like a youth who has ventured out into the middle of a ball-room with all eyes upon him. Yonder bunch of bristles (No. 3) twists the contrary way under the owner's ear: he could not for the life of him tell why it retrograded so. That fourth citizen with the vast Pacific of a face has little whiskers which seem to have stopped short after two inches of voyage, as though aghast at the prospect of having to double such a Cape Horn of a chin. We perceive coming a tremendous pair, running over the shirt-collar in luxuriant profusion. Yet we see as the colonel or general takes off his hat to that lady that he is quite bald—those whiskers are, in fact, nothing but a tremendous landslip from the veteran's head!

Even in Europe, some skins seem to have no power of producing hair at all. Dark, thick-complexioned people are frequently quite destitute of either beard or whisker, and Nature now and then, as if to restore the balance, produces a hairy woman. A charming example was exhibiting a short time since in town. The description she gives of herself in every particular we will not back, but here it is from the printed bill:—

'The public is most respectfully informed that Mad. Fortunne, one of the most curious phenomenons which ever appeared in Europe, has arrived in London, in the person of a young woman, 21 years of age, whose face, which is of an extraordinary whiteness, is surrounded by a beard as black as jet, about four inches in length. The beard is as thick and bushy as that of any man. The young lady is a native of Geneva, in Switzerland, and has received a most brilliant education. She speaks French fluently, and will answer all the questions that may be addressed to her. Her beard, which reaches from one eye to the other, perfectly encircles the face, forming the most surprising contrast, but without impairing its beauty. Her bust is most finely formed, and leaves not the least doubt as to her sex. She will approach all the persons who may honour her with their presence, and give an account of her origin and birth, and explain the motives which induced her to quit her country. Everybody will also be allowed to touch her beard, so as to be convinced that it is perfectly natural.'

The beard was certainly a most glorious specimen, and shamed any man's that we have ever seen.

Of the *expression* of hair—could we *press* for the nonce a quill from Esthonia—much might be well and edifyingly said.

The

Digitized by Google

The Greeks, with their usual subtilty in reading Nature, and interpreting her in their works of Art, have distinguished their gods by the variations of this excrescence. Thus the hair of the Phidian Jove in the Vatican, which rises in spouts as it were from the forehead, and then falls in wavy curls, is like the mane of the lion, most majestic and imperial in appearance. The crisp curls of Hercules again remind us of the short locks between the horns of the indomitable bull; whilst the hair of Neptune falls down wet and dank like his own seaweed. The beautiful flowing locks of Apollo, full and free, represent perpetual youth; and the gentle, vagrant, bewitching tresses of Venus denote most clearly her peculiar characteristics and claims as a divinity of Olympus. What gives the loose and wanton air to the portraits in Charles II.'s bedchamber at Hampton Court? Duchess and Countess sweep along the canvas with all the dignity that Lely could flatter them with; but on the disordered curls and the forehead fringed with love-locks Cyprian is plainly written. Even Nell Gwyn, retired into the deep shade of the alcove, beckons us with her sweet soft redundance of ringlets. But too well woman knows the power Venus has endowed her with in this silken lasso:—

'Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.'

In the rougher sex the temper and disposition are more apparent from the set of the hair than in woman, because, as already observed, they allow it to follow more the arrangement of nature. Curly hair bespeaks the sanguine temperament, lank hair the phlegmatic. Poets for the most part, we believe, have had curly hair—though our own age has exhibited some notable exceptions to the rule. Physiology has not yet decided upon what the curl is dependent, but we feel satisfied it arises from a flattening of one side of the hair more than the other.

So well do people understand the character as expressed by the hair and its management, that it is used as a kind of index. Commercial ideas are very exact respecting it. What chance would a gentleman with a moustache have of getting a situation in a bank? Even too much whisker is looked upon with suspicion. A clean shave is usually, as the world goes, expected in persons aspiring to any post of serious trust. We confess that few montrosities in this line affect us more dismally than the combination of dandy *favoris* with the, however reduced, perúke of Brother Briefless or Brother Hardup. It is needless to add that anything like hirsute luxuriance about a sacerdotal physiognomy is offensive to every orthodox admirer of the *via media*—to all the Anglican community, it is probable, excepting some inveterate embroideresses of red and blue altar-cloths and tall curates' slippers.

Digitized by Google

ART. III.—1. *An Inquiry into the Person and Age of the long-lived Countess of Desmond.* By Hon. Horace Walpole. Strawberry Hill, 1758.
2. *Historic Doubts as to the Character and Person of Richard III.* 1767.
3. *Letter from Mr. Meyrick. MS.* 1775.
4. *Notes and Queries.* Vols. iv.—v. 1851-2.

HORACE WALPOLE, while engaged in investigating the documents concerning Richard the Third, preparatory to his *Historic Doubts*, found that one important fragment of evidence depended solely on the traditional testimony of an apocryphal witness. He had 'often heard that the aged Lady Desmond lived to 162 or 163 years'— and a story was current in some noble families that 'she had danced with Richard III., and always affirmed he was the handsomest man in the room, except his brother Edward, and was very well made.' A certain Sir Walter St. John and a certain 'old Lady Dacre' were said to have conversed with our ultra-venerable Countess, and, from her oral declaration, to have handed down this *judicium*—in refutation of the *spretæ injuria formæ* of the calumniated prince—through 'old Lord St. John,' his sister, Mrs. Cholmondeley, and a host of their posterity. Such a description of evidence, though inadmissible at the bar of a legal tribunal, might be brought forward in a High Court of Literature, before which the ingenious advocate was about to plead for the defendant in the cause of *Lancastrian Historians* v. *Richard Plantagenet.* Yet the learned counsel saw that, before he could expect the hearsay of these witnesses to be received, it would be requisite to identify the principal one. Little credit was likely to be attached to the garrulities of such elderly ladies and gentlemen, the remotest of whom was an almost fabulous personage, a myth, a 'Mrs. Harris' of the middle ages. The longevity ascribed to her was not less open to scepticism than the singular opinion she was quoted for as to the symmetry of a prince known in nursery tales as 'Crook-backed Richard.' Did this Irish phenomenon—who lived so long—ever exist at all? And how came she at a court ball in London under Edward IV.? Accordingly, the lord of Strawberry Hill commenced 'an Inquiry into the Person and Age of the long-lived Countess of Desmond;' and, although he at first confounded another who bore that title with the veritable object of his investigation, he arrived at a correct conclusion as to her identity:—and in short ought to have for ever set at rest the controversial question, still agitated in that occasionally useful resuscitant of dead knowledge yclept *Notes and Queries*—the antiquary's

Digitized by Google

antiquary's *news*-paper. Walpole's starting mistake is hardly worth adverting to now, further than that it is amusing to see the gay manner in which so agreeable a writer unravels a somewhat dull antiquarian entanglement. He says:—

'Having a few years ago had a curiosity to inform myself of the particulars of the life of the very aged Countess of Desmond, I was much surprised to find no certain account of so extraordinary a person: neither exactly how long she lived, nor even who she was; the few circumstances related of her depending on mere tradition.'

By and bye he received a distinct statement that 'she was buried at Sligo;' and, on further inquiry, an inscription in that Irish Abbey certainly indicated that a lady of the designation had been interred there. Walpole applied to a friend in the neighbourhood to procure a copy of it. The gentleman written to was 'the O'Conor Don,' already supposed to be well versed in the antiquities of his nation, and still mentioned with general respect as the 'venerable Charles O'Conor.' A chieftain of that regal race had been the second husband of the entombed Countess, and the monument, which set forth his titles and emblazonments, was commonly called 'O'Conor's tomb.' The representative of the Kings of Connaught eagerly deciphered the almost obliterated epitaph, acting the part of Old Mortality for, as he declares, 'many hours on a high ladder, it costing much time to clear the letters.' He also traced the figures sculptured on the tablets—the effigies of O'Conor, clad in armour, with his helmet by his side, and *of Eleanora, Comitissa Desmoniæ*, with her coronet and coat of arms—those of Butler impaled with Fitzgerald and O'Conor. But, by the inscription, the memorial had been erected by the lady herself, in 1624, on the death of her second husband; and, on referring to a recent Peerage-book, it appeared that, having bequeathed the sum of 300*l.* for the building of a chapel and the completion of this monument, she died so late as 1636. Could she be identical with a dame whose *dancing* days were so remote as to imply an interval in life of more than a century and a half? After due reflexion, Walpole, in an elaborate letter, declared he doubted whether Eleanor of Sligo could be the Desmonian Countess reported to have reached such an immense age.

Before entering into these doubts, a sketch may be given of the fortunes of this Sligo claimant, in illustration of the downfal of the house of Desmond, and of the history of its dowagers.

Eleanor Butler, the Sligo lady, was second wife to Garrett, the 16th Earl of Desmond—head of that great second branch of the Irish Geraldines which for a long period fully equalled the renown and influence of the elder line of Offally, Kildare, and Leinster.

Digitized by Google

Leinster. The death of his father, James 15th Earl, known in pedigrees as *the traitor*, occurred in 1558. The earldom extended over 110 miles, and contained more than half a million acres, with many strong castles and walled towns; its revenues were computed by a Baron of the Exchequer, *anno* 1515, at 10,000*l.*, and, in Garrett's own time, at 40,000 gold pieces. In Kerry he exercised royal authority as Count Palatine;—he boasted higher privileges and immunities than any other peer in Ireland, and—his ancestors having for centuries assumed the rude sway of a Celtic dynasty over many inferior lords—domineered with the combined powers of feudality and chieftainry, the ruling systems of the Norman and Celtic races. On raising his banner he was at once leader of 600 horse and 2000 foot—but this force he could readily double by an unlimited custom of quartering mercenary auxiliaries upon his vassals. The extensive forests and mountain fastnesses of his remote principality inspired a confidence that he might not only revenge an hereditary quarrel, but even defy the hostility of the Crown. Such dominion proved fatal to a man of haughty and intractable character, at a time when the growing authority of monarchy and law was opposed to the barbarous rule of clanship—and he became the *ingens rebellibus exemplar* of Irish history. The black Earl of Ormond—between whose house and the Geraldines there was ancient and deadly feud—laid claim to the Desmond estates in right of his mother, who was the heiress of a deceased Palatine—(*viz.* James 11th Earl of Desmond, *ob.* 1529)—and moreover was the *first* wife of this Garrett;—and there is reason to believe that the vindictive enmity of that great nobleman to his stepfather—together with the unrelenting policy pursued towards Earl Garrett—(whose vast possessions were an inducement to make, or proclaim, him a rebel)—were the actual causes of the sixteenth Desmond's destruction—and that, to use his own expressive phrase, he was 'wrung into undutifulness.' His life was one of contradiction and vicissitude. Born a younger son, the bequest of his *traitor* father (who had divorced a former wife on pretence of consanguinity) was his weak title to peerage and estates—until confirmed by the Queen, on condition of his furthering the Protestant interest: yet, in after times, his power was employed in advancing Romanism. When at the head of 5000 men, confronting a superior force under Ormond, he was only restrained from falling upon him by the entreaties of his own wife—the mother of his enemy; and, one short month after her death, was attacked by that same Ormond—when attended only by his usual retinue, some nine score men, and carried off in a wounded condition. At one time, he feasted the chiefs of a province in the great hall of Askeaton; at another, starved with a few 'wretched kerne'

Digitized by Google

kerne' in a hollow tree: and gave chase to the red deer and the wolf on his own wild mountains; or was immured for many years in Leeds Castle, Kent, or in the Tower of London.

During Earl Garrett's incarceration, James Fitz-Maurice, a near relative,* acted as seneschal, or lieutenant, over his estates. The patrimony of this man, a fertile barony south of the city of Cork, called Kerrycurrihy, had passed by mortgage to a Kentish knight, who had the custody of the Earl's person. The captive secretly sent an intimation to his seneschal to assume the leadership of the clan; on this hint Fitz-Maurice raised, with some difficulty, a sanguinary insurrection —ravaged the lost paradise of Kerrycurrihy—aroused, *for the first time*, the war-cry of religion—and carried on for several years a guerilla warfare, only to be appeased by the liberation of his politic chief. In reward of this exploit, the Palatine of Desmond granted him the manor of Carrickfoyle; but, on the Countess remonstrating at such an alienation of the domains of the earldom, the gift was revoked. The enraged desperado fled to the continent, ostensibly in quest of 'aid for the persecuted Catholics;' but intent on recovering his paternal estate, and, perhaps, supplanting his chief, whose title he assumed when abroad. At Madrid he fell in with a ruined *Sassenach* adventurer, Tom Stukely, and the congenial pair proceeded to Rome, where they were 'prince-like entertained,' and succeeded in imposing upon Gregory XIII. with a plan for invading the Green Isle. The infatuated pontiff had promised to confer all the British dominions upon Philip II., provided that monarch could conquer them!—but, on Stukely's representing to his holiness that he could with facility raise his own 'nephew,' Giacomo Buoncompagno, to the Irish throne, Gregory embraced the suggestion—assembled an army of 800 banditti, culled from the jails and galleys of the Ecclesiastical States—appointed Stukely to be vice-admiral of the fleet, and created him Baron of Idrone, Earl of Wexford and Carlow, and Marquis of Leinster. The career of this lord of lavish and spurious titles was brief and inglorious. On his invasive voyage he landed at Lisbon, where he was persuaded by Sebastian of Portugal to engage himself and

* Fitz-Maurice was apparently adopted very generally as a surname among the wide-spread descendants of Maurice Fitzgerald, first Earl of Desmond. Another great branch of the Geraldines, that of which the Marquis of Lansdowne is chief, seems also to have favoured the same patronymic, which is still retained, in memory of an earlier Maurice, common ancestor of all the Irish lines. We need hardly observe that the use of surnames, in our sense of that term, was extremely lax and irregular among the Anglo-Irish, long after it had been pretty well settled in England. Many Geraldines, it is plain, were designated merely as Fitz-John or Fitz-William, according to the baptismal name of their own immediate progenitors.

his

Digitized by Google

his troops in his service, and, sailing with that prince on his fatal expedition to Barbary, fell with him at the battle of Alcazar.

The end of the Hibernian conspirator was less distinguished. The Pope, indeed, gave him the high-sounding title of *generalissimo*, and, in the same bull, confirmed his claim to the coveted patrimony by styling him 'Lord of Kerrycurrihy.' Fitz-Maurice, thus ennobled—sanguinely sailed for Ireland with three ships and 100 men—and startled the isle from its propriety by landing at Dingle on the 18th July, 1579—following—in solemn procession—three zealous divines, the celebrated Dr. Sanders, as Papal Nuncio, the Jesuit Alen, and O'Mulrian, titular Bishop of Killaloe, in full canonicals, with crozier and mitre: before which trio two friars bore 'the Pope's standard'—an especially consecrated banner. Signal fires blazed on the mountains, and scouts despatched to every disaffected chief exaggerated the numbers of the invading friends of freedom, and spread rumours of coming reinforcements of Spanish argosies, laden with veterans, arms, and Indian gold. Some five hundred Italians and Spaniards indeed—the precursors of the Armada—landed a year afterwards, and were slain without mercy by Arthur Lord Grey and Sir Walter Raleigh—the Arthegal and Talus of *the Faëry Queen*. Tall ships were reported off the coast! Of the Earl of Desmond's force of twelve hundred men, all but a few joined the rebel camp, where the holy banner—picturing the crucifixion—was displayed daily to increasing numbers, and hailed with the new slogan of *Papa-aboo!* The viceroy sent for men, arms, and money from England—he could only borrow two hundred pounds in Dublin on the security of the state!—and, promising that he himself would 'visit the guests with adventure of his life,' admonished Burleigh to 'stand stoutly to the helm, for a great storm was at hand!' The gathering tempest, though differing in nature from that which scattered the Armada, was not less retributive. James, the 'Lord of Kerrycurrihy,' soon fell in a miserable brawl, and his body became a target for the soldiery: the Jesuit was slain in battle: and the Nuncio died at last of hunger in a wood, where his remains were found half devoured by wolves. The command of the insurgents was assumed by a younger brother of the Desmond, who remained personally inactive—but proofs of whose collusion were found on the corpse of the Jesuit. Presently, therefore, when the Palatine—who claimed a privilege of 'not coming to the governor of Ireland unless he listed'—failed to attend the repeated summons of a commander of the Queen's forces, an attack was made on his castle of Askeaton, the tombs of his ancestors in the adjoining abbey were destroyed, the country ravaged with fire and sword—and he himself finally proclaimed a traitor

Digitized by Google

a traitor by sound of trumpet. The haughty Geraldine, goaded on every side, then threw off the mask, and rushed 'frantically' into open rebellion.

His fate is related with not unaffecting simplicity by Sir Richard Baker, the oracle of Coverley Hall:—

'Desmond possessed whole counties, together with the palatinate of Kerry, and had of his own name and race at least five hundred gentlemen at his command; all of whom, and his own life also, he lost within the space of three years, very few of the house being left alive.'

We must, however, pause for a brief retrospect of some particulars. The reigning Countess (our Sligo lady) had frequently been a mediatrix between her 'mad-brained' consort and the English satraps. As Palatine he administered justice but indifferently in the 'kingdom of Kerry,' as that district, in which the king's writ, if it ran, ran away, is still called. Beside its own supply of lawless men—an especially formidable band of whom were known, in Gaelic, as the Old Evil Children of the Wood—the rebels, outlaws, and cattle-lifters of other counties sheltered themselves within the sanctuary which this palatinate liberty afforded. Sir William Drury—recently in command on the Scottish frontier, where he had 'daunted the thieves of the borders and made the rush-bush keep the cow'—was appointed to the newly-created presidency of Munster; and, without caring for musty patents, announced his intention of 'executing justice' within the privileged rule of the Geraldine principality. The Lord Palatine was furious—but, dissembling his passion, sent hospitable offers to Sir William, desiring that he and his retinue, when passing through Kerry, would visit his house at Tralee. The President, having held sessions at different towns, rode over accordingly—but attended by a guard of only 120 soldiers. The Irish Earl had, in the mean while, assembled some 800 chosen followers, intending—if the chronicler Hooker is to be believed—to surprise his unsuspecting guest, 'and, instead of a *bien venu* into the country, to have cut him off from ever coming there again.' The courageous Englishmen—met by this apparently hostile array—ordered his men to charge; but, continues the chronicle, the Palatine and his company, though well armed and seven to one, 'being as it were astonished, forsook the fields and dispersed themselves into the woods.' On riding up to the house to learn the meaning of this strange affair, Drury was met by the Countess, who 'fell on her knees, held up her hands, and with trilling tears praied his patience and pardon, excusing, as well as she could, her husband's follie;' she declared that the company, so precipitate in flight, had been assembled as a great hunting-party to welcome him as Lord President, and had merely advanced on seeing his

Digitized by Google

his lordship approach. 'And herein she so wiselie and modestlie did behave hirselfe,' that Drury was satisfied, and the untoward occurrence overlooked. Now—by our faith in St. Hubert!—the Earl, however sore, was not yet mad, and only meant to gratify his guest with the spectacle of one of those grand chases for which the Highlands of Scotland and the sylvan regions of Ireland were celebrated; and his lady might have pointed, like Edith in the 'Talisman,' to the headless lances of the horsemen! Sir James Ware alludes to the martial games of the Irish cavalry, performed with darts not headed with iron, and to 'their hunting of the stagg, a recreation much resembling the affairs of war.' When Ormond, Clanricarde, or Kildare sounded their bugles—

> 'A thousand vassals mustered round,
> With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound.'

The cavalcade the Earl had assembled included, in all likelihood, many of the best born of the Desmonians, and some hot chiefs of Celtic race—men who would hardly have fled, with odds so much in their favour, had *human* bloodshed been intended. Our rural grandee wished to honour the representative of Majesty with a chivalrous compliment; but the President was distrustful, and lost a day of magnificent sport.

In 1579, after Desmond had committed himself by acts of undisguised violence, his Countess brought their only son to the English camp, as a hostage, and entreated for mercy. Though not aware of the displeasure which Elizabeth had shown at the proceedings against her husband,* her first impulse was to hasten over to plead his cause at the foot of the throne; and she wrote to Ormond to obtain the permission of the Viceroy, Sir William Pelham, adding that she 'meant to sell her kine to provide the means of travelling.' Her request was forwarded:—'I have considered,' answered Pelham, 'my ladie of Desmond's letter, and truly I take it for a dream: for if my ladie can be a traitor and a true woman at her pleasure, and enjoy her husband's goods and lands, and her own libertie, as if no offence had been committed, she hath the best hap of any ladie living; therefore I pray your lordship stay your hand from this her vain petition till our meeting, and answer her letter with silence, for it deserveth none other.' Lady Desmond continued to share all the misery of her lord's proscribed state. In the following year (1580) Pelham writes to the Queen—dating his despatch from our Palatine's ancestral castle at Askeaton—'the Earl, without rest anywhere, flieth from place to place, and maketh mediation for peace by the Countess, who yesterday I licensed to have speech with me here, whose abondance of tears bewrayed sufficientlie the miserable state both of herself, her husband,

* MS., State Paper Office, and Pelham's Journal, Carew MS. 597.

Digitized by Google

and

and their followers.' Again:—'the Earl is unhowsed of all his goods, and must now tread the woods and bogs, which he will do as unwieldily as any man in the world of his age.' So keenly was the outlawed peer hunted that he could not trust in any stronghold, but 'shrowded himself' in glyns and swamps, and in the winter of 1582 kept a cold Christmas in Kilqueg wood.'

On the night of the 4th of January the hiding-place of the fallen fugitive, now stricken with palsy and ague, was discovered: the hovel in which he and his lady slept was surrounded;—he narrowly saved himself from capture—escaping in his shirt—and both remained concealed under a bank of the neighbouring river 'up to their chins in water' until the baffled soldiery abandoned the search. 'Lurking in wild desert places' and 'feeding on horse-flesh and carrion'—the famishing Earl sent out a party of kerne to seize on some cattle; the plunderers stripped the wife and children of the owner—who, inflamed by the accumulated outrage, and obtaining assistance of a few soldiers from Castlemain fort, went instantly in pursuit. After a weary chace the military refused to proceed, but, on being promised 'two beeves of the prey' if they succeeded in recovering it, all went forward. 'The track was followed by daylight to Balleore, and by moonshine towards Glenayinty under Sliavloghra,' where the chacers climbed the hill 'above the glinne, to spy whether they might see anie fire in the wood, or hear anie stir; and, having come to the height over the glinne, they saw a fire underneath them.' One stole down, and discovered a cabin in which some men were asleep. At dawn of day the whole party descended, and entered the cabin 'with a great cry;' those within rushed out, leaving behind an infirm and helpless man;—his arm was almost severed from his body by one of the soldiers—whose sword being again raised to despatch him, he exclaimed, 'I am the Earl of Desmond! Save my life!'* He was carried off alive on the backs of his captors for some distance, but, the approach of his followers being feared, the wretched man was placed on the ground, and his head (for which a reward, equivalent to 10,000*l.*, had been offered) struck off, and taken to Ormond, who forwarded the prize to the Queen. It was at last impaled on London Bridge. Hooker, writing three years after the event, was uncertain whether his body was buried or devoured by 'wild beasts.' 'Thus,' he says, 'a noble race, descended out of the loins of princes, is now, for treasons and rebellions, utterly extinguished and overthrown.' Such was the importance long attached to the destruction of this powerful chieftain, that the place where he met his death is thus indicated in Sir William Petty's map of Ireland, engraved more than a century afterwards: 'In this wood the Earle of Desmond was slain in rebellion.'

* Churchyard's Scourge for Rebels, 1584. Black letter.

Digitized by Google

After

After the Earl's fall, the chronicler states, 'his ladie and wife, destituted of all honours and livings, liveth a doleful and miserable life.' Queen Elizabeth, however, subsequently compassionated her, and, to supply the loss of her jointure consequent upon the attainder, granted her a pension of 200*l.* a-year; some of the *arrears* of which she devoted to pious purposes.

To proceed with the Strawberry Hill investigation. Walpole quotes Sir William Temple as reducing the 'aged' Countess's age to 140, and as adding 'that she had been married out of England in the reign of Edward IV., and, being reduced to great poverty by the ruin of the Irish family into which she married, came from Bristol to London towards the *end of the reign of James I.* to beg relief from Court.' Walpole, however, as we have seen, could not on reflexion acquiesce in the supposition that the person so described and the widow of the decapitated Garrett were the same. If poor, how could she have left the large sum of 300*l.* for a chapel and sumptuous monument at Sligo? Again, if she was 140 years old in 1636, the date of her death, she was not born in the time of the Yorkist dynasty; and, as her first husband, the rebel Garrett, was killed in 1583, must have reached the mature age of 87 when she ventured on a second:—

'That is possible,' observes the author of *The Mysterious Mother*:—'If she lived to one hundred and forty, she might be in the vigour of her age (at least not dislike the vigour of his) at eighty-seven. But [the rebel] Desmond's *first* wife died in 1564, and, if *he* remarried the next day, his bride must have been sixty-eight; yet she had a son and five daughters by him. I fear, with all her juvenile powers, she must have been past breeding at sixty-eight.'

The punctilio of waiting until the day after the first wife's death was not always observed by the Anglo-Irish nobility. There is an order in the council-book of Henry VIII.'s time, 'for the captenship of Clanricarde, upon the death of Ulick de Burgo, the first Erle of Clanricarde, during the minoritie of his sonne, and until it were determined who was his lawful heir male, for that he had three married wives at the time of his death.' A subsequent despatch states it was not known who was the late Lord Ulick's legitimate heir, there had been so many marriages and divorces,—'but no doubt he married this last whoman solemply.' The unscrupulous manner in which the English monarch dissolved his own marriages was not lost upon the Irish. They freely ridiculed his changes of tenets and wives; and, when he dictated to the Church, scoffed at him as a 'new Pope in England'—barring celibacy.

Walpole, however, had now sufficiently shown it to be impossible that the Countess buried in Sligo Abbey could have been *the* Countess—of happy and *good* memory—who danced in her youth with Richard Duke of Gloucester, and who, like the Lady Anne, found him

him to be 'a marvellous proper man.' The veracity of *the* 'old Lady Desmond's' remembrance of the prince's person was as much as ever the grand point of interest with him—he still, as he says:—'Not at all crediting the accounts of his deformity—from which Buck has so well defended him, both by observing the silence of Comines, who mentions the beauty of King Edward, and was too sincere to have passed over such remarkable ugliness in a foreigner; and from Dr. Shaw's appeal to the people, before the Protector's face, whether his highness was not a comely prince, and the exact image of his father. The power that could enslave them could not have kept them from laughing at such an apostrophe, had the Protector been as ill-shapen as the Lancastrian historians represent him.'

To this defence, as he proceeds, 'the Desmond Lady's testimony,' if its authenticity could be cleared, must 'add great weight.' Having, therefore, demolished the pretensions of the Sligo countess, Mr. Walpole sets up an imaginary 'Desmond Lady,' marries her to a son of a certain sixth earl, and endeavours to fit her into the imperfect mosaic. This lord had been driven into exile, and the title became vested in a junior branch. Horace, however, conjectures that his son may have assumed it—and 'her husband being only a titular earl solves the difficulty of the silence of genealogists on so extraordinary a person.' The story of the romantic marriage and subsequent fate of the exiled earl, though not omitted by the lamented poet of Ireland in his History, is more effectually embalmed in one of his Melodies, the ode to beauty—'Desmond's Song.' The young lord—'by Feal's wave benighted, not a star in the skies'—returning late from hunting, took shelter under the roof of one of his tenants, and became so enamoured of his humble host's daughter, the beautiful Catherine M'Cormac, that he married her. An alliance so dishonouring to his blood drew down upon him the anger and enmity of his kindred:—friends and followers at once abandoned him, and even assisted his uncle James—*according to the old Irish custom*—to expel him from his estates, and force him to surrender the earldom. Thus persecuted, the unhappy young nobleman retired to Rouen, where he died in the year 1420, and was buried in Paris; the victorious King of England, Henry V., it is added, attending his funeral. Not merely had he disgraced his lineage by marrying a plebeian; he had transgressed against a recent enactment, which was intended to be the safeguard of the Englishry by prohibiting the adoption of native usages, elective chieftaincy, and *brehon* laws. The penalties of attainder and a traitor's death were provided by the statute of Kilkenny for any Englishman who formed alliance with *les Irois, par marriage, comfraternitè, nurture des enfantz, ou par amour.* The last clause is noticeable enough. Milesian women were to be avoided as sternly as the daughters of the Philistine! Breaches of this law were the cause of the fall of many of his house. The cruel uncle

uncle had been nurtured, or educated, by O'Brien of Thomond—(a royal dispensation being first obtained)—and there, no doubt, he learnt the clan-law custom of usurpation: an evil lesson practised on himself, in his old age, by his own son who, according to a native annalist, was cursed by his father when setting off to attend the fatal parliament at Drogheda—where he was beheaded.

'Those Geraldines, those Geraldines, not long our air they breathed,
Not long they fed on venison in Irish water seethed—
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers nursed,
When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling burst.
The English monarchs strove in vain, by law, and force, and bribe,
To win from Irish thoughts and ways this *more than Irish* tribe;
For still they clung to fosterage, to brehon, cloak, and bard—
What king dare say to Geraldine, *your Irish wife discard?*'

So sang the poet of 'Young Ireland.' It is to be admitted that the Hibernicized Englishmen of old were ready enough to defy both legal and regal authority. At the same time, however, both they and their compatriots, the mere Irish, indulged in a strange facility of discarding their spouses at their *own* pleasure. Beside their custom of hand-fasting—a probationary tie for a year and a day—in one sense quite a slip-knot—their complaisant clergy readily accommodated them by severing the bands of actual wedlock, on the score of consanguinity, or affinity, or even the spiritual kinship of *god-sibry*.

'They marry,' says Camden, 'not *in presenti* but *in futuro*. Upon this account the least difference generally parts them, the husband taking another wife and the wife another husband; nor is it certain whether the contract be true or false till they die. Hence arise feuds, rapines, murders, and deadly enmities about succeeding to the inheritance. The cast-off wives have recourse to the witches, these being looked upon as able to afflict the former husband with personal calamity Divorces, under pretence of conscience, are very frequent.'

The Church of Rome gradually extended its prohibition of marriage even to *seventh* cousins. In those days—when society was cut up by lines and divisions now unknown to the most exclusive of lady patronesses—when court balls were infrequent, Almack's yet uninstituted, archery *fêtes* not even visionary—it must have been difficult for gentlemen to find charmers of their own station who were not related within the prohibited degree. This '*forbidding to marry*' is considered by many historians, among others by the auther of the *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, to have been originally invented with a view to smooth the conversion of heathen princes:—

'Upon the question of marriage, the point,' writes Southey, 'upon which they were most unwilling to conform, a tacit compromise appears

Digitized by Google

appears to have been made. They could not openly be allowed to retain their habits of polygamy; but, by widening the circle of the prohibited degrees, means were afforded them for having as many wives as they pleased in succession: it was but to find a flaw of this nature in the marriage, when a chieftain was tired of his wife, and the ecclesiastical authorities assisted him in his desire of dismissing her, and permitted him to take another in her stead.'

Soon after Cardinal Wolsey was created Legate, he manufactured a supply of bulls of dispensation to marry within the forbidden degrees, for the Irish market; but his consignee, Alen, advised him that the commodities went off but slowly. The Englishry were either too poor to buy them, or sometimes procured them by 'Rome-runners' from the fountain head; while the Irishry did not seek for them, and were apt to rob, or murder, messengers sent into their countries. Wolsey's bulls were also insufficiently distinct as to the degrees of consanguinity and affinity. 'For many parts under the king's obeysaunce'—writes Alen—'there are penal statutes that no Englisman shall marrie with the Irish, so that they be intricate in consanguinitie: and besides, the people be so propine to evil they would marrie without dispensation, or else be enforced to sue to the Court of Rome.' According to a bull dated some years earlier, for the erection of a collegiate church in Galway, it appears that in a whole province—now the howling desert of 'the Lion of Judah,' *alias* 'John, Archbishop of Tuam'—the 'wild Irish Highlandmen' (as they are uncourteously styled by the pope) had not conformed to the Romish ritual, and did not, in fact, at all acknowledge the jurisdiction of the ultramontane See.

The inconvenience of waiting for a licence from Rome proved so insupportable to some impatient cousins, that love—who laughs at locksmiths—even pressed the craft of the forge into his service. A rude die was recently found in the ruins of an abbey on the Waterford estuary, the apparent use of which was to make the seal, or *bulla*, in the process of forging a papal document. A similar curiosity was dredged up from the Thames, after the reconstruction of London bridge, and is now in the possession of Mr. Corner, F.S.A. This instrument, a pair of pincers, the inner faces having dies of hard steel, and bearing the name of Pope Pius II., is supposed to have belonged to St. Thomas' Chapel, (which stood on the bridge and had an entrance from the river,) and to have been used for supplying pardons and indulgences to seafaring people—ready customers for such articles.

The social history of the Irish shows how grievously they suffered from the shackling effects of *Romish* doctrines concerning matrimony, and how severely they were punished for their disregard of the *Divine* law of its institution.

Digitized by Google To

To revert to the imaginary spouse of the exiled Earl's son. Walpole, soon dropping his shadowy creation, casts about in other directions, and, by and bye, mutely, takes up the true scent:—

'I find,' he writes, 'a new evidence, which, agreeing with Temple's account, seems to clash a little with my last supposition. This authority is no less than Sir Walter Raleigh's, who, in his History of the World, says expressly that he himself "knew the old Countess of Desmond, of Inchiquin, who lived in the year 1589, and many years since, who was married in Edward the Fourth's time, *and held her jointure from all the Earls of Desmond since then;* and that this is true, all the noblemen and gentlemen of Munster can witness." Her holding her jointure from all the Earls would imply that her husband was not of the titular line, but of that in possession; yet that difficulty is not so great as no such lady being mentioned in the pedigree.'

Though the father fell into obscurity in consequence of a *mésalliance*, it is rather hard on the son, had he married any one so memorable as the object of our search, that he should occupy an inconsiderable place in the pedigree, and his lady none at all! Princes and peers may be made by the breath of royalty, but the writer even of 'the best romance' can have no right to create a countess.

'However,' says the author of The Castle of Otranto, unsatisfied with his progress—

'All these are conjectures, which I should be glad to have ascertained or confuted by any curious person who could procure authentic testimonies of the birth, death, and family of this very remarkable lady; and to excite or assist which was the only purpose of this disquisition.'

Such a strict verification of facts as alone would satisfy so sceptic an inquirer, sooth to say, can never be obtained. If parish registers *may* be searched for a lady's age, one of the fifteenth century would be a curiosity in Ireland, where the labours of the Registrar-General are unknown in the nineteenth. As to any record of connubial engagements, we have seen how loosely the contract itself was often kept. Walpole, however, kept up his inquiries—and at last a sympathizer sent him this quotation from a then recently published authority:—

'Thomas, Earl of Desmond, died this year (1534), being of a very great age, and was buried at Youghal. He married, first, Ellen, daughter of MacCarty, of Muskerry, by whom he had a son, Maurice, who died *vitâ patris*. The earl's second wife was CATHERINE FITZGERALD, daughter of the Fitzgeralds of Dromana, in the county of Waterford. *This Catherine was the countess that lived so long.*'

Arriving at the supposition that the lady (now at last ascertained and identified) was married at 15, in the last year of Edward IV., and died in 1612, two years prior to the publication of the 'History of the World,' Horace concludes with the remark that

Digitized by Google

that 'she will then have been no less than 145 years of age, a particularity singular enough to excite, and I hope excuse, this inquiry.' May *we* add—our own prolixity? His interest, let it be observed, was little due to the lady's mere longevity:—though verily, in celebrating 'the triumphs,' in writing to Mann, 'of two old beauties,' la Princesse Craon and la Maréchale de l'Hôpital, and in his real affection for the bewitching octogenarian, Madame du Deffand, he evinces sympathy *pour des dames vieilles.* Our Lady of Desmond was but a handmaiden, in her ancillary testimony, to his 'Historic Doubts' as to the converse of comeliness in a King of England. Yet his was no ephemeral sentiment, for, by the letter of 1775 (*penes nos*) he was still harping on her gossipings with Sir Walter St. John and Lady Dacre.

Having 'thrid the maze' of his investigation, in which he contrives to enliven even the dreariness of dates, we may proceed to gather up a few other authorities and illustrations. A MS. State Paper, dated 1589, enumerates among the forfeitures of the attainted Garrett, 'the castle and manor of Inchiquin, *now in the hands* of Dame Katherine Fitz-John, late wyfe to Thomas, sometyme Earl of Desmond, for terme of lyef as for hir dower.' The desolated possessions of the rebel had been given away—the grantees undertaking to settle English colonists in the land; but, having failed in this engagement, they were now called on to fulfil it. Sir Walter Raleigh, who was in this category, after specifying the leases he had made, thus concludes his rejoinder:—'There remaynes unto me but an old castle and demayne, which are yet in occupation of the old Countes of Desmond for her jointure.' It was then that the accomplished Raleigh, 'chased from court by Essex, and confined into Ireland,' sat with Edmond Spenser on the shady banks of the Mulla, and listened to the first stanzas of the 'Faëry Queen,' which the poet was completing in another fortalice of the Desmonds. Youghal College, founded in the preceding century by one of the same line, was also bestowed on the gallant soldier of fortune, and the warden's house is still shown as his residence, when mayor of the town, with its dark oak panelling, and richly-carved mantel-piece rising up to the ceiling in the full pride of Tudor magnificence. All that remains of Inchiquin Castle, a few miles distant from that port, is a single circular tower of massive proportions. There is a 'Portrait of the aged Countess' in the possession of Mr. Herbert, of Mucross Abbey, Killarney, professing to have been executed during her final visit to London—and repeating some of the other alleged facts of her history in an inscription, which, as it is painted on the canvas to all appearance contemporaneously, seems to prove the authenticity of the likeness:—

'Catherine,

Digitized by Google

'Catherine, Countesse of Desmonde, as she appeared at ye Court of our sovraigne Lord King James in this preasant yeare A.D. 1614, and in ye 140th yeare of her age. Thither she came from Bristol to seek relief, ye House of Desmonde having been ruined by attainder. She was married in ye reigne of King Edward IV., and in ye course of her long Pilgrimage renewed her teeth twice. Her principal residence is at Inchiquin in Munster, whither she undauntedlye proposeth (her purpose accomplished) incontinentlie to return. LAUS DEO.'

Here was a physical miracle! A widow singularly favoured by nature, even to a third set of teeth without having to buy them, while far less venerable ones are driven to the *succedanea* of Sackville Street or the Rue de la Paix. And wedded at *nine* years of age. A precocity more marvellous than her longevity! One of the innocent boys, subsequently murdered, would have been a fitter partner than their proud uncle. The date 1614 *must* be an error for 1604. Let us consult the 'Itinerary' of the traveller, Fynes Moryson, published in 1617. He passed four years, from 1599 to 1603, in Ireland, as secretary to the viceroy—indited a history of the fierce war of that period—visited the island again, landing at Youghal, in 1613, and *died* the next year. In the course of a graphic description of that country and its inhabitants, he says, writing on the subject of longevity:—

'The Irish report, and will sweare it, that towards the west they have an island wherein the inhabitants live so long, as, when they are weary with life, their children, in charity, bring them to die upon the shore of Ireland, as if their island would not permit them to die. *In our time* the Irish Countesse of Desmond *lived* to the age of about one hundred and forty years, being able to go on foot four or five miles to the market-towne, and using weekly soe to doe in her last yeeres; and not many yeeres before *she died* she had all her teeth renewed.'

Our last witness is a man whose acquaintance with the Desmond family may be relied on—for he *shortened* the lives of several members of it—Sir George Carew, Earl of Totness, President of Munster in the beginning of the 17th century, and author of 'Hibernia Pacata.' During a long service in Ireland he amassed 40 folios of MS. records relative to that country. His grandfather, having, like an 'unthrifty heir of Linne,' alienated the ancient patrimony of Carew, in Pembrokeshire, left a son, who 'bethought himself' that his ancestors had possessed certain estates in the Emerald Isle, which either they had abandoned, or had been expelled from by the resurgent natives. He 'looked into his evidences, and found how by right these great inheritances had descended unto him,' betook himself to serve in Ireland, and instituted both legal and warlike proceedings to put himself in enjoyment of them—wherein he was

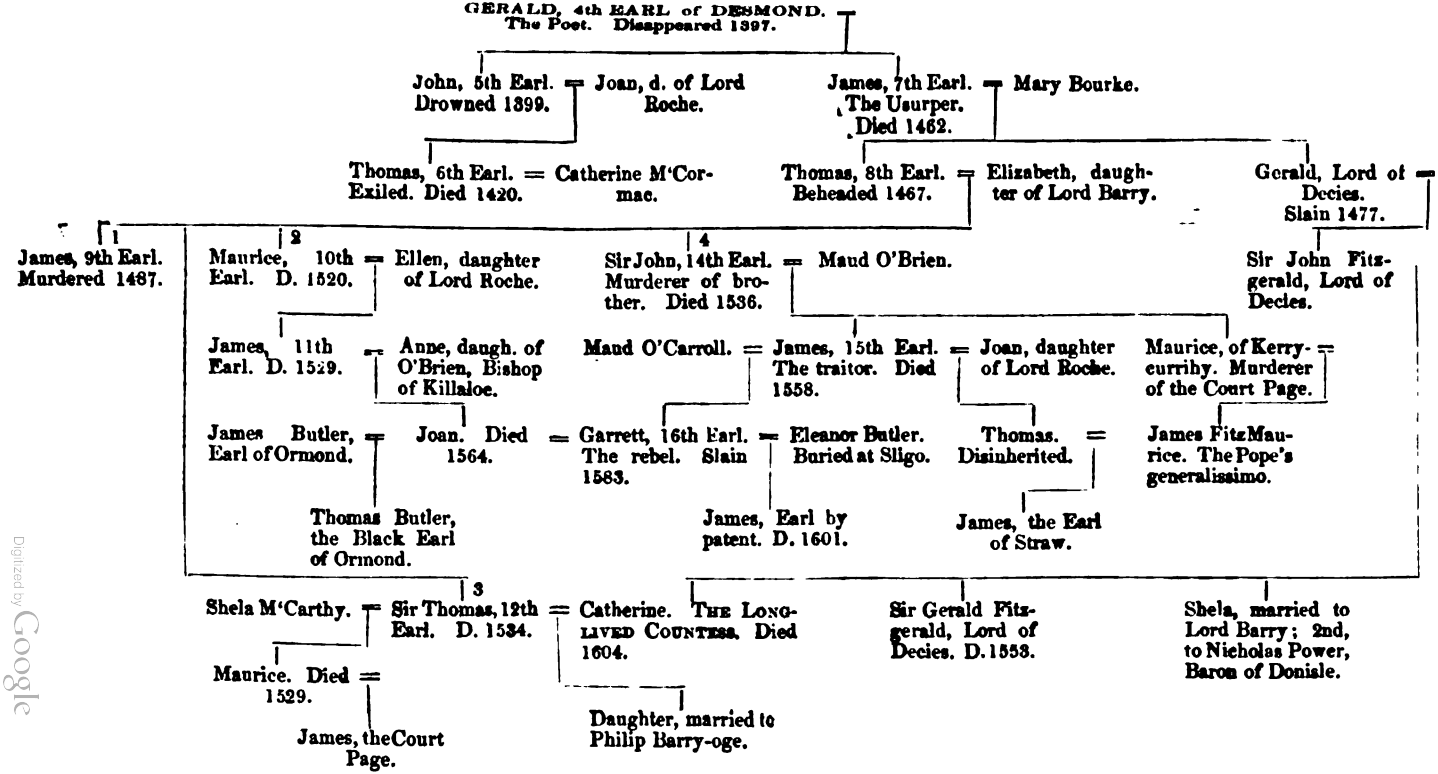
Digitized by Google

was partially successful. Sir George, the next of the family, succeeded to the contingency of recovering all these estates, and, as the prospect then depended on old deeds, &c., he collected all that bore upon his title, and also caused the pedigrees of the nobility and chiefs of clans to be drawn up in three bulky volumes, adding many curious *memoranda* with his own hand. At a time when questions as to the ownership of Irish property were not altogether left to the decision of the ordinary channels of law, to the slow mercies of Chancery, or to a *coup de grace* from the Encumbered Estates Court—and when titles often hung upon dubious espousals, or elections to the chieftainship, and were complicated by a mixture of feudal and *brehon* laws—such documents were of service to a high officer of State—which, itself, occasionally cut the knot by a summary order in favour of the litigant most likely to 'do service' to the Crown. The Carew MSS. 626 and 635, and Harleian 1425, each contain the descent of the 'Lords of Decies.' In the last Sir George appends a note under the name of 'Katheren, da: of Sir John Fitz-Gerald, ma: to Tho: fitz Tho: E. of Desmond'—'*Shee lived in a°.* 1604;' but in the first-quoted volume (p. 74) his *memo.* asserts 'SHE DIED IN ANO 1604.'

The table on the opposite page will serve to explain the later involutions of the Desmond pedigree.

A 'veracious history of the rise, prosperity, and end of the Geraldines' was written in Latin by Dominic de Rosario O'Daly, inquisitor-general of the Supreme Court of Inquisition in Portugal, and printed at Lisbon in 1635. His family had been hereditary bards to the house whose fall he pathetically relates, and he was son of a trusty confidant of the unfortunate Palatine Garrett. Writing to enlist the sympathies of the continental powers in support of the Irish malcontents, he does not disguise the rebellious views of the Desmonian chiefs:—yet exposes freely the atrocious domestic murders which arose among them from disputes as to inheritance, and which much conduced to their ruin. His narrative is generally corroborated by the printed correspondence of the time. From these and other sources the evidence bearing upon the dancing life, (the primary object of Walpole's inquiry,) the nuptials, and long widowed existence of *the* Countess, may now be examined. Her husband, Sir Thomas 'the Bald,' was but a third son, and did not succeed to the title (as 12th peer) until it had been enjoyed by his elder brothers, and by the son of one of them. He commanded the horse, under the lord-lieutenant, in a battle with the Irishry under O'Brien, in 1510. His first wife was a daughter of Cormac Mac-Carthy, *laidir*, or *the strong*, the builder of Blarney Castle, and, as

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

as an effect, perchance, of this connexion with the powerful sept of Clan Carthy, when his nephew, the then Lord of Desmond, invaded the territory of their chief, he sided with 'the Irish enemy.' An engagement took place at Mourne, disastrous to the Geraldine peer:—18 'banners of galloglasses,' each standard being followed by about 80 men, and 24 'banners of horse,' mustering from 20 to 50 horsemen to each pennon, were slain on his side; so that the loss amounted to some 2000 of the best men, without reckoning the light-armed 'skipping kernes.' The battle was fought in September 1520. The Lord-Lieutenant, the first Earl of Surrey (the hero of Flodden) writes to the King on this overthrow of the potentate of the southern Englishry:—'The most part of them that overthrew him be Irishmen, and I fear it will cause them to wax the prouder, and also shall cause other Irishmen to take pride therein, setting the less by Englishmen.' The historian of the Geraldines observes that this defeat was the first dimming of their glory. He afterwards gravely records, as 'a subject for gratulation' to the 'bald' knight—that 'two lords of Muskerry (one of whom was *his wife's father*) fell beneath his sword!' Warmth of blood varied in the thermometer of Irish relationship, for Sir Thomas's first act on succeeding to the earldom, in the year 1529, was to grant, in perpetuity, the country of the Decies to his *reigning wife's* father—Sir John Fitz-Gerald of Dromana. Having made a promise to Henry VIII. to send his grandson over to the court, (as was customary with the heirs of the nobility, partly to leave them as hostages, and partly for their education,) in a letter to the King, dated at Youghal, May 5, 1532, he excuses its non-performance, on the plea that he himself was 'well striken in age,' while his heir was of tender years: that he had 'sondry mortall enemies,' beside the ancient foes of his house; and that his estates lay far asunder, 'so as,' he says, 'we bothe has moche adowe for to kipe owr oune.' A subsequent despatch mentions a report that the Emperor of Germany was about to enter into a treaty with him, Earl Thomas, for the invasion of Ireland, similar to that made with his predecessor, Earl James; who was sufficiently ambitious to have aspired to the hand of the Emperor's daughter. The treaty that '*illustrissimo Condè*' made with Francis I. of France demonstrates the power which the Munster branch, alone, of the Geraldines possessed: and shows, moreover, that even the Anglo-Irish vassals of the Crown, *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, sought the infectious intervention of foreign aid in their rebellious designs, in times before those when 'persecution on account of religion' might be pleaded. The Desmond engaged to make war in person, and at his own charge, against

Digitized by Google

against Henry VIII. as soon as the French army should land; to bring 400 horse and 10,000 foot into the field; and, when need should require, to aid the French with 15,000 foot or more, and to furnish horses for the draft artillery; and Francis engaged to pay the wages of the troops.

Earl Thomas was celebrated in bardic song as 'the victorious'—in nine battles had he won the palm: and the abovementioned despatch, dated 1534, remarks, 'albeit his years requirith quietness and rest, yet entendeth he as much trouble as ever did any of his nation.' The veteran died the same year, at the age of 80, according to O'Daly—who observes that his grandson was at that time in the court of Henry VIII. The young heir had at last been sent over by his grandsire—whose letter shows how he feared to lose him 'by daunger of the sea and other myschaunces'—and was now one of the royal pages of honour. Returning home, on the news of the Earl's death, to take possession of his honours and patrimony—lo! he found all to have been seized by an old savage great-uncle, Sir John of Desmond, who disputed his legitimacy on the score of his parents' consanguinity! This usurper had instigated the assassination of his own eldest brother, in 1487. The rightful claimant—'the young gentylman wych chalenges to be the Yerle'—is thus described:—'he spekes very good Ynglyshe, and keepith his hair and cap after the Ynglyshe fashion, and wold be, as far as can be perceeivd, after the Ynglyshe fashion.' But he soon, to strengthen his faction, married an Irish wife, daughter of Sir Cormac oge MacCarty, and then—'daily made war' upon the usurper. A dangerous revolt of the Leinster Geraldines broke out while this 'dubious title shook the maddened land,' and a loyal Ormond writes:—

'These pretended Erles of Desmond have great domynions under them, and bene of great power, if their owne discention were not the cause of their severance. They have such a cankerid malicious rebellion rootid in them, evyr sithens the putting to execution of one Thomas, Erle of Desmond, at Drogheda, that they ben as farr separated from the knowledge of any dutie of alegeaunce that a subject ought to owe his prince, as a Turke is to believe in Christianity. Thei blasfeme the king, and have their ears and eies open every day, gaping to have assistance in this high rebellion out of Spayne.'

A letter, dated at Waterford, in 1535, reports:—'this day came in Sir John of Desmond, and he is a very old man, and can speke very good Ynglysche'—an accomplishment displayed in his reply to the Lord Lieutenant's suggestion that he and the youthful claimant should go over to London to try their cause before the King, when he exclaimed, 'What should I do in England, to meet a boy there? But give me that Yrish horson Cormac oge, and I will

Digitized by Google

I will go!' Dying, however, the next year, the deadly quarrel now lay between James, his (the usurper's) eldest son, and James, *the court page*—who repaired over to his royal master for redress. After an abode of three years in England he came back successful—being provided by the King with ships—the protection of a body-guard—and an order for his installation into the patrimonial honours and inheritance, which the viceroy put him in possession of, by accompanying him with an armed force. But his enjoyment of them was brief, for the Council report to the King in the following year, 'your Grace's servant, James Fitz-Maurice, who claymed to be Earl of Desmond, was cruelly slayne the Friday before Palm Sunday, by Maurice Fitz-John, brother to James, the usurpor of the earldom.' After this deed of treachery, the usurper regained possession, was afterwards received at Hampton Court as 15th peer, and transmitted the title to his son, the rebel Garrett. James Fitz-Maurice, the rebel seneschal—whose memory deserves to be held in execration as that of the first Irishman who raised a religious civil war, and realised the treason of bringing in foreigners to aid a revolt—was son of the assassin Maurice, *antoithan* (or *the incendiary*), and grandson of the murderer John. The Gaelic word *fiongail* was coined to signify murder aggravated by close relationship in blood; and the Inquisitor-General, the historian of the Desmonians, although a clansman, pronounces that their destruction was in Divine vengeance of that crime.

So many earls of this race have been summoned up that we hardly like to 'stretch out the line to the crack of doom,' and introduce another, the last—save for the sake of an interview he seems to have enjoyed with her ancient ladyship. James, the heir of Garrett, was detained a prisoner in the Tower until the year 1600, when a formidable rebellion was raging in his native country. The leadership of the broken clan had been assumed by a *Sugaun Iarla*, or Earl of Straw, now become 'the most mightie and potent Geraldine of any of his line, having 8000 well-armed men' in the field. The young Lord was sent over, in the expectation that his father's followers would rally round him—a hope which was disappointed directly he attended a Protestant house of worship! On his landing at Youghal, however, he was received with acclamations, and, he writes, 'had like to be overthrown with the kisses of old *calleahs*' (hags). Among that throng of affectionate enthusiasts the active Dowager of Desmond, now verging on seven score, peradventure was foremost.

The proof of our heroine's espousal 'in England' is but slight. The descendants of the conquerors of Ireland had so far 'degenerated' by the beginning of the 16th century, as to have adopted

Digitized by Google

adopted the Gaelic tongue, so that it was unusual to find even the nobility speaking English. As the latter was used by her husband and his brother, it may be inferred that *they* had been educated in England. Her own brother, Gerald, Lord of Decies, 'a very strong man in his country,' which he had probably never quitted, could not join in the wild Welshman's boast to Hotspur—

'I can speak English, lord, as well as you,
For I was trained up in the English court.'

'Great was the credit of the Geraldines ever when the house of York prospered,' writes the chronicler, 'for which cause the Erle of Desmond (Thomas, 8th peer) remained manie yeres Deputie Lieutenant to George, Duke of Clarence.' *False, fleeting, perjured Clarence*, the second son of Richard of York, had been born in Dublin Castle, whilst his father was viceroy. This Earl's father was sponsor at Clarence's christening, and was thus bound to the prince in a tie of religious relationship considered sacred with the natives. Such was the zeal of the Geraldine lords for the white rose, that one of them, when chancellor, resigned office to lead the clansmen to the battle of Stoke, where they fought bravely enough for the impostor Simnel. But when Warbeck—(whose impostorship is another theme for *historic doubts*)—appeared, the discomfiture of his predecessor had cooled the courage of Desmond and Kildare—at that time co-managers of 'the theatre on which masked princes entered, but who soon after, their vizards being taken off, were expulsed the stage.' The 'bald' knight's father (Thomas, 8th Earl) returned to Ireland, in 1464, 'from the King of England's house,' say the simple annals, 'as Lord-Lieutenant, and got many gifts from the King.' He was commended for his 'politique wit, rule, manhode, and wysdome,' in an address to the Crown, in which an humble Parliament 'prayed that his Highness would hold the lord deputie tenderlie in remembrance.' In this high post he continued for three years, when he was suddenly superseded and beheaded at Drogheda by Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester.

The tragic fate of their great ancestor, that Ormonde alludes to as so rankling in the memory of the later Desmonians, arose (according to the legend) from the resentment of the Queen of Edward IV. The Earl, writes O'Daly, was beloved by Edward, for, during the sanguinary contest between the rival houses, he had fought in many battles abreast with the victor. He, however, had advised his sovereign not to marry the beautiful widow, the Lady Elizabeth Wydville. The King espoused her clandestinely, and the union was avowed about the time that Edward appointed his companion in arms to the government

Digitized by Google

ment of Ireland. During some bitter altercation with his Queen, he afterwards significantly said, that 'had he hearkened to his cousin Desmond's advice her insolent spirit would have been humbled.' To this tradition a new feature is added by the Inquisitor;—that the King, before dismissing his friend, entreated him to say whether he saw aught in his administration prejudicial to his people; the Earl candidly assured him that he knew of nothing, save the marriage recently contracted: 'wherefore,' he continued, 'I think you would do well in *divorcing* the present queen, and forming an alliance with some powerful foreign princess.' This version may be credited, agreeing well with the *national* usage of repudiation, and accounting better for the issue. Whatever was the advice, it was subsequently elicited by the Queen, the King deeming the Viceroy of Ireland safe from her anger: but, in the course of time, she obtained the removal of the obnoxious counsellor, and had Worcester substituted in his place; soon after whose arrival an act was passed attainting the Earls of Desmond and Kildare for '*alliance, fosterage, et alterage avecq les Irois ennemis du Roy, comme en donnant à eux chevaulx et harneis et armors, et supportant eux envers les foialx sujects du Roy.*'

The *gravamen* of the charge is overlooked by the historians Leland and Moore, who defend the unfortunate viceroy, each *more suo;* the latter asserting that the Desmonds had hitherto been disposed to uphold the authority of the Crown in their remote province, and enabled to do so chiefly by the connexions they formed with Irish ladies! It is alleged that the Queen obtained the privy signet by stealth, and herself affixed the seal to the order for the Earl's decapitation: and that Worcester, who laid claim to some of his estates, instantly acted upon this warrant. Desmond's brother, his five sons (who were then but youths) and all his kindred, comprising the principal families of the south, instantly revolted, devastated the country about them, and marched with banners displayed upon the capital. Lord Kildare boldly repaired to the King, was so favourably heard that he received a pardon, and, the same obsequious parliament reversing his attainder, was appointed to supersede Tiptoft! When the latter, on his recall, produced the warrant, Edward IV. was so exasperated that the Queen was compelled to fly to an asylum for safety. Worcester afterwards suffered by the same sentence he had executed upon Desmond—a fact related with much satisfaction by the Celtic annalists, who record that 'the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence cut into quarters the wreck of the maledictions of the men of Ireland—the Saxon justiciary.' Walpole, in a memoir of that nobleman (the paragon in learning and patron of Caxton), states that he was accused of cruelty in his government, and especially towards

Digitized by Google

towards the *two infant* sons of Desmond. These orphan boys received the royal pardon for their outbreak, and may then have been taken over to be educated in England, away from peril of the Milesian daughters of their native land;—an ineffectual precaution, as this scion of the race—Sir Thomas—(ultimately 12th Earl of Desmond)—actually wedded a Mac-Carty for his first wife. He may, indeed, have afterwards dispossessed himself of her, *more patrio*, and taken another; yet, born in 1454, he might possibly have married a second within the days of Edward IV. without any incorrect disposal of the first.

Yet how is the early presence of *the* lady, his cousin, in England, to be accounted for? A young knight of the Emerald Isle might well be found there, either 'in the ranks of death,' or carrying off an heiress or a wealthy dowager, like Lord Killeen's son, who married a Duchess of Clarence. Let us conjecture, with retrospective clairvoyance, that she came over—young and fair—to grace the court as a mediæval maid of honour: or, like another 'fair Geraldine,' her kinswoman, who was educated with her cousins, Queens Mary and Elizabeth, that she was brought up with the royal princesses, who were of her own age. The luxurious Edward IV. gathered round him a court circle the most beautiful in the world; so that the eyes of foreign ambassadors were positively dazzled by the 'superabundantly lovely young ladies' they saw at a state-ball in the palace of Westminster.*

Upon the engraving (1806) of the (so called) Portrait of *the* Countess in the possession of the chief of another branch of the Geraldines, the Knight of Kerry, we read that 'this illustrious lady was born about the year 1464.' This agrees with her age of 140, *if* she died in 1604. She would then be nineteen in the year of the accession of Richard III., when she may have been espoused, (under a Papal dispensation,) by her cousin Sir Thomas, and have soon returned with him to their own land, where they lived together for half a century. One daughter only was the offspring of the marriage. Sir Thomas became Earl late in life, as has been mentioned before, but he was five years in possession of the coronet; long enough to entitle his relict to her jointure, which she enjoyed for seventy years—surpassing the ordinary pertinacity of annuitants. When, in 1575, Garrett, the 16th earl, was meditating a revolt, he induced the aged widow to surrender her dowry, Inchiquin Castle and lands, to him, by a deed in which 'the ladye Kathrin, late wief to Thomas, late Earle of Desmond,' acknowledges 'good considerations;'—and for reasons of the same sort, Garrett immediately leased the property to a friendly lawyer, to whom she 'gave seisin, by delivery of a peace of earthe in the house.' But Garrett ere long, as we know,

* Bohemian Embassage, A.D. 1466, *vide* p. 429.

Digitized by Google

did

did revolt, whereupon all deeds dated subsequent to one that proved his *intent to rebel* were pronounced void, and the dowager recovered her holding.* Her right was again disturbed by his attainder and the grant to Raleigh; but Sir Walter generously left her in occupation of the property, until compelled to place an English settler in possession: and, indeed, even after he leased away the manor (in 1591) it would appear, by the Mucross inscription, that the aged lady remained in her accustomed residence. From this asylum she may have been ousted by Richard Boyle, the rapacious Earl of Cork, after he had acquired Raleigh's Irish estates:—which were passed to him in January 1604—the period at which (it would seem) the Countess travelled over to seek relief. Sidney, Earl of Leicester, among others, has recorded in a 'table-book' the traditionary small-talk of his day as to 'this olde lady:'—who, he was told, 'came to petition the Queen, and, landing at Bristol, came on foot to London, being then so olde that her daughter was decrepit, and not able to come with her, but was brought in a little cart, their poverty not allowing better means.' The ruin of her ancient house was now complete. She who in her youth had led off the revel with princes, in the days of her decrepitude had to 'walke on foot weekly' to market! And now, in the last year of her life, when its wondrous protraction had become proverbial, this venerable peeress crossed the sea and performed a weary journey—compelled to petition a Court, once the scene of her beauty and triumph, as a suitor for her very subsistence! With so full an experience of 'the woes that wait on age,' would she have joined in the prayer—

'Enlarge my life with multitude of days!'

The decease of the Countess is ascribed to an accident, which, if it really befel her, proves a surprising degree of senile agility, and is a vexatiously ignominious cause of death for a heroine. Lord Leicester declares—'Shee might have lived much longer, had shee not mett with a kind of violent death: for she must needs climb a nutt-tree, to gather nutts, soe, falling down, she hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that brought death.' Local tradition and merry poets, however, agree that she fell from a cherry-tree, which Sir Walter Raleigh was the first to plant in Ireland, having been tempted to gather the rare and ripe fruit.

'Ay, as old
As that Countess of Desmond of whom I've been told
That she liv'd to much more than a hundred and ten,
And was kill'd by a fall from a cherry-tree then!
What a frisky old girl!'

We are not cognizant of any other portrait of 'the fair Geraldine,

* Exchequer MS. Records, Dublin.

Digitized by Google

bright

bright object of Surrey's vow,' than that at Woburn; while of her clanswoman—this antique dame—there are innumerable 'presentments,' true and counterfeit—all provokingly taken at a time when her wrinkles, and not her dimples, made her a study for the painter. At Dromana, her birthplace, Lord Stuart de Decies' fine seat, there is a remarkable head—an *ἐνδωλεσχολία* of the Roman matron, Metella, 'with the silver gray on her long tresses.' The picture at Chatsworth is understood to have descended to the Cavendish family from their ancestor Lord Cork. The head in the gallery at Knowle is questionable; devoid of tiring, and bristling with elf-locks, it is rather the effigy of a Dutch witch than the similitude of a lady of rank. The painting in the collection of Windsor Castle is now believed to be a likeness of the mother of Rembrandt:—and it would seem that this is not the only case of that particular confusion. Pennant obtained an engraving of the picture at Dupplin, for his 'Tour:'—anent this the author of Anecdotes of Painting (whose literary mission seems to have been to raise *doubts*) writes to Cole—'Mr. Pennant has given a new edition of his former tour, with more cuts: among others is the vulgar head called the Countess of Desmond. I told him I had discovered, and proved past contradiction, that it is Rembrandt's mother. He owned it, and said he would correct it by a note; but he has not. This is a brave way of being an antiquary—as if there could be any merit in giving for genuine what one knows to be spurious.' The Knight of Kerry's, a painting of merit, and well engraved, represents extreme old age, with an extraordinary degree of still remaining vigour; but the features are dissimilar to those of the veritable portraiture. Gerard Douw's name appears on the panel, and it is impossible our subject could have sat to that great artist. The *vraisemblance* is at Mucross. We have lately done homage to it, and it is engraved—on our memory. Shades of veteran beauties, Diane de Poitiers and Ninon de l'Enclos! brilliant as were your earthly attractions after sixty summers, a nobler grace lingered in this doubly-septuagenarian original! Forfend that her stern shade ever resent a comparison with such frail creatures! She carries the historic 'prowde countenance of the Geraldines' of her day. Aristocratic, *matrician*, and placid, though deeply traced with sorrow; eyes hazel, features regular and handsome, a complexion yet fresh and healthy! Why—*cette Comtesse, dans sa première jeunesse*, fair and vivacious as the daughters of the Antediluvians, ere the term of vitality was diminished to six score years—must have been more lovely than the widowed Lady Anne, whose 'heav'nly face provoked,' and 'haunted the sleep' of, our and all the world's Glo'ster! Such 'divine perfection,

Digitized by Google

fection' in an Irish maid of honour may well have led the susceptible Royal Duke to ask her hand for the galliard! Her testimony, taken in connexion with coins, has been accepted by the calm and judicious historian of 'Europe during the middle ages' as sufficient proof of the handsomeness of the Usurper's *face*. As to his figure we can have no numismatic evidence—sinewy and vigorous at all events it must have been; but very possibly the Irishwoman's gratified pride and warm native imagination influenced her flattering reminiscence when she extolled to Lady Dacre, as the model of symmetry, a Prince of the Blood who, straight or crooked, had taste enough to appreciate and do homage to her own early charms.

ART. III.—1. *Mein Leben und Wirken in Ungarn in den Jahren* 1848 *und* 1849. Von Arthur Görgei. Leipzig. 1852.—*My Life and Acts in Hungary, &c.* By A. Görgei. From the German. London. 1852.

2. *Der Winter-Feldzug* 1848-49 *in Ungarn unter dem Obercommando des Feld-Marshall's Fürsten zu Windisch-Grätz.* (Nach officiellen Quellen.) Wien. 1851.

3. *Der Feldzug in Ungarn und Siebenbürgen in Sommer des Jahre* 1849.

4. *Bericht über die Kriegs-Operationen der Russischen Truppen im Jahre* 1849. Nach officiellen Quellen zusammengestellt von H. v. N. Berlin. 1851.

THE literary records of the late campaigns in Hungary are already so numerous that, before we had perused the declamatory statements of the revolutionary leaders on the one side and examined the official reports on the other, the contents of a well-filled shelf passed before our eyes. To spare our readers the tedium of such researches, and yet to place before them a connected view of the Hungarian contest, we shall follow the more unpretending path of personal narrative; and we select the volume that heads our list as by far the most authentic and interesting memoir which has yet reached us. Arthur Görgei was, with one exception, the most conspicuous personage in Hungary throughout the military operations of 1849; and he was, without any exception, the man best qualified by military skill, by political insight, and, we think, by integrity of purpose, to save the honour and the constitution of his country. His present situation allows him to speak with independence of his former comrades, and his sense of obligation to the Imperial government has not prevented him from dealing very openly with its faults. Accordingly,

Digitized by Google

ingly, his book is on one hand violently assailed by the Magyar emigration, on the other severely prohibited by the Austrian police. As a general history of the contest it is far from complete, probably from the absence of documentary and written evidence in the place of the author's detention. But upon the whole, after an attentive comparison of this statement with other accounts of these events, we give General Görgei credit for as much truth and impartiality as can be expected from a man in his position.

The other works before us, and of which we shall make considerable use, are the official narratives of the campaign drawn up by officers on the staff of the two Imperial armies, and published under the sanction of those governments respectively. They lay claim to none of the higher qualities of historical composition, except that first condition of all, official accuracy: and, though the Austrians complain of some of the Russian representations, we see no reason to question the fidelity of these Reports on either side.

We learn from a French biographer that Görgei was born in January, 1818, at Topportz, an estate of his family, in the country of Zips, in the north of Hungary. His ancestors had for centuries distinguished themselves in the Imperial armies. He was educated at Eperies, and afterwards at the military college of Tuln, whence he entered the Hungarian Noble Guard at Vienna. He had been promoted within five years to a Lieutenancy in the Palatine Hussars: but then, having married a French governess whom he met at Prague, he suddenly resolved to quit the service, and withdrew into the country, to devote himself to the study of chemistry, in which he is said to have attained uncommon proficiency. Nothing certainly indicated the fiery ambition of a soldier of fortune or a revolutionary chief in this apparent termination of his early military career. It was in the retired situation above described that the 30th year of his age found him:—and in the first stage of the disturbances of that year, 1848, the only use he made of his acquirements was, that he offered to superintend a manufactory of detonators. He was in fact too obscure a person to be reckoned amongst the protagonists of the revolutionary movement then fast gaining strength, and threatening to overthrow the national ministry which had been hailed with rapture by the liberal party a few months before. He had, however, joined the militia, and when the month of September arrived, which witnessed the murder of Count Lamberg and the commencement of open war, Görgei filled the post of a major in the 5th battalion of Honveds, in which capacity he was

Digitized by Google

employed in the promising task of converting a National Guard into a regular force. Although the number of these National Guards for the district of Szolnok was estimated at 5000, Görgei with difficulty succeeded in the course of a month in bringing together 700 men under arms, and of these barely 100, he says, were real volunteers—a statement which we quite believe, and which, if true, lends little credit to the vulgar theory that the agitators were mainly supported by the enthusiasm and military aptitude of the common people. The war was already raging with unparalleled ferocity between the Magyars and the Rätzen or Serbs on the southern frontier, and the corps of Roth and Jellachich menaced the Hungarian capital. At this time Görgei was sent with his small contingent to the isle of Czepel, below Pesth, with orders to hinder, if possible, the junction of these commanders, but especially to prevent them from crossing the Danube. He had been but a few days in this situation when an incident occurred which had a decisive effect on his career, and leaves a very dark blot on his reputation.

On the 29th September—that is, two days after the massacre of Count Lamberg on the bridge of Pesth—Counts Eugene and Paul Zichy were arrested at the outposts of Görgei's detachment at Stuhlweisenburg, and brought on the following day to his head-quarters at Adony. The first suggestion of two staff-officers of the Hunyady Legion, then serving under Görgei, was, that these unhappy gentlemen should be conveyed under escort to Pesth, where they would in all probability have been torn to pieces by the population which had just immolated Lamberg. This atrocious suggestion was rejected by Görgei. Even at Adony, on the right bank of the Danube, they were by no means safe; but by great personal exertions Görgei succeeded in protecting his prisoners against the infuriated peasantry whilst he conveyed them to the isle of Czepel. All the boats had been removed or concealed; and it was only by threatening two millers with instant death that the means of transport were provided. But, though they were thus preserved from the fury of the peasants, the Zichys had fallen into the hands of no merciful judge. The charge against them was, that they were the bearers of proclamations, still wet from the press, addressed by the Emperor and King to his subjects and troops in Hungary, which Count Eugene declared to have been packed up by mistake among his baggage by his valet; and that an open letter or safe conduct, signed by Jellachich, was found on the same nobleman's person. Upon these charges Eugene was convicted of an understanding with the enemies of his country by a court-martial, whose proceedings are said to have been regularly

Digitized by Google

regularly conducted according to the usages and regulations of the Austrian army, and he was forthwith hung. Count Paul was acquitted for want of proof against him.

Into Görgei's defence of this action it is needless for us to enter, for a more odious exercise of military power is hardly to be found even in the annals of this fratricidal war. At the outset of a civil contest, when parties are still scarcely defined, and when what is treason on one day is called duty to one's country on the next, it is not surprising that the more irresolute or prudent class of men should hesitate before they plunge into this abyss of evils. Count Eugene Zichy was living on his own estate, alternately exposed to the attacks of two armies, one of which was that of his sovereign, the other called itself that of his country. He probably wavered, and sought safety between the two. But he had done nothing to bring him clearly within this severe construction of the laws of high treason. His execution was a judicial murder, and the more deliberate Görgei makes it out to have been, the worse the case appears. At any rate, being, as he then was, within a few hours' ride of head-quarters, it was quite unnecessary for the major of an irregular company to take upon himself this terrible responsibility, and the precipitation with which the whole affair was conducted warrants the worst suspicions. The execution of Count Zichy, however, produced two most important results. It induced a multitude of wavering members of the Hungarian aristocracy to join the ranks of the insurgents, for it seemed less dangerous to take up arms than to retain a neutral position:—it was this terrible example that first drove many to a course which allowed of no retreat. It likewise pointed out the young Honved Major to the notice of Kossuth and the extreme party, as a man upon whom no light scruples were likely to have much influence. They probably took him for a more reckless revolutionist than he afterwards proved; and we are bound to add, that we know of no action in his career so discreditable as the first. No doubt, it was this guilty transaction which recommended him to Kossuth, as it might be supposed to make him a desperate man; and if not already, he was soon afterwards acknowledged to be an able one; for his skilful assistance brought the operations of Moriz Perczel's corps against Roth and Jellachich to a speedy and successful termination, in spite of the blunders and resentment of Perczel himself.

These facts had their due weight in Pesth, where it was felt that the war had been begun in earnest without any of the means of conducting it; and accordingly the Committee of Defence summoned Görgei to the capital, whence he was despatched to the main body of the army, then commanded by General Móga, on

Digitized by Google

the Leitha, which forms the extreme frontier of the kingdom on the side of Vienna. The position of this army at that moment was of essential importance to the fate of Austria herself; for it was on the 13th October, just seven days after the murder of Latour in Vienna, that Görgei was ordered to the command of the vanguard which already had its outposts beyond the Hungarian territory. The advance of the Hungarian army to the relief of the capital, which was then in the power of the revolutionary Aula, with their gang of armed students and navvies, though Prince Windischgrätz still threatened it from the south-west, was confidently anticipated by the leaders of the Viennese revolt. But, on the other hand, Móga himself was at heart much more an Austrian general than a rebel chief, and the whole moderate party in his camp were bent on defending the Hungarian territory against the menacing Croatians, and averse to any offensive measures as regarded the capital of the Empire or the Imperial forces beyond the Leitha. For about a fortnight the attitude of Móga's corps remained undecided; but on the arrival of Kossuth at head-quarters—followed, it was said, by a reinforcement of 12,000 men—a council of war was held, to which Görgei was summoned; and for the first time he confronted, in a very characteristic manner, the ultra-revolutionary influence of the leaders of this rebellion. Kossuth opened the deliberation by a passionate appeal in favour of the besieged democracy of Vienna, whose cause he at once and completely identified with that of his own country, and represented that his own heroic reinforcements were burning to cross the frontier and fly to the relief of their friends. To these appeals the council yielded a timid assent. Görgei alone opposed the practical views of a soldier to the dreams of a demagogue, and pointed out with force the utter inability of the National Guards and Honveds, of whom the Hungarian army was then composed, to assume the offensive at all.

'Kossuth was evidently displeased with my declaration, and put to me the question: How high did I estimate the enthusiasm which his address would call forth among the troops?—"In the camp, and immediately after the address, very high; but after the endurance of hardships, and in presence of the enemy, very low."—"Then you think," he asked again, irritated, "that we shall not bring back a single man of our army?"—"For the safety of the National Guards and the Volunteers," I replied, "their nimbleness is to me a sufficient guarantee; but the few good troops which we possess might be ruined by it, and with them the material which we so pressingly need for training up a useful army." '—*Life and Acts*, vol. i. p. 75.

This

Digitized by Google

This conference, however, did not prevent M. Kossuth from summoning Prince Windischgrätz to raise the blockade of Vienna and to disarm Jellachich and his corps. One of the trumpets sent with this message was detained, and as the 28th October had now arrived, when the attack was made on the city, the Hungarians advanced, and fought on the 30th the ludicrous and disgraceful battle of Schwechat. Their General-in-chief committed a series of blunders, and, after a very short cannonade, of the 5000 National Guards and Volunteers whose valour, heated by M. Kossuth's eloquence, was to have rescued Vienna and saved their country at a blow, *not a single man* remained.

'I thought I should have sunk to the earth for shame,' says Görgei, 'at the unspeakable cowardice of my countrymen, and wished that a ball would strike me from my horse! Of my once numerous suite, only my younger brother and a first-lieutenant of hussars kept near me in the moment of danger. The whole of our forces from Schwechat to Mannswörth were swept away. The other brigades were said—incredible as it may seem—to have taken to their heels before mine. Like a scared flock, the main body of the army was seen rushing in disorder to the Fischa for safety; and nothing saved it from utter destruction but the forbearance of the enemy, who did not pursue.'

Görgei followed Kossuth to Presburg, where he found the Dictator in bed, sorely depressed by this commencement of the war, for all his speechifying had not stopped a single party of fugitives. The state of affairs admitted of no delay, for General Simunich, heading a detachment of Imperial troops, had already penetrated as far as Tyrnau in the north; Windischgrätz would obviously soon be in a condition to follow up his victory at Schwechat; the south was invaded or menaced by the Croatians; Transylvania was still held by the Austrian forces; and all systematic defence was wanting. Under these circumstances the command of the defeated army was pressed by Kossuth upon several officers of higher standing than Görgei—but then, they all declining it, upon *him;* and he accepted it. Bem, who had just escaped from Vienna in some marvellous way—it is said, in a coffin—was despatched to Transylvania, where his brilliant successes afforded some palliation of the choice of a Polish adventurer for such a command. Guyon, whom Görgei dubs a Count, but in truth a mere Irish soldier of fortune, was despatched against Simunich; and it was therefore the more urgent that the central military forces of Hungary should be under the command of a Hungarian. But the army of the Upper Danube, as it was called, amounted to little more than 12,000 men, of whom part were desponding and part disaffected;

Digitized by Google

affected; and in the month of December 1848 the affairs of Hungary seemed to have assumed a hopeless aspect. Two events contributed to alter this state of things:—first, the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand, followed by the accession of his nephew—which was represented to the Magyars, and especially to the regular troops who had deserted from the service of the Crown without clearly knowing what they were doing, as a deposition of their lawful sovereign; and secondly, the vacillation of Prince Windischgrätz, who might at that instant have either crushed the rebellion by a rapid advance or effectually disconcerted it by negotiation.

Kossuth and the Committee of Defence continued to talk of burying themselves under the walls of Buda, or of staking the fate of their country on a general action at Raab. They even persuaded Görgei (who had so little local knowledge of the country that he was unacquainted with the high road from Pesth to Vienna) that there was a tremendous defile—a Magyar Thermopylæ—on the Fleischhauer road, through which he would hardly be able to find a passage for his own safety, and where the tide of advancing war would easily be stemmed. On arriving at the spot it was found to be wholly undefended and indefensible. After a skirmish at Raab, the retreat of the Hungarian forces rapidly continued, and—though the plan proposed by Görgei for concentrating the defence of the country behind the Theiss had been contemptuously rejected by Kossuth a few weeks before—on the 30th December Görgei learned that the government was about to retire to Debreczin, leaving him to fight a battle at Ofen—with the Danube in his rear—or, if he preferred it, to convey his army to the left bank, where the fortress of Comorn offered him a secure position, and might have the effect of diverting the enemy from his march on Debreczin. In pursuance of these injunctions Görgei passed the Danube at Waitzen on the 4th and 5th of January: the Austrians crossed the river on the same day at Pesth upon the ice, which was sufficiently thick to support even their artillery. Görgei says:

'The Hungarian armed rising—although originally stirred up by the instigation of the nationalities against each other systematically introduced from Vienna, and diametrically opposed to the realisation of the idea of a collective Austrian unity—was nevertheless purely monarchical-constitutional: and herein lay its strength; for it was to this circumstance alone that it owed the co-operation of the regular troops. In 1848 the agitations in favour of the arming succeeded only when they were attempted *in the name of the King*.

'A proof of this are the great difficulties that had to be surmounted, when it was necessary—in contradiction to the proclamations dispersed in great numbers by the authorised or unauthorised agents of the re-actionary

Digitized by Google

tionary party, and furnished with the King's signature—to procure for the Pesth government, all legitimate as it was, an active support in the country. A proof of this is the being obliged to paralyse the effect of those re-actionary proclamations by others, drawn up with a contrary intent, and *likewise in the King's name.*'

In consequence of these views, he proceeds, the following Declaration was made:—

'1. The corps d'armée of the upper Danube remains faithful to its oath, to fight resolutely against every external enemy for the maintenance of the constitution of the kingdom of Hungary sanctioned by King Ferdinand V.

2. With the same resolution, the corps d'armée will oppose itself to all those who may attempt to overthrow the constitutional monarchy by untimely republican intrigues in the interior of the country.

3. As a natural consequence of the right understanding of constitutional monarchy—a form of government for the maintenance of which the corps d'armée is determined to contend to the last—it can only and exclusively obey orders forwarded to it in the form prescribed by law through the responsible royal Hungarian minister of war, or through his representative appointed by himself (at present General Vetter).

4. The corps d'armée, mindful of the oath taken to the constitution of Hungary, and mindful of its own honour, having remained perfectly conscious of what it *has* to do and is *determined* to do, declares, finally, that it will adhere to the result of any convention made with the enemy, only if it guarantees on the one hand the integrity of the constitution of Hungary, to which the corps d'armée has sworn, and on the other, if it is not inimical to the military honour of the corps d'armée itself.'

To this Görgei appended his own signature; and he now adds:—

'Neither within nor without my corps d'armée, to my knowledge, was any voice publicly heard against this proclamation. The old soldiers regained their confidence in me and in the cause which I represented, and ceased to waver.'—*Ib.*, pp. 166-8.

The terms of this Declaration distinctly express the opinion of one of the two parties then in arms against the Austrian Government. The conflicting principles and objects of these two parties appear to us to convey a simple and correct notion of the whole contest; their dissensions pervaded the entire history of the rebellion, and finally brought about its total failure. The *moderate* section of the *liberal* party in Hungary held that the fundamental rights of their ancient constitution were in danger; that the Court had behaved to them with duplicity, and had instigated the Croatian resistance to their authority; and that the turbulent conduct of the Diet was to be made a pretext for absorbing the kingdom of Hungary into the empire of Austria by

Digitized by Google

by the annihilation of all that was independent in its institutions. These opinions were strengthened by the accession of a young Prince who had not taken the Coronation oath, and was therefore bound by no direct ties to respect the Hungarian Constitution; and subsequently by the promulgation of the Constitution of the 4th March, 1849, which avowedly placed the Kingdom under the same form of representative government which was then conceded to the Empire. But, notwithstanding these apprehensions, this party never desired, or thought it possible to obtain, from Austria anything more than a fair recognition of their ancient constitutional liberties; they never contested the validity of the Pragmatic Sanction or the rights of the House of Hapsburg, and they professed to expect no more from entire success, if the fortune of war had been in their favour, than a treaty of peace between the Sovereign and his revolted subjects, based like the treaty of Szathmar which terminated the great Hungarian rebellion of 1713, on these legitimate principles. Such was the spirit of Görgei's Declaration on behalf of the regular troops which had gone over to the national cause, and of what, throughout the war, was termed the *peace party*. But it must be added, that the persons who held these opinions were made throughout the struggle the dupes and the tools of their most dangerous enemies. For to these views the whole policy of M. Kossuth was bitterly opposed. He had from the first eagerly plunged his adherents into those crimes of the revolution which were most calculated to close the door against all negotiation. He continually acted, as he had done at Schwechat, upon an enthusiastic notion of popular omnipotence, which invariably collapsed in the presence of regular military operations. He even thwarted the operations of the Hungarian generals if they were not consonant to his own sinister purposes. Knowing that he was himself the chief obstacle to any arrangement which might have terminated the war without foreign intervention, and have rescued his country from the catastrophe that awaited her, he nevertheless retained the dictatorship to the last moment possible—when, even his audacity failing, he saved his life by flight. To cut off all retreat from his followers in the path on which he had conducted them, he succeeded by the strangest misrepresentations, and by his unparalleled popular influence, in inducing the Diet at Debreczin to vote the deposition of the reigning family, and nominally to convert one of the least civilized, but most aristocratic and monarchical, states of Europe into a democratic Republic. The first of these two parties had before it an object which might be pursued by men of honour, and believed in, though against probability, by men of reason: and

Digitized by Google

and—though the passions which the contest roused and the excesses to which it led, were confounded with those of the revolutionary party—there was no time at which they would not have gladly laid down their arms in exchange for a recognition of their ancient rights. Had Prince Windischgrätz taken advantage of this palpable distinction at the very outset of the campaign, there is little doubt that he might then in December, 1848, have obtained from the regular army a submission scarcely less complete, and far more honourable to Austria, than that of Vilagos—and if the regular troops had been brought back to their duty the rest of the campaign would not have lasted a week. But Windischgrätz neither treated with those who would have treated, nor crushed those who would have resisted; and, whilst he discouraged the former by an obduracy which drove them to desperation, he gave the latter all the benefit of protracted delay—which enabled them in the spring to take the field in a very different condition, and in the month of April to drive his army out of the country.

It may here be of some interest to inquire what were the relative forces of the belligerent parties at the outset of this war. The deplorable civil contest, which had detained the Imperial commanders for several weeks before the walls of Vienna, was no sooner terminated than it became necessary to equip an army, still deficient in everything, for a winter campaign. All the available resources of the Empire had been despatched to Italy by the Minister of War, Latour, in the course of the preceding summer as fast as they could be collected. The corps still remaining north of the Alps were in a state of destitution. The artillery of Jellachich's division consisted chiefly of 3-pounders, which had to be exchanged for 6-pounders, and the want of horses and men for the guns was supplied as well as it could be from the cavalry and the line. The ammunition had been exhausted by the operations before Vienna; even the arsenals of the capital had been plundered by the mob, and a great portion of the arms they contained were destroyed. It is a peculiar characteristic of the wars which Austria had to sustain in several of her provinces during the revolution, that she was not only deprived of an immense amount of troops and *matériel* on which she had relied, but those very resources were turned against herself. In the summer of 1848 there were in Hungary and Transylvania 26 battalions of infantry and 59 squadrons of hussars, amounting to 41,769 men and 9198 horses, and consisting of some of the finest troops in the Imperial service. The whole of this force joined the insurrection, and formed the nucleus of the Hungarian army in all its important operations. On the 11th of July a levy of 200,000

Digitized by Google

200,000 men had been decreed by the Diet, and the formation of Honvéd corps had been conducted with extreme activity; but without the large and well-disciplined body of regular troops which went over, it is highly improbable that the violent party could have maintained its ground for a single month. At the outbreak of the revolution 2402 pieces of ordnance fell into the hands of the Committee of National Defence, 672 of which were field-pieces fit for service. The 5th regiment of artillery, then quartered in Pesth, joined the insurgents and supplied men qualified to take the command of the guns; and this became the most popular branch of the service with the students and foreign adventurers who flocked to the country. Throughout the war it may be remarked that the artillery played a prominent part. Without the support of guns it was sometimes impossible to get the Honvéds to march at all, though when once in motion they frequently left their protectors behind them; and the extremely small loss of life which appears by the returns, even after the most severe actions that were fought, is mainly to be attributed to the fact that these actions were often no more than a long and not very destructive cannonade directed against the batteries rather than against the infantry of the enemy. For instance at Kapolna, where 19,000 men were engaged on the part of the Crown and double the number on the other side, the whole loss of the Imperialists in a two days' conflict was 56 men killed and 248 wounded:—at Temesvar, again, one of the great actions that terminated the war, the total loss of Austrians and Russians in killed and wounded was 11 officers and 197 men.

The entire amount of the Austrian forces at the commencement of the offensive operations in December, 1848, was 49,118 infantry, 7236 cavalry, and 258 guns: but this includes the corps under Simunich, and the detachments in Austrian Silesia and Galicia, where about 7000 men were preparing to act under the able command of General Schlick. Prince Windischgrätz himself took the field with about 37,000 foot, 6200 horses, and 216 guns. To this army the Magyar army of the Upper Danube, under Görgei, appears to have opposed about 28,000 men and 70 or 80 guns;—but on these particulars General Görgei himself preserves throughout his book an unaccountable silence, and we are driven to take these numbers from the returns of the Austrian staff, who were deficient in accurate information as to the forces really opposed to them.'

The army, commanded by Prince Windischgrätz and the Ban of Croatia, commenced its offensive operations on the 23rd December. Skirmishes were fought, as we have already stated, at Raab and

Digitized by Google

and Babolna, but the main body of Görgei's corps was driven back, and found no position which it could defend against the superior force of the Imperialists on the right bank of the Danube. Ofen and Pesth were evacuated without resistance on the 4th January by the Kossuth party; Prince Windischgrätz occupied the capital; the Magyar government was precipitately transferred to Debreczin, behind the line of the Theiss; and the army of the Upper Danube, not being able to retire by the same direct line, fell back on the north to stop the march of Schlick's division, which was advancing from the Galician frontier, and would shortly have reached the place of retreat chosen by the Magyar government. The country lying beyond the Theiss and to the north of the Maros is for many reasons the strongest position in Hungary. These rivers are broad, sluggish, and deep. The Theiss flows between a vast expanse of marshy banks, insomuch that there are only six places between the mountains and the Danube where it can be crossed at all, and of these only two are in Upper Hungary. But as the whole army had not been thrown behind the Theiss when Görgei first made that proposal, but had been left, on the contrary, to make a useless demonstration on the road to Pesth, it became a task of great difficulty to convey the main body of the Magyar troops from Waitzen to the reserves at Debreczin. The direct road was entirely closed and possessed by Windischgrätz.

The principal scene of active war was therefore now transported to the mountainous tract between the valleys of the Gran, the Waag, and the Neutra, extending to the mining towns of Schemnitz and Kremnitz, and along the spurs of the Carpathian mountains. It was on this point that the Austrian forces north of the Danube, forming the four detachments of Generals Simunich, Csürich, Goetz, and Schlick—were to converge, for the purpose of crushing the chief military strength of the insurrection before the Imperialists attempted to pursue the enemy beyond the Theiss. This part of the campaign may be said to have opened on the 11th January, 1849. In the rigorous climate of Hungary these mountain valleys were either encumbered with snow or rendered still more impassable by sudden thaws. The roads—if that term can be applied to the wretched tracks by which communications are still carried on in Hungary—were few in number, and in no degree adapted to the transport of artillery. But it must be allowed that, in spite of all natural impediments, Görgei manœuvred through these defiles with consummate dexterity—notwithstanding the successive defeats of his own corps at Hodnics, of Guyon's division at Windschacht, and the occupation of the southern mining towns by the Austrian forces. So hardly indeed was the Magyar army

Digitized by Google

army pressed in this retreat, that, in order to make its way from Kremnitz to Neusohl, it was found necessary to follow a steep mountain-track over the highest ridge of the chain, which is only passable in winter by taking the light sledges of the country to pieces. In one part this track is carried through a cleft in the rock, forming a sort of miniature tunnel. Yet even through this passage, part of which had fallen in, Görgei contrived with infinite labour to convey his artillery and his troops, followed by Aulich's division. He succeeded, therefore, in concentrating the army once more at Neusohl, where he received orders to continue his retreat upon the Upper Theiss. It was, indeed, by no means certain that the Austrian forces, which were now handled with great ability by Lieutenant Field-Marshal Schlick, would not intercept the line of march. But Görgei was resolved, if necessary, to penetrate as far north as the county of Zips; and as he had placed the corps of Schlick, which was inferior in numbers, between the division of General Klapka and his own, he was still able to retire with advantage, and sometimes to assume the offensive with effect. At this crisis in the war Prince Windischgrätz made a private appeal to Görgei to lay down his arms, with the promise of a free pardon; but the Magyar General dismissed the emissary in the presence of his officers with a copy of his Waitzen proclamation. He remarks, however, at the same time, that the prevailing spirit of the population, which had been indifferent to the national cause between the frontier and Buda, turned out to be positively adverse to it in the northern counties.

At Branyiszko, on the 5th of February, Guyon succeeded in compelling Schlick's column of about 10,000 men to evacuate its position and retreat upon Eperies. This fortunate stroke turned the aspect of affairs. The army of the Upper Danube pursued Schlick, who seemed resolved to fall back upon Götz's brigade; and although it was anticipated that he would fight a general action before Kaschau, even that place was evacuated without a blow. This circumstance once more placed Görgei in communication with the Upper Theiss, and with the reinforcements which awaited him there. The junction of his troops with those of Klapka might also have been completed. But at this critical point in the war—when, after great difficulties had been surmounted, success seemed for the first time to shine upon the Hungarian revolt—a sudden resolution of the Committee of Defence, or rather of Kossuth, changed anew and very essentially the whole prospects of the army.

On the 14th of February despatches reached head-quarters containing an entirely new arrangement of the whole Magyar forces

Digitized by Google

forces by the Minister of War, and the nomination of the Polish General Dembinski to the chief command of the troops. The introduction of these Polish officers to places of high military trust was one of the greatest blunders committed by the revolutionary government. It was irritating and insulting to the Magyar army; it confounded the proper object of the war with the ulterior views of a Polish insurrection; and at length it served as a very plausible pretext for the interference of Russia. These evils cannot have escaped the penetration of Kossuth; but he probably employed this expedient as a means of controlling the army, where a very different spirit prevailed from that of the Rump Diet of Debreczin, and of counteracting the influence of Görgei, who was still attached to the constitutional cause, and in whom Kossuth, conscious of his own want of military talent, always saw a rival and an antagonist. Görgei had a foreigner placed over his head as soon as he had extricated the army from the difficulties in which it was placed, and he clearly understood that the object was to punish him for the monarchical spirit of his Waitzen proclamation. Dembinski, as a mere soldier of fortune, was not likely to oppose any check to the republican schemes of Kossuth; and his connexion with the secret Polish societies all over Europe made him the fitter champion of schemes of universal revolution. The appointment was received by the army with dissatisfaction, and if Görgei had thrown up the command of his troops, or given any signal of disaffection, the consequences would probably have been fatal to the government. He resolved, however, to remain with the soldiery, and to set them the example of submission to the superior authority of Dembinski, and published an order of the day to that effect. The events of the next fortnight showed that in temper, in knowledge of the country, and in the opinion of the army, the Pole was grossly unqualified for the function he had undertaken, though he had the good fortune to be opposed to a worse general than himself in the person of Prince Windischgrätz.

Dembinski, having now in his rear the considerable reinforcements which had been collected and organized behind the Theiss during the winter, and having recalled the troops fighting in Southern Hungary, under Vecsey and Damjanics, behind the line of the Maros, found himself in a condition to assume the offensive. The 1st and 7th corps d'armée, under Klapka and Görgei respectively, were ordered to follow the high road towards Pesth, and a concentration of the divisions under Aulich and Damjanics was to be effected at Gyöngyos. Whilst these operations were in progress, and Windischgrätz was slowly falling back on the capital,

Digitized by Google

tal, Dembinski and his staff were surprised at Erlau one afternoon by the sound of distant artillery in the direction of Verpelét, and the general-in-chief was compelled to start in a peasant's waggon for the scene of action. In fact, the most considerable battle since the opening of the campaign was already begun on the plains of Kapolna, and begun before the intended concentration had taken place. This action, which commenced on the 26th of February, and lasted till nightfall with no decisive result, was resumed on the morrow and won by the Austrians, chiefly through the masterly and intrepid movements of General Schlick, who displayed in all these operations first-rate military talents, which surprised those who had only known him as a lounger in the cafés and coulisses of Vienna. Dembinski made no attempt to renew the action, but after a severe skirmish on his rear at Poroszlo he fell back across the Theiss on the 2nd and 3rd of March. The orders of the commander-in-chief to recross the Theiss were so ill received by the division of Klapka and that of Görgei, that the authority of Dembinski was at an end, and Szemere, as Commissioner of the Government, was compelled to suspend him. Thus terminated the first brief and discreditable command of Dembinski, which, however, did not prevent him from being further employed at the most momentous period of the struggle, but fortunately for the Magyar army, the Austrian forces had been too much shaken by the conflict at Kapolna to take advantage of their success; and as the whole bearing of the Hungarian troops was by this time much improved, their retreat was conducted with order and defended with gallantry. The chief command was given for a short time to Vetter, whose ability was incontestable, but upon his falling ill it was again restored to Görgei. These measures, however, were not effected without fresh evidence of ill feeling between almost all the rival generals, which throws an air of vulgar jealousy over their account of the transactions, and in fact contributed largely to the ruin of their cause.

The moment was one of supreme importance to the Hungarians. The main force of the insurrection, amounting to 42,000 men with 140 guns, was concentrated in an excellent position on the Theiss. The recent successes of Bem in Transylvania, and of Damjanics at Szolnok, had removed all cause of apprehension from the left flank and rear. The reinforcements and matériel of the army were collected on the left bank of the Theiss, which the enemy had not been able to cross; and Vetter, who was a able tactician, proposed a regular plan of operations for opening the road to the capital. Nor was the political conjuncture less important. At an interview which took place between Görgei and

Digitized by Google

and Kossuth in the beginning of March, the general had strongly expressed to the dictator that they should gain all that was worth fighting for if they could secure the constitution of 1848, even though the departments of finance and war should be dependent on the cabinet of Vienna. Kossuth replied in his grandiloquent language, that the freedom of Hungary would never be safe unless that of Poland was also secured, and that the subversion of the freedom of Hungary would extinguish that of Europe. But whether or not it was expedient to negotiate, as Görgei proposed, on the basis of the Hungarian constitution, within a few days that path was closed. The Austrian cabinet, by promulgating the constitution of the 4th of March for the whole empire, expressed their determination to recognise none of the ancient provincial rights and liberties of the realm; and the relations which had existed under the Pragmatic Sanction of 1720 between Hungary and the House of Hapsburg, were henceforth to be abrogated by conditions dictated by the conquering to the conquered party. Those conditions were, on the side of the empire, annexation and union; on that of the Magyars independence. Kossuth probably hailed this occurrence with satisfaction, since it gave him a pretext for carrying his own views to the opposite extreme, in the decisive fashion soon to be noticed.

In the interval between the 4th of March and the 14th of April the military prospects of the insurrection had, as we have seen, greatly improved. On the 2nd of April Görgei's division encountered and defeated that of Schlick at Hatván, and from that moment a career of success appeared to open to the Hungarian forces. A clear idea of the nature of these operations may be formed by drawing a straight line from east to west, that is, from Tisza Fured, the point at which the principal north-east road crosses the Theiss, to Waitzen, the point at which the Danube makes its great bend southwards. On this parallel all the actions of the month of April, 1849, were fought. The whole distance from the Theiss to the Danube at this point is under 120 miles. Pesth itself remained on the left flank of the Hungarian army, but it was necessarily evacuated by the Imperialists as soon as it was turned, and Waitzen was justly regarded as a position of far greater strategic importance, especially as it opened the road to Comorn, whilst Pesth still lay under the guns of Buda. The success at Hatván on the 2nd of April was followed by that of Isaszeg on the 6th:—a still more brilliant victory, won by the gallantry of Görgei, Damjanics, and Aulich. The spot where this important battle was fought is within five miles of the capital, but Windischgrätz

Digitized by Google

grätz was in error when he conceived that Görgei's first object was to re-enter the city; the Austrians, however, retreated on Pesth, when they ought at all hazards to have covered the road to Waitzen with the bulk of their forces. But whilst the army was rapidly pursuing a retreating foe, Kossuth obtained from the Diet at Debreczin, by the artifices to which he was accustomed to resort, the fatal and extravagant decree of the 14th of April, which deposed the House of Hapsburg and converted the defence of the constitutional rights of Hungary into an indefinite struggle for the wild and unattainable objects of social and political revolution. His intentions on this subject had been made known to Görgei about a week before, and we shall leave him to relate in his own language the manner in which they were received.

'In the course of the 7th of April, a few hours after our entry, Kossuth also, with his attendants, arrived at Gödöllö. He appeared satisfied with the services of the army, and spoke much and well of the eternal thanks of the nation. After a while he desired to converse with me alone in his chamber. On this occasion I obtained the first indications of the leading tendency of his politics.

"Now," said he, "the time is come to answer the Imperial constitution of the 4th of March by the separation of Hungary from Austria. The patience of the nation"—he continued—"was exhausted; if it would show itself at all worthy of liberty, it must not only not tolerate the unreasonable assumption of the Imperial constitution, but it must moreover exact heavy reprisals. The peoples of Europe would judge of the worth of the Hungarian nation according to the answer it should give to that constitution. Their sympathies would depend upon that judgment. England, France, Italy, Turkey, even all Germany itself, not excepting Austria's own hereditary states, were waiting only till Hungary should proclaim itself an independent state, to impart to it their material aid, and that the more abundantly, as they had hitherto been sparing of it. The sore-tried, oppressed sister nation of the Poles would speedily follow the example of Hungary, and united with it would find a powerful ally, both for defence and offence, in the Porte, whose interests had so often suffered from the policy of Austria and Russia. With the freedom of Hungary the freedom of Europe would fall; with Hungary's triumph there would be as many successful risings against hated tyranny as there were oppressed peoples in Europe. Our victory is certain"—were nearly the words in which he continued—"but we can do much more than for ourselves alone; we can and must fight and conquer for the freedom of all who wish us the victory. Our word, however, must precede the deed, our cry of victory the assured victory itself, and announce its redeeming approach to all enslaved peoples, that they may be watchful and prepared, that they may not stupidly sleep away the moments destined for their salvation, and so afford time for our common enemies again to recover, to assemble and strengthen themselves anew. We cannot be silent now that

Digitized by Google

that the Imperial constitution has denied our very existence. Our silence would be half a recognition of these acts, and all our victories would be fruitless! We must therefore declare ourselves! But a declaration such as I should wish would raise the self-esteem of the nation, would at once destroy all the bridges behind the still undecided and wavering parties within and without the Diet, would by the proximity and importance of a common object force into the background mere party interests, and would thus facilitate and hasten the sure victory."

"All this is not quite clear to me," was nearly my answer. "Words will not make Hungary free; deeds can alone do that. And no arm out of Hungary will execute those deeds; but rather armies will be raised to prevent their execution. Yet, granted that Hungary of itself were strong enough at the present moment to dissociate itself from Austria, would it not be too weak to maintain itself as an independent state in a neighbourhood in which the Porte, in spite of a much more favourable position, has already been reduced to an existence by sufferance only? We have lately beaten the enemy repeatedly —that is undeniable. But we have accomplished this only with the utmost exertion of our powers The consciousness *that our cause was just* has enabled us to effect this. *The separation of Hungary from Austria would no longer be a just cause;* the struggle for this would not be a struggle *for*, but *against* the law; not a struggle for self-defence, but an attack on the existence of the united Austrian monarchy. And while we should hereby mortally wound innumerable ancient interests and sympathies; while we should hereby conjure up against our own country all the unhappy consequences of a revolution uncalled for by any circumstances; while we should hereby force the old troops, the very kernel of our army, to violate their oath, and thus morally shake them—we should find ourselves weaker day by day; while at the same time in every neighbouring state a natural ally of our opponents would arise against us, the disturbers of the balance of power in Europe. 'We cannot put up with the Imperial constitution in silence'! Granted! but is what we have just done 'putting up with it in silence?' Could we have answered the Imperial constitution of the 4th of March more strikingly than we have done? I cannot decide what, or how much, is advantageous to the people of Europe; but that to the people of Hungary the smallest victory on the battle-field brings more profit and honour than the most arrogant declaration, I see clearly enough; and I once more repeat, that battles won for the legitimate King Ferdinand V. and the constitution sanctioned by him are the best answer that Hungary can give to the chimeras of the Austrian ministers."

'Kossuth inquired doubtingly whether I really believed that the old troops had ever thought seriously of Ferdinand V. and the constitution of the year 1848. "Of what else should they have thought," I exclaimed, "when, immediately after the evacuation of the capitals, determined on a voluntary departure to the enemy's camp, the *only* means that remained to retain them for the Hungarian cause—which is principally indebted

Digitized by Google

to them for its success hitherto—was my proclamation of Waitzen? What was the real signification of that demonstration which my corps d'armée, without my participation or knowledge, proposed to make against General Dembinski, in Kaschau, but their anxiety lest in me they should lose a commander who respected their military oath? I have shared prosperity and adversity with these troops. I know their feelings. And should King Ferdinand V. stand here before us now, I would invite him, without the slightest hesitation, I—unarmed and unprotected—to follow me into the camp, and receive their homage; for I am certain there is not one in it who would refuse it to him."

'Kossuth, apparently but little edified by my want of enthusiasm for his political ideas, abruptly broke off our conference; nor did he ever mention to me one syllable more of the separation of Hungary from Austria.'—vol. i. pp. 364-367.

These remonstrances had, however, no effect—for—as Görgei soon tells us—

'on the 17th of April a courier from Debreczin appeared at my head-quarters at Lévencz with the news that the Diet had accepted Kossuth's proposition that, as an answer to the Imperial constitution of the 4th of March, 1849, the dynasty of Habsburg-Lorraine be declared to have forfeited its hereditary right to the throne of Hungary; that the future form of government for Hungary, however, be an open question; and for the present that a provisional government be appointed.'—*Ibid.*, 382.

'To undertake any energetic step against the Government and the Diet—however urgently such a step seemed to be demanded, partly by the general exasperation which the news of that resolution of the Diet called forth in my head-quarters, partly as a consequence of my proclamation of Waitzen—was altogether impossible, from the circumstance that, on the one hand, I was, with the main body of the army, above thirty (German) miles distant from Debreczin; on the other, that I was just then occupied with our most important strategic task, the relief of Comorn. Yielding to what was unavoidable, I had rather chiefly to consider how most certainly to prevent the sudden dissolution of our army, the consequence mainly to be feared from that fatal political step.'—*Ibid.*, 384.

Meanwhile the advance of the liberating army was rapid and unchecked. The head-quarters of Görgei were still at Gödöllö on the 11th of April, when intelligence arrived that Damjanics, with the 3rd corps d'armée, had reached Waitzen on the Danube, stormed the position, and defeated the division of General Götz, who was taken prisoner and died shortly afterwards of his wounds. The Austrians once more evacuated Pesth, leaving a garrison under General Hentzi, in Buda, on the opposite and more commanding shore of the Danube: but the main object of the Hungarian staff was to open their way to Comorn, the impregnable fortress which had resisted all attacks of the Austrians,

Digitized by Google

Austrians, and was now to serve as the basis of their own ulterior operations. The direct road from Waitzen to Comorn, along the left bank of the Danube, is little more than a dangerous towing-path. In that very spot the ruins of the favourite palace of King Matthias Corvinus still crown the vine-clad hills which skirt the Danube, like the Heidelberg of Eastern Europe, and the artillery of an enemy on these heights would command and render impassable the track on the opposite side of the stream. Although under the pressure of subsequent events Görgei did afterwards retreat by this very path, a more practicable, though circuitous route, passes northwards through the mountains, and intersects the Gran some twenty-five miles above its junction with the Danube. Here it was that the Gran was crossed on the 18th of April by the right wing of the army, between Kalna and Szecse, without resistance. On the 20th a strong column of the Imperialists was driven back by Damjanics and Klapka at Kemend, and forced to retire to the right bank of the Danube by the bridge of boats under the city of Gran. The 4th Austrian corps d'armée under General Wohlgemuth was defeated in the bloody action of Nagy-Sarló; and on the 22nd Comorn was relieved. This brilliant series of achievements placed the whole of the left bank of the river in the power of the Hungarian forces.

The main army of Prince Windischgrätz again evacuated Pesth, and proceeded by the high road to Vienna—picking up on its way the besieging army of Comorn. For although the Austrians had already been driven from the left bank of the Danube to the right, the outworks of Comorn on the right bank were still invested. This celebrated fortress lies on a low tongue of land formed by the confluence of the Waag and the Danube, and as these two broad rivers describe an acute angle on this spot, the place is unapproachable by the ordinary methods of engineering on its two principal sides. The town occupies the base of an isosceles triangle. Besides this citadel there is a *tête-de-pont* on the right bank, which had been strengthened by field-works on some sandhills, and the whole connected with the fortress by a flying bridge, the construction of which was no trifling exploit. In the night of the 25th of April a column of 4000 picked infantry, under Colonel Knézich, got over by this bridge, and attacked the Austrian entrenchments on the right bank: another similar sally was conducted beyond the Palatine lines, and such was the ardour of the troops that in a few hours the greater part of the army had crossed the river. Klapka commanded the left wing,

Digitized by Google

Damjanics the centre, and Görgei the right. The enemy had evacuated in confusion a sandhill called the Monostor, which was the key of the position, but a severe action was fought, not without great peril to the assailants, who, however, succeeded in possessing themselves of the intrenched camp of the besieging army.

'The day remained ours; for we had taken the fortified camp, together with the enemy's trenches, the equipment of a besieging battery, and considerable stores of pioneers' tools and projectiles, nay, even the tents of the hostile camp, and had completely delivered the fortress: while the enemy, far from disputing with us the possession of all this, contented himself with the hurried protection of his retreat from the field of battle by Raab to Wieselburg; in which, indeed, the greatest service was rendered to him by the scarcity of ammunition on the part of the artillery of both the divisions (Damjanics and Klapka) engaged in this day's action, which prevented them from attacking him, as well as by the tardy arrival of Pöltenberg on the field of battle.

'With the complete deliverance of Comorn, the execution of the plan of operations projected in Gödöllö—after the battle of Isaszeg—by our chief of the general staff, had satisfactorily succeeded; thanks to the unshaken firmness of General Damjanics during the battle of Nagy-Sarló, as well as to the admirable perseverance and rare masterly skill with which General Aulich knew how so long to fetter the Austrian principal army concentrated before Pesth, and to deceive it as to our real strategic intentions, until the subsequent perception of them appeared to be only the more calculated to lead our bewildered adversary to his disgraceful defeat at Nagy-Sarló.'—*Ib.* pp. 403-4.

With this combat the first campaign may be said to have ended in the discomfiture of the Imperial troops; and already, on the 22nd of April, Prince Windischgrätz took leave of the army in an order of the day dated from Olmütz. As a negociator he had been stern and unbending—as a soldier feeble and improvident; and in both capacities he left the Hungarian insurrection far more formidable than he found it six months before, when after the battle of Schwechat all resistance seemed to melt before him.

The first care of General Welden, who succeeded Windischgrätz in the chief command, was to withdraw the whole of the forces to Pressburg, on the confines of the Hungarian territory—for it was by no means certain that the next operations would not be confined to the defence of Vienna itself and of the Austrian monarchy, and at any rate offensive operations could not be successfully resumed without a re-organization of the army. The danger of Vienna itself was thought by Prince Schwarzenberg at this time to be so great, that on his urgent request a column of 13,000 Russian infantry, with 48 guns,

Digitized by Google

guns, was despatched by the Prince of Warsaw *by railroad* for its protection, without even waiting for the authority of the Emperor Nicholas, who was then at Moskow. It was this column, under General Paniutine, which afterwards co-operated with Haynau's army on the Danube. Indeed the Austrian official narrative ascribes as a great merit to General Welden that he was able to maintain his position at all against an enemy so well provided with artillery, whilst the preparations for the intervention of Russia were going on. This interval lasted from the 26th of April to the 12th of June. As Welden's state of health compelled him soon afterwards to resign the command, the chief direction of the army was transferred on the 30th of May, on the recommendation of Welden himself, to Baron Haynau, who was recalled from the siege of Venice for that purpose.

The Magyars were at that time in possession of the finest strategical position that the country admitted of, commanding the Danube, and supported by Comorn. Their army was in the highest state of efficiency that it ever reached, and they knew that every day's delay was adding to the strength of the enemy they had just driven from the country. How came it, then, that so little use was made of these advantages at the most important moment of the war? Had Kossuth really possessed the consummate ability to which his admirers have laid claim for him, then was the moment to display it. Two courses seemed open to the Magyar army—either to pursue the retreating Imperialists to the gates of Vienna, to attack the monarchy, and perhaps to dictate terms in the capital; or to concentrate their forces against the second attack which was impending over them, and in the first place to reduce Buda, which was the only *point d'appui* still in the hands of the Austrians on the right bank of the Danube. The position of the Hungarian chiefs had not become less critical by their recent success. Görgei had learnt from prisoners of war taken on the 26th of April, that the Russian intervention had been solicited, and was already in active preparation. At that time the batteries of Damjanics and Klapka had fired their last charge of ammunition at the relief of Comorn, and the supplies from beyond the Theiss were not arrived. Görgei was convinced, from the symptoms of disaffection which the deposition of the reigning family had produced in the best parts of the army, that it would be impossible to lead them against Austria, or to induce them to prosecute hostilities beyond the frontier of their own country. He therefore resolved to adopt the plan advised by General Klapka, and which had been strongly supported by Kossuth's own correspondence—

Digitized by Google

spondence—namely, to fall back at once on the capital and lay siege to Buda. At the same time he accepted under Kossuth the office of Minister of War—an office scarcely compatible with his duties in the field—and not easily or honourably to be reconciled with the extreme distrust he professes to have entertained for the head of the revolutionary government.

The siege of Buda commenced on the 4th of May. It was undertaken under the erroneous impression that the garrison was disaffected, and the place untenable. But the summons addressed to the commandant by Görgei was answered with a haughty and peremptory vigour which showed that, bad as the position might be, Hentzi and his men were not there to surrender it but with their lives: and, in fact, during the Austrian occupation of the town in the winter its defences had been materially improved. The first attempt of the besiegers was to destroy a forcing-pump, covered by entrenchments, which was the only means of raising water from the Danube for the use of the garrison—the place itself having no cisterns or wells. But the attack of the Kméty division on this point failed. It then became necessary to effect a breach, but the distance of the breaching-battery was great, and it was only provided with four 24-pounders and one 18-pounder taken in the trenches before Comorn—the heavy train not having been sent up by General Guyon from that fortress. A week was lost before even these preparations were completed. There was one abortive effort to storm while the breach was yet imperfect, and then several feigned attacks preceded the final onslaught. It was made in the night of the 20th of May—the seventeenth day of the siege; and, after a desperate resistance, in which Hentzi was mortally wounded, the old Turkish fortress fell into the hands of the Magyars. Amongst the soldiers of the Austrian Empire the name of Hentzi will ever be remembered; for his resolute defence of a hopeless position won seventeen days of incalculable value to the safety of the whole army and of the monarchy itself. The present Emperor Francis Joseph, on visiting the shattered walls of Buda, laid the foundation stone of a monument to this faithful soldier on the spot where he fell. With a brutal insensibility to the gallantry of his antagonist, Görgei has the impudence to assure us that he intended to have made an example of Hentzi, because he had fired in the heat of the action a certain number of shots on the city of Pesth; but when the place was taken its commander was already expiring of his wounds. With similar complacency Görgei adds that 'the garrison was *not* put to the sword.' One blushes to copy these words. We have found

Digitized by Google

found nothing in his book which conveys to us a more painful idea of the nature of the war or of Görgei's own character.

The affairs of the army were not advanced by this capture. It had lost by accident and ill-health the services of Aulich and of Damjanics, two of the ablest of its generals; and no further attempt seemed likely for the time to be made either at negotiation or in active warfare. Under these circumstances, Görgei repaired to Debreczin—to sound those whom he believed to be favourable to reconciliation with Austria, as to the possibility of rescinding the unhappy decree of the 14th of April. But the Diet stood prorogued to July, and no means of effecting this object seemed possible but a military *coup d'état*, from which the friends of peace recoiled. Görgei himself appears to have been averse to such a proceeding, unless he had been in a condition to exact terms from the Imperial Government, as well as to impose them on Kossuth and his adherents. But the savage proceedings of Baron Haynau, from the moment that the supreme command became his, were calculated to dispel all hopes of a compromise. One of his first acts was to put to death two prisoners-of-war, who had formerly belonged to the Imperial army, and who, upon the capture of Leopoldstadt, had been tried and condemned by court-martial. Neither Windischgrätz nor Welden had had heart for fulfilling the capital sentence of that tribunal—five months had intervened—but Haynau at once uttered his barbarous and short-sighted order. Kossuth and Klapka called upon Görgei to retaliate by executing Austrian prisoners; but this he refused to do—because, as he says, it would clearly have been fatal to his last visions of a settlement by *treaty*. From these indications we gather abundant evidence that there was at this critical time no concert or confidence between the military and civil chiefs of the insurrection—that they had no definite plan of warlike operations—that an internal revolution was quite as probable as an attack on the enemy; in short, that the most brilliant success the Hungarians had achieved at all was followed by a period of mischievous inactivity — and that the principal actors in the drama were all duping each other. They had in fact already begun to despair of their cause. Klapka repeatedly expressed his opinion that nothing could save Hungary but a foreign intervention, opposed to the adverse intervention of Russia; and Görgei, who had been prevented from advancing, after the siege of Buda, by the want of clothes for the troops and of reinforcements, now declared that he counted the existence of his country by weeks, and that the only question to be determined was how to destroy the greatest number of their enemies and

Digitized by Google

and to finish with the greatest honour. The only chance of even temporary success was, if possible, to defeat the Austrians before the Russian columns had made much way in the country.

The Imperial Austrian army of the Danube, under Haynau, which commenced its operations on the 9th June, in four divisions commanded by General Schlick, General Czorich, Prince E. Schwarzenberg, and General Wohlgemuth, together with a fifth division of Russians under Paniutine, amounted to 66,670 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 324 guns. The bulk of the Russian army was assembled at Dukla, under Prince Paskiewitch, on the 16th June, and commenced its operations on the following day: the total amount of the Russian forces employed in Hungary, including all ranks and arms, amounted to 162,951 men, with 528 guns.

To these forces, according to the Russian official documents, the Magyars opposed 137 battalions, 144 squadrons, and 350 harnessed guns, amounting in all to about 190,000 men. Of these 50,000 were under Görgei on the Danube; 18,000 under Klapka about Neusohl; Dembinski commanded 20,000 at Leutschau; Damjanics 15,000 at Kaschau; Bem 30,000 in Transylvania and the Banat; Perczel 20,000 in the neighbourhood of Sombor. We take this, however, to be an overstatement, for if such really were the forces of the insurrection in May 1849, the inactivity of the Maygar chiefs would be totally incomprehensible. At any rate, a large proportion of the infantry consisted of raw levies hardly deserving the name of regular troops. The cavalry, on the contrary, was composed of the fine regiments of huzzars which had deserted the Imperial standard; and the artillery, which played the chief part in action, was good.

Görgei himself states the forces under his command, in the trenches of Comorn, at scarcely 25,000 men and 120 guns, and the force with which he afterwards left that fortress at 27,000 men; and although the army of the lower Theiss is reckoned at 50,000, at least 20,000 of them were recruits or ill-armed peasants, quite unable to cope with the disciplined and well-appointed corps which the Russians brought against them. It may here be observed, and on the best authority, that the whole equipments of the Russians, including even their biscuit, stores, drugs, camp-hospitals, harness, and everything that a great force can require, were in the most perfect order and formed a remarkable contrast to the hastily collected and imperfect resources of Baron Haynau's army. In this respect the Austrians have taken a useful lesson since 1849 from their powerful allies.

Digitized by Google

At

At this crisis, however, the main question was to decide on the strategical plan which held out the greatest chance of prolonging the resistance of the Magyars. So little value was attached to Buda, though the capture of that place had cost so much precious time, that it was surrendered without a blow to a Major in the Austrian Lancers on the 11th July; but as this event closed the direct road to the south, the whole interest of the contest was thrown beyond the Danube. The plan of Görgei would have been, on the contrary, to concentrate the troops as much as possible on the right bank of the Danube, and to fall with his entire strength on the Austrian army under Haynau, leaving the whole of the rest of the kingdom undefended:—because he held that if the lesser of the two forces, being the principal in the contest, could be destroyed, the political character of the struggle would in some degree be improved, and in the event of a victory he might at once have marched on Vienna. The other plan was to order a general concentration of the troops on the lower Theiss and the Maros, about Szegedin, where a final action might be fought with the possibility of retreating on Transylvania, and of saving the leaders by flight into Turkey. This last system was finally adopted by Meszáros and Dembinski, when Görgei was, from a recent wound, not in a condition to oppose it, and it was in obedience to this plan that he made the extraordinary march from Comorn to Vilagos, which was the closing operation of the war. In the first attack made under the eyes of the young Emperor on the outskirts of Comorn, which were partly retaken by the Austrians on the 2nd July, Görgei was wounded in the head, and in addition to the untoward results of the day he was conveyed back to his lodgings in the fortress in a state which compelled the medical men to keep from him all knowledge of passing events for three whole days. At the end of this time he suddenly learnt that an attempt had been made by Kossuth to remove him from the command of the army, probably because he had refused to obey a monstrous decree calling upon the army to destroy by fire every place it was compelled to evacuate, and it was in this interval that the strategical plan was adopted, to which he thenceforward found himself committed without the possibility of retreat or modification.

On the 11th July a sally was made from Comorn, which was repulsed by the Austrians after a severe action; and on the 13th July Görgei himself left the place in obedience to the orders he had received to reach, if possible, the south of Hungary with his army. But, as we have seen, the direct road on the right bank of the Danube was already in the hands of the enemy. Görgei's proposal

Digitized by Google

proposal to operate on that bank, which we believe to have been at once the boldest and soundest line, had been negatived; and to obey the order he had received, no course remained but to take the circuitous northern road by the mountainous regions he had passed six months before, with the additional danger that he knew the whole force of the Russians was now advancing in the same direction. Indeed, when the vanguard reached Waitzen, which it did by following the difficult path and defile along the banks of the Danube, the outposts of the Russian cavalry, Musulmans and Caucasians, had already occupied that town, and it was evident that the Russian army was prepared to oppose the retreat of the Hungarians by the straight eastern road through Gödöllö—Prince Paskiewitsch had, in fact, already concentrated his forces at Hatván, which, as we saw in the preceding April, was the most commanding point on that line. At Waitzen Görgei fell upon the right wing of the Russian army, not very strongly supported, and an action was fought in which he lost 1000 prisoners, 4 cannon, and a standard—the Russians lost about 300 men. The Hungarian army, though repulsed from the passage to the south and east, made good its escape in the following night, for, as the Russians allege, they had been led to conclude that Görgei was hotly pursued by the Austrian forces, and Haynau's omission to send cavalry after the enemy on this occasion is one of the accusations made against him. If he had done so he could hardly have failed to capture the baggage and artillery with which the Magyar army was heavily encumbered. Indeed, Görgei took this opportunity to shake off the numerous body of fugitives which embarrassed his march, and he thus passed through a position of the utmost danger. On the side of the Austrians it may fairly be alleged, that, as they occupied and blocked up the right bank of the Danube, it might be expected that the Russians would be ready to intercept Görgei on the left, and the more so, as by suffering him to slip through their fingers they allowed him to pass between their main body and their base of operations. Haynau at this time gave up the pursuit of Görgei, and applied himself at once to march to the relief of Temesvár and against the forces assembled at Szegedin under Wysocki and Perczel—a movement on which the Russian official publication comments with great severity, but which the result of the campaign seems to us to justify.

It was now clear that Görgei's course lay through the mountains, and that his object was either to reach Transylvania by a complete circuit of northern Hungary, or more probably to descend on the Theiss, near Tokay, and so complete his junction with the forces on the Maros. Prince Paskiewitsch took measures

Digitized by Google

sures to protect his own line of communications in the north, and then proceeded to secure the passage of the Theiss, at which point he awaited the enemy; for he had committed the mistake of sending in pursuit of Görgei a very inadequate force;—and the retreating army reached Miskolz before any Russian corps had had time to fall back on that place. Nothing could exceed the adroitness with which the movements of Görgei were now conducted through this difficult region, and on the 28th of July he succeeded in crossing the Theiss without opposition above the principal passage of Tisza-Fured, at which the Russians awaited him. The Hungarians, being unable to follow the direct line from Miskolz to Tisza-Fured, had occupied the valleys of the Sajo and the Hernad, in which latter position Görgei remained for three days, partly to rest his troops after the forced march they had made, and partly from an erroneous notion that by detaining the Russians in the north he was facilitating the position of the army on the Southern Theiss and the Maros. This delay was the principal fault he appears to have committed in his extraordinary march, for if it had not taken place it is not impossible that the junction of the armies might have been effected before the decisive action. The Russians crossed the Theiss as soon as the Magyars, and the theatre of war was removed to the left bank of that river; but in spite of several collisions, some of which were imprudently and needlessly occasioned by General Nagy-Sándor, who commanded the rear-guard of the army, no decisive blow was struck against it, and it effected its march by Debrecsin and Vamos Peres to Arad, where the communication was reopened with Kossuth's government and with the forces at its disposal. In a military point of view we know of nothing more remarkable than this march of eighteen days over such a country as Hungary, in presence of several armies, all of greatly superior strength, which was accomplished by Görgei without the loss of any considerable portion of his artillery or his troops.

It will be borne in mind that the object of this great manœuvre was, if possible, to bring the army of the Upper Danube, which Görgei commanded, to co-operate on the Theiss and the Maros with the army of Southern Hungary under the command of Dembinski, Vetter, and Guyon. The distance from Comorn to Tokay, by the road Görgei was compelled to take, certainly exceeded 200 miles. A further distance of 200 miles was still to be traversed from Tokay to Szegedin, and this in presence of hostile armies of superior force. As it turned out, the combination failed by the difference of three or four days. Had General Haynau advanced with less rapidity to the south he would

Digitized by Google

would have found the insurgents at Szegedin reinforced by Görgei's army, and the entrenchments which had been hastily thrown up on the right bank of the Theiss would in a few days more have opposed a formidable obstacle to his progress. The whole force under Dembinski on the Theiss at this time was estimated by the Austrians at 63,600 men and 176 guns—of these at least 35,000 were concentrated in the lines at Szegedin, where they were to be attacked by Haynau on the 3rd of August. Strange to say, however, in the night of the 2nd of August Dembinski evacuated these lines and the town of Szegedin without firing a shot, not venturing to sustain the attack of Haynau with the Theiss in his rear. On the following day the Jablonowski brigade crossed the river, and the Magyars were driven out of the *tête-de-pont* at Alt-Szegedin, on the left bank of the Theiss, which place was set on fire by the rocket batteries. On the 5th another battle was fought at Szöreg, and on the 9th the main body of the Austrians were within sight of Temesvár, where a last effort was made to oppose their progress. The battle of Temesvár was in fact no more than a cannonade of about seven hours' duration, followed by charges of cavalry; for Haynau himself states that the infantry was never regularly engaged. But the consequences of this action were decisive. Bem, who had already been beaten three days before some 200 miles to the east, arrived with his usual celerity to take part in this action. But in vain—the Magyars were dispersed—thousands of prisoners fell into the hands of the victorious Austrian—baggage waggons, cannons, and ammunition waggons all galloped pell-mell towards Lugos—and the infantry was disbanded. That same evening Haynau entered Temesvár, which had held out under Lieutenant-General Rukavina during the whole war with a gallantry and perseverance worthy of the highest fame. It is a remarkable circumstance that a portion of the garrison consisted of Hungarian troops, who had remained unshaken in their fidelity to the Imperial colours during the whole of the siege; they were, however, mingled with detachments of the Sifkovics, Bianchi, and Leininger regiments, which are chiefly Wallachian and Polish—for every province and every race of the vast empire of Austria is united and identified under the common standard of the Imperial army.

On the 9th of August Görgei had reached Arad on the Maros—Temesvár being situated about thirty miles to the south of that river. If Dembinski, on evacuating Szegedin, and having been beaten at Szöreg, had retreated on Arad, following the right bank of the Maros, instead of retreating on Temesvá

Digitized by Google

it is probable that the junction of the two armies might have been effected before the decisive action was fought. But before Görgei, or any part of his force, could reach Temesvár, the contest was over. In the course of the night of the 10th of August a despatch arrived at Arad, from Guyon, stating that Dembinski's army no longer existed.

On the afternoon of that day, and some hours before the arrival of this intelligence, a private conference had taken place between Kossuth and Görgei in the fortress of Arad, at which they discussed the conduct to be pursued under either of the events then impending over them.

'Kossuth wished to know what I intended to do, in case the news he had received of the victory of Dembinski's army at Temesvár should be confirmed—the junction of the army under my orders with Dembinski's effected—and the chief command over both armies were to devolve upon *me*.—"In that case"—I replied—"I should combine the whole of our forces, and direct my attack against the Austrians alone."—"But if the Austrians have been victorious at Temesvár?" Kossuth finally asked. "Then I will lay down my arms," was my answer. "And I shoot myself!" replied Kossuth.'—ii. p. 378.

'A few hours later Kossuth sent for my information a report of *General Guyon* relative to the issue of the battle fought at Temesvár. According to this report, written by Guyon himself, Dembinski's army no longer existed.

'By this final result of Dembinski's retrograde operation from Szöreg to Temesvár (instead of to Arad) the last probability of successful offensive operations against the Austrians was destroyed. The further continuance of our active resistance to the armies of the allies could now at most promote personal, no longer any national interests. Therefore, directly after the receipt of Count Guyon's report to Kossuth, I resolved, with the army under my command, which had been strengthened in Arad by a division of reserve, to lay down our arms, that a bloodless end might be put as speedily as possible to a contest henceforth without purpose, and that the country, which I could no longer save, might at least be freed from the horrible misery of war.

'I took this resolution with the full conviction of performing no half deed in executing it: for the army under my command was now the principal army of Hungary, and its conduct must prospectively the more certainly become the guide for all the isolated lesser bodies of active forces still existing elsewhere in the country—not excepting the garrisons of the fortresses—*as Kossuth himself agreed with my resolution to lay down our arms, and there was consequently no reason to apprehend that he would agitate against a general imitation of the example I was determined to set.*

'My supposition that Kossuth would agree to the laying down of our arms was by no means an arbitrary one. At the moment when I explained to Kossuth that I was determined to lay down our arms as soon as the news which I had received about the defeat of Dembinski's army

Digitized by Google

army was confirmed, he was in the strictest sense of the wo *master of my life.* The interview at which I made this declaratio took place, as is known, in his own apartment in the fortress Arad. The commander of the fortress was Damjanics. Since th Comorn differences he was among my decided adversaries. The ga rison of the fortress consisted of troops that scarcely knew me b name. There could not exist the slightest sympathy on the pa of these troops for my person. The suite with which I had hastene on Kossuth's summons into the fortress consisted of one adjutan Kossuth nevertheless allowed me unobstructed to return fro the fortress to the head-quarters in Alt-Arad. He had not eve attempted to dissuade me in any way from the eventual resolution laying down our arms. It is true he had declared he was resolved t shoot himself if I laid down our arms. This declaration, howeve considering the little personal sympathy I had shown him since th 14th of April 1849, could not be expected to shake me in my resolu tion; I considered this pathetic declaration, rather, only as a natur consequence of Kossuth's repeated asseverations, that he could neith live out of Hungary nor in it if it sunk into slavery.

'If Kossuth had been decidedly opposed to the laying down of ou arms, he could not possibly have allowed me to quit the fortress Arad.'—vol. ii. p. 381-383.

It was therefore with a distinct knowledge of Görgei's inten tion that Kossuth and his colleagues formally transferred th supreme, civil, and military power to Görgei on the following da whilst they provided for their own safety by flying to the Turkis frontier.

With these facts before us, the charge of treachery which th spirit of disappointed faction has attempted to attach to Görgei surrender at Vilagos, cannot be supported. As long as ther was a possibility of carrying on the war with a chance of succes he had done his part towards it. As early as the 19th of Jul Count Rudiger, commanding a division of the Russian force had made overtures to Görgei for a negotiation, which was de clined in suitable language, though even Kossuth and Coun Casimir Batthyany were at that time ready to have placed th Duke of Leuchtenberg, or any other Russian prince, upon th Hungarian throne. But when the combination of the two armi was rendered absolutely impracticable by the defeat of the mos considerable body of troops under Bem, Dembinski, and Me záros, and when Görgei found himself surrounded by ove whelming forces, whilst his own army hardly exceeded 25,0 men, with no basis of operations and no attainable object befo it:—when, in short, that contingency had happened upon whi Kossuth had said that he should blow out his brains, but up which he did in reality lay down the government and take flig

Digitized by Google

flight, without even handing over the insignia of office to his successor—it is a gross injustice to charge Görgei with the loss of a cause which was already ruined.

It has not been our purpose on this occasion to renew the discussion on the political causes of the Hungarian contest, which we conceive to have been singularly misconceived by a certain class of enthusiastic politicians in this country; and we have here confined ourselves to the narrative of military operations, which command in many respects our admiration. Had these courageous efforts really been those of a whole people struggling to defend their ancient constitution against the aggressive forces of modern despotism, we know of no contest in history which would more have deserved our sympathy. But the Hungarian insurrection is to be traced to a totally different origin. It was closely connected, as we have shown in a former article, with the revolutionary outbreak in Vienna of March, 1848, which convulsed the Austrian monarchy. It destroyed the ancient constitution of the realm by the first blow it inflicted: and the subsequent policy of the provisional government was dictated by the artifices of a mountebank, rather than by the heroism and firmness of a patriot. Kossuth's two great civil resources were an unlimited issue of paper-money and a wholesale recognition of tenant-right. His eloquence undoubtedly exercised extraordinary influence over a people as ignorant, as imaginative, and as servile as the natives of Hungary; but Kossuth himself appears frequently to have laboured under the intoxication of oratory, and to have mistaken words for things. He either had no plan at all for the permanent emancipation of his country, or the plan he did pursue was utterly inconsistent with the genius, the resources, and the position of Hungary. It was held to be so by all that was most rational in the councils of his own government and most valuable in the army; and if an exterminating angel had swept every Russian and Austrian soldier from the plains of Hungary in a single night, it would still have been impossible to construct or maintain a stable government for that country and its dependencies on the principles which M. Kossuth had adopted. After what had occurred, the only rational object of the war was to bring the Austrian authorities to treat on moderate terms for the constitutional independence of the kingdom, retaining its ancient and indissoluble connexion with the Imperial Crown. That object Görgei appears to have kept steadily in view, and success itself could have effected no other arrangement. On the other hand the Imperial Ministers, and especially Prince Windischgrätz and Prince Schwarzenberg, may justly be reproached with having ignored this obvious distinction, and driven the war to

Digitized by Google

to its last fatal consequences, including the humiliation of a foreign intervention. They failed to take advantage of the division which obviously prevailed among the leaders of the insurrection, and sought rather to plunge them all in one common crime, for which many of the noblest and least guilty were made to suffer even to the death, whilst those of meaner minds or more crafty resources had contrived their own escape from the catastrophe which had become inevitable.

ART. IV.—1. *Narrative of an Expedition to the Shores of the Arctic Sea, in* 1846 *and* 1847. By John Rae. 1850.
2. *Arctic Searching Expedition: Journal of a Boat Voyage.* By Sir John Richardson. 2 vols. 1851.
3. *Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal.* By Lieut. S. Osborn. 1852.
4. *Journal of a Voyage in* 1850-1, *performed by the Lady Franklin and Sophia, under command of Mr. Wm. Penny.* By P. C. Sutherland, M.D. 2 vols. 1852.
5. *Papers and Despatches relating to the Arctic Searching Expeditions of* 1850-1-2. Collected by James Mangles, R.N. 1852.
6. *Second Voyage of the Prince Albert, in Search of Sir John Franklin.* By Wm. Kennedy. 1853.
7. *Parliamentary Papers.* 1848-53.
8. *Chart of Discoveries in the Arctic Sea.* By John Arrowsmith.

THESE books and papers comprise most of the discoveries made in Arctic regions since we noticed Sir John Barrow's volume of Voyages in 1846. Franklin had sailed in the previous year, and in saying that we should wait his re-appearance with the anxiety of the princess for the diver, we much rather anticipated that we should soon have to welcome him with the goblet of gold, than that a seventh year should find us deploring his continued absence, with no better clue to his fate than dismal conjecture could supply. There was nothing in the nature of his enterprise to excite much fear for its result. The several Arctic expeditions sent out since 1818 had returned in safety. Their records are full of peril, but full also of the resources of skill and courage by which peril may be overcome. When this voyage was proposed by Barrow to the Royal Society, he urged that 'there could be no objection with regard to any apprehension of the loss of ships or men,' as it was 'remarkable that neither sickness nor death had occurred in most of the voyages

Digitized by Google

voyages made into the Arctic regions, north or south.' Franklin was well experienced in the navigation of frozen seas; his officers and crews were picked men; and the strength of his ships - the Erebus and Terror—had been thoroughly tested—the first in the Expedition of Sir James Ross to the South Pole —the second in the voyage of Back to Repulse Bay. He sailed, full of confidence in the success of his mission, on the 19th of May, 1845, and though nearly thirty vessels have since been despatched in search of him, besides parties who have explored the North American coast, all that we yet know of him is, that he passed his first winter in a secure harbour at the entrance of Wellington Channel. Whether, when released from the ice in 1846, he advanced or receded, is not certainly known. In the absence of decisive evidence, the best authorities are at fault. One witness stated before the last Arctic committee, it was 'all guess-work.' The travelling parties who from Beechey Island surveyed every coast for hundreds of miles, found not a cairn or post erected by the missing expedition. Since Franklin entered Lancaster Sound, not one of the cylinders which he was directed to throw overboard has been recovered, nor has a fragment of his equipment been found on any shore. It has hence been inferred that he must have left the harbour with the full intention of proceeding homewards. Captain Austin believes that the ships did not go beyond Beechey Island, but were lost in the ice, either by being beset when leaving winter quarters, or when attempting their return to England. Commander Phillips is of the same opinion.

But if Franklin did resolve to return thus early, what could have become of the ships and men? That both vessels should be totally lost is contrary to all experience and probability, and that not a man should survive, is more unlikely still. One of the most experienced Arctic seamen living, who wen six voyages in whalers before he sailed with Parry, and has since been in the expeditions of the two Rosses, states that though it is possible—and he admits the supposition as but a possibility—the ships may have been 'walked over by the ice in Baffin's Bay,' yet that 'the men on such occasions are always saved,' by jumping on the ice and making their way to the land or to the next ship.* The harbourage chosen for the ships was so secure, that it is unlikely they could have been carried out from the Straits at the mercy of the ice, as were the ships of

* In a recent Dundee newspaper we observe an account of a whale-ship, employed in the Greenland fishery for the last *sixty-nine years*. She was lost at last, not by the ice of the northern sea, but by being stranded on a reef near her port, when returning with a full cargo.

Digitized by Google

Sir James Ross in 1849, and of the American expedition in 1850. Franklin did not take up his winter quarters in haste, or from necessity. He must have dropped anchor while the sea was comparatively open, and why winter there at all if he meant to return as soon as the open season again came round?

We know that he contemplated the probability of an absence prolonged even beyond two winters. His last letter to Sabine from Whale Fish Islands entreats him to relieve the anxiety of Lady Franklin and his daughter, should he not return at the time they expected, as—

'You know well that, *even after the second winter without success in our object*, we should wish to try some other channel, if the state of our provisions and the health of the crews justify it.'

Is it likely that the man who wrote thus to his nearest friend would have returned after *one* winter, without effecting or attempting more than a passage to Barrow's Strait?

Lieutenant Griffith, announcing his departure from the ships with his transport, July, 1845, wrote—

'All are in the highest possible spirits, and determined to succeed, if success be possible. A set of more undaunted fellows never were got together, or officers better selected. I am indeed certain that, if the icy barriers will be sufficiently penetrable to give them but half the length of their ships to force themselves through, they will do so at all risks and hazards.'

Commander Fitzjames, who sailed in the Erebus with Franklin, speaks repeatedly, in the lively letters and journal he forwarded to his friends at home, of the determination which prevailed in both ships to 'go a-head,' and jestingly begs that, if nothing is heard of him by next June, letters may be forwarded to him *viâ* Kamschatka. 'We can carry much sail and do,' he notes in his journal; 'I can scarcely manage to get Sir John to shorten sail at all.' So well was it understood that the ships would push forward through any open channel which might present itself, that the ice-master of the Terror, writing to his wife from Disco Island, July 12, 1845, warned her of the probability that they might be out much longer than was anticipated:—

'We are all in good health and spirits, one and all appearing to be of the same determination, that is, to persevere in making a passage to the north-west. Should we not be at home in the fall of 1848, or early in the spring of 1849 [this allowed for a four years' absence] you may anticipate that we have made the passage, or are likely to do so; and if so, it may be from five to six years—it might be into the seventh —ere we return; and should it be so, *do not allow any person to dishearten* you on the length of our absence, but look forward with hope, that Providence will at length of time restore us safely to you.'

Digitized by Google

An

An anecdote is related of Franklin in Barrow's volume, which shows how superior he held the claims of duty to those of personal feeling or convenience. When about to leave England in 1825, on his second expedition to explore the North American coast, his first wife was sinking under a fatal malady. She urged his departure on the day appointed, and he denied himself the sad satisfaction of waiting to close her eyes. She had employed some of the tedious hours of sickness in making for him a union flag, only to be unfurled when he reached the Polar Sea. This flag was hoisted when from the summit of Garry Island the sea, stretching free and unincumbered to the north, appeared in all its majesty. His companions hailed the outspread banner with joyful excitement, and Franklin, who had learned that his wife died the day after his departure, repressed all sign of painful emotion that he might not cloud their triumph at having planted the British colours on this island of the Polar Sea. Was this the man to turn back after one winter spent at the entrance of the strait where his enterprise did but commence?

It has indeed been much the fashion of late to complain of the employment of naval commanders in a too advanced stage of life, and remarks of this nature have been made on the ultimate commission of Franklin. We saw him often, however, on the eve of his start, and assuredly, though well up in years, there was no sign whatever of any falling off either in muscular fibre or animal spirits. We may add that his government at Van Diemen's Land had not ended under altogether flattering circumstances, and, according to our information, few of his friends doubted that in embracing this new task he was not uninfluenced by a yearning to recover whatever of *prestige* he might have supposed himself to have lost as a civil administrator, by another and a crowning display of tact and energy in the department of his original distinction.

It is by no means certain that because no record of him has been discovered beyond Beechey Island, none was left. Mr. Kennedy, when he explored Cape Walker last spring—ignorant that he had been preceded by Captain Austin's parties—mistook the large cairn they had erected for a part of the cliff, and actually *walked over a smaller one* deeply covered with snow, without for a moment suspecting that the spot had been previously visited. This fact has come out on Capt. Ommaney and Mr. Kennedy's comparing notes of their respective journeys. Sir Edward Belcher, in his recent despatches, states that the cairns erected by the well-organized expedition of his predecessors have in some cases been destroyed, and in others can

Digitized by Google

with

with difficulty be recognized. For example, he says on August 14:—

'We have not been able, even with this very open season, to trace the large supplies left at Navy Board Inlet by the North Star, and *no beacon marks their whereabout.*'

At Cape Warrender he found the cairn and post erected by Captain Austin's expedition, but *no document*:—

'The tally having written on it *Pull out Record* was found beside the cairn, deeply impressed with the teeth of some small animal.'

In the opinion of this experienced officer, there could have been no hurry in removing from Beechey Island, as everything bore the stamp of order and regularity. This is utterly opposed to the notion that Franklin had been forced away by the ice.

In the distressful uncertainty which clouds his fate it is our only consolation to reflect that Government has shown all along the heartiest concern for its gallant servants. With other dispositions, indeed, better results might have been looked for. It is the misfortune of the Admiralty Instructions, we think, that they have said too much to leave the commanders of the expeditions entirely to their own discretion, and not enough to ensure a regular and systematic series of operations. Discovery, however, has not languished since Franklin's departure, and a sketch of what has been effected within the polar circle for the last six years will conveniently exhibit the efforts made for his relief, and show the lines of coast which have already been fruitlessly searched.

When he sailed it was a disputed question whether an opening into that sea which washes the shores of North America might not exist in some part of Boothia Gulf. Mr. Rae has set that question at rest. His expedition is a fine example of how much may be accomplished with very limited means. He started from Fort Churchill, on the west side of Hudson's Bay, with twelve men and two boats, on the 5th of July, 1846. On arriving at the head of Repulse Bay he crossed the isthmus which separated him from Boothia Gulf, a distance of 40 miles, and in six days reached the sea. But it was now the first week in August, heavy rains set in, and, finding progress impossible, he recrossed the isthmus, joined the party he had left at Repulse Bay, and determined to leave any further survey until the spring, employing the remainder of the open season in making the best provision he could for the winter.

His stores had been calculated for four months' consumption only; he was entirely destitute of fuel; he could obtain no promise

Digitized by Google

promise of supplies of any kind from the natives; the resources of the country were unknown to him; and the head of the bay had the character of being one of the most dreary and inhospitable of polar coasts. But Rae was inured to hardships, and, a first-rate sportsman, he had confidence in his own exertions. He selected a sheltered site for his winter dwelling, near the river, on the northern shore leading to the lakes, and here established his fishing-stations. Collecting his men, some were sent out to bring in stones for building a house, others to set nets, to hunt deer, and to gather fuel. The walls were built two feet thick, the stones being cemented with mud and clay. Squares of glass were fixed in three small apertures. As timber was unknown in this bleak region, he used the oars and masts of his boats for rafters, stretching over them oilcloth and skins for roofing. Deer-skins, nailed over a framework of wood, made a weather-tight door. The interior of this house, to serve for twelve persons through eight winter months, was twenty feet long by fourteen wide; seven and a half feet high in front, sloping down to five and a half feet behind. Yet in these narrow dimensions Rae found room for a great part of his stores, and, by a partition of oilcloth, secured separate quarters for himself, where he worked his observations and kept his journal.

His fishing and hunting proved successful. His sporting-book for September showed a total of 63 deer, 5 hares, 172 partridges, and 116 salmon and trout. In the following month 69 deer were shot, but the nets produced only 22 fish. He was most at a loss for fuel. His men brought in a scanty supply of withered moss, heather, and the like, and this, being dried in the house, was piled into stacks. As the season advanced he built two observatories of snow, one for a dip circle, the other for an horizontally suspended needle, to test the action of the aurora. Snow-houses were also built for the dogs, for stores, &c.; and all were connected together by passages cut under the frozen snow.

Early in January the thermometer sank 79° below the freezing point; and even indoors it was commonly below zero.

'This,' says Rae, 'would not have been unpleasant where there was a fire to warm the hands and feet, or even room to move about; but where there was neither the one nor the other, some few degrees more heat would have been preferable.'

Their fuel was so short that they could afford themselves but one meal a-day, and were obliged to discontinue the comfort of a cup of tea. Being short of oil also, and darkness and cold together being intolerable, they had no resource but to pass about fourteen

Digitized by Google

fourteen hours out of the twenty-four in bed. Rae was worse off than his companions; they could smoke at all hours; but that which was their greatest luxury was his greatest annoyance. Honest Jack's jerseys and trousers felt, from frozen moisture, as hard and prickly as any integuments of ascetical invention. When they went to bed their blankets sparkled with hoar-frost; Rae's own waistcoat became so stiff that he had much ado to get it buttoned. When he went to open his books he found that the leaves were fast frozen together, the damp from the walls having got into them before the frost set in; and every article bound with brass or silver burst its fastenings. Yet the men were cheerful, enjoyed excellent health, and made light of their hardships. When one poor fellow got his knee frozen in bed he was sorry that it became known, as the laugh was turned against him for his effeminacy. Christmas-day they had all 'an excellent dinner of venison and plum-pudding,' and on the 1st of January 'capital fat venison-steaks and currant-dumplings.' A small supply of brandy was served out to drink to absent friends; and on the whole, Rae does not think that 'a happier party could have been found in America, large as it is.'

By the commencement of March deer began to migrate to the north, and during this month Rae got sledges finished and all preparations made for his spring survey. On the 3rd of April the thermometer rose above zero for the first time since the 12th of December. He started on the 4th, taking with him three of his men and two Esquimaux; his luggage and provisions being stowed in two sledges, each drawn by four dogs. He took no tent, as he found it much more convenient to erect snow-houses. Those which he built on his outward journey served on his way back. In these houses storm and cold were unfelt. On one occasion, when there was a stiff gale, with the thermometer 21° below zero, he says—'We were as snug and comfortable in our snow-hive as if we had been lodged in the best house in England.'

In this journey he surveyed the whole western shore of the sea until he reached the furthest discovery of Ross to the south. In a second journey, made the same spring, he traversed the eastern coast till he reached Cape Crozier; from hence he could observe the line of coast some miles farther to the north—leaving, as he reckoned, not more than ten miles of shore to be surveyed up to the mouth of the Fury and Hecla Strait:—the shortness of his provisions would, however, allow him to go no farther. His thorough exploration of the shores of Committee Bay connects the discoveries of Parry on one side with those of Ross on the other.

The

Digitized by Google

The ice broke up late in 1847, and it was not till the 12th August that the boats were launched in open water. Rae safely arrived with all his men at York Factory on the 6th September: there the good health and high condition of the whole party excited unqualified admiration. 'By George!' exclaimed a stout corporal in charge of the sappers and miners destined to accompany Richardson in his boat voyage, 'I never saw such a set of men.' From none of the parties of Esquimaux Rae met with could he gather any tidings of Franklin.

We have dwelt on the particulars of this journey—interesting however for their own sake—because they support the idea that Franklin and his crews, if detained in some remote region of thick-ribbed ice, might not, even to this date, be reduced to utter extremity for want of food. If Rae, with provisions for only four months, could keep his men in high condition for fourteen, and could weather a winter of great severity almost without fuel, with no other shelter than they could erect for themselves, and with but scant supplies of clothing, it does not appear improbable that, with the two well-stored ships of Franklin, some brave fellows may yet be living, animated by the hope that succour will reach them at last. In the course of nature the crews would be much reduced by death, and the supplies be consequently available for a longer period than was calculated on.

While Rae was engaged in this expedition, attention was painfully excited in England by Franklin's prolonged absence. The opinion of the most experienced arctic navigators was that he had pushed to the south-west after passing Cape Walker, and had got inextricably involved in the ice somewhere south of Banks' Land. Thus Sir E. Parry expressed his conviction that the ships were directed to the south-west between 100° and 110° W. long.; Sir James Ross, taking the same view, expected the ships would be found about lat. 73° N. and long. 135° W.; and Richardson, likely to be informed of his old comrade's views, believed that he was blocked up in attempting, by sailing south-west of Cape Walker, to reach that open Polar Sea, which both of them had observed, east and west of the Mackenzie river, in their exploration of the North American coast. Similar views were expressed before the Committee of 1850.

The course indicated was that which Franklin had been expressly directed to take. Sir John Barrow, in proposing this voyage to the Royal Society, had dwelt mainly on the probability of a channel south-west of Cape Walker, whence—

'A distance of 300 leagues on a clear sea, keeping midway between the supposed Banks' Land and the coast of America, would accomplish an

Digitized by Google

an object which, at intervals during 300 years, has engaged the attention of crowned heads, men of science, and mercantile bodies, whose expectations were frequently disappointed but not discouraged.'

The official Instructions to Franklin are, however, quite distinct on this point:—

'In proceeding to the westward you will not stop to examine any openings either to the northward or southward of that strait [Barrow's], but continue to push to the westward *without loss of time* in the latitude of about 74½, till you have reached the longitude of that portion of land on which Cape Walker is situated, or about 98° west. From that point we desire that *every effort be used to endeavour to penetrate to the southward and westward* in a course as direct towards Behring's Strait as the position and extent of the ice, or the existence of land at present unknown, may admit. We direct you to this particular part of the Polar Sea as affording the best prospect of accomplishing the passage to the Pacific. * * * You are well aware, having yourself been one of the intelligent travellers who have traversed the American shore of the Polar Sea, that the groups of islands that stretch from that shore to the northward to a distance not yet known do not extend to the westward further than about the 120th degree of western longitude, and that beyond this and to Behring's Strait no land is visible from the American shore of the Polar Sea.'

That the search for this great seaman and his companions might be as complete as possible, the government, in 1848, fitted out three distinct expeditions—each, however, planned on the probability that he had taken the route prescribed for him, rather than with any special view to Wellington Channel. The principal one, under command of Sir James Ross, consisting of the Enterprise and Investigator, was directed to follow, as far as practicable, in the assumed wake of Franklin, proceeding direct to Lancaster Sound, and scrutinizing the shores north and south. It was supposed that one ship might winter near Cape Rennel or Cape Walker, and that the other might advance to Melville Island. Searching parties were to be sent from each vessel in the spring, some to explore the neighbouring coasts, and particularly the unknown space between Cape Walker and Banks' Land; and others to cross, if possible, to the coast of North America, and attempt to reach the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers, where Sir John Richardson's aids would meet them.

To Richardson had been intrusted the task of searching the North American shore between the Coppermine and the Mackenzie, and of depositing provisions at Fort Good Hope, on the latter river, at its mouth, and at Capes Bathurst, Parry, Krusenstern, and Hearne, along the coast.

A third expedition, consisting of the Herald, Captain Kellett, then employed on a survey in the Pacific, and the Plover, under

Digitized by Google

under Commander Moore, were to penetrate through Behring's Strait, taking up positions as far north-east as might be consistent with their safety, and two whale-boats were to perform a coasting voyage to the Mackenzie to meet Richardson's party.

These arrangements were judicious, but, unfortunately, that expedition to which the chief service was intrusted was baffled by those natural causes which so often, in arctic regions, defeat the best-laid plans, and, inextricably enclosing ships in mighty fields of ice, deliver over the most experienced and courageous commanders to the mercy of winds and currents.

The vessels of Ross were not able to cross the middle ice of Baffin's Bay till the 20th July. He did not reach Cape York, at the entrance of Regent's Inlet, till the 1st September; and here he had the mortification to find that impenetrable barriers of ice prevented his approaching the entrance of Wellington Channel to the north, or Cape Rennell to the west. He put into Port Leopold on the 11th September, and on the following day both vessels were fast shut in by the main pack of ice closing with the land. He employed the winter and spring in all practicable measures for the discovery and relief of Franklin. A house was built at Port Leopold, and stored with provisions for twelve months, in case he might come that way after the ships had gone. Exploring parties searched both shores of North Somerset, down to Fury Point on one side, and Four Rivers Bay on the other.

The open season of 1849 was late. The vessels were not released till the 28th August, and three days later the ice closed round them, and defied every effort made for their relief. Helplessly beset, they remained fast until they drifted out of Lancaster Sound. When they were once more free the 25th of September had arrived, and winter had set in with rigour. The harbours on the coast were already closed against them, and, having done all that was possible to contend with adverse circumstances, Ross had no resource but to return home, thankful to the Providence which had so mercifully preserved him when all human effort was unavailing.

It had been his intention, were no tidings heard of Franklin by the close of the summer of 1849, to send home the Investigator, continuing the search through another year in the Enterprise alone. The Admiralty appreciated his zeal, but feared it might jeopardize his safety. Early in the spring of 1849 the North Star was supplied with stores, and in May sailed for Lancaster Sound, bearing despatches to Sir James Ross, instructing him to keep out both ships, and to make a particular examination of Wellington Channel. The North Star was not

to

Digitized by Google

to hazard a winter in the ice; but the unusual severity of the season, which had carried Sir James out of Lancaster Sound, prevented the North Star from approaching it. She wintered in Wolstenholme Sound, and hence originated that foolish story of the wreck of Franklin's ships on the north shore of Baffin's Bay, which imposed on the credulity of Sir John Ross. The impudent fabrication is now conclusively exposed.*

The return of Sir James Ross's ships at the very time when it was supposed the North Star would have been in communication with them, replenishing them for a prolonged absence, excited some very unreasonable dissatisfaction in the minds of a few noisy people. Even had it been possible for Sir James to winter in some harbour of Baffin's Bay, it would clearly have been unadvisable for him to do so, as a fresh expedition from England would reach Lancaster Sound by about the time he could expect to get released. It is not for one unsuccessful adventure to dim the reputation of this most skilful and gallant officer. The arctic and antartic zones equally bear witness to his high qualities and acquirements. If second to any among Polar discoverers, he is second to Parry alone; and while he may justly claim part in the successes of that able commander—having sailed with him when the Parry Islands were discovered—and accompanied him in his wonderful journey over the ice towards the Pole—the merit is all his own of planting the British flag on the magnetic pole, and of discovering an antarctic continent.

The other expeditions were more successful in fulfilling the parts assigned them. Preparations for Richardson's journey had to be made in the summer of 1847. Four boats of the most approved construction were built in the royal yards; and, with wise consideration for the commissariat, Sir John had that indispensable article for the arctic voyager, pemmican, manufactured under his own eye. The reader may not be displeased to see an authentic account of its preparation:—

'The round or buttock of beef of the best quality, having been cut into thin steaks, from which the fat and membranous parts were pared away, was dried in a malt-kiln over an oak fire until its moisture was entirely dissipated, and the fibre of the meat became friable. It was then ground in a malt-mill, when it resembled finely-grated meat. Being next mixed with an equal quantity of melted beef-suet or lard,

* Captain Inglefield, in a paper read at the Geographical Society November 22nd last, giving an account of his voyage in the Isabel, states that he paid a visit to Ominack, the spot named by Adam Beck as that on which Franklin and his crew had been murdered, and satisfied himself, 'beyond all doubt, that there was no truth whatever in the statement of that reprobate Adam Beck, and that no such fate as he had related had befallen their missing countrymen.'

the

Digitized by Google

the preparation of plain pemmican was complete; but to render it more agreeable to the unaccustomed palate, a proportion of the best Zante currants was added to part of it, and part was sweetened with sugar. Both these kinds were much approved of in the sequel, but more especially that to which the sugar had been added. After the ingredients had been well incorporated by stirring they were transferred to tin canisters capable of containing 85 lbs. each, and having been firmly rammed down, and allowed to contract further by cooling, the air was completely expelled and excluded by filling the canister to the brim with melted lard, through a small hole left in the end, which was then covered with a piece of tin and soldered up. Finally, the canister was painted and lettered according to its contents. The total quantity of pemmican thus made was 17,424 lbs., at a cost of 1*s.* 7½*d.* per lb. . . . As the meat in drying loses more than three-fourths of its original weight, the quantity required was considerable, being 35,651 lbs. (reduced by drying to about 8000 lbs.), and the sudden abstraction of more than 1000 rounds of beef from Leadenhall Market occasioned speculation among the dealers, and a temporary rise in the price of one penny per pound.'—*Rich.*, vol. i. 37, 38.

It is curiously illustrative of the interest excited by this expedition that Richardson received numerous advances from volunteers desirous of joining him. Among the applicants he enumerates two clergymen, one Welsh justice, several country gentlemen, and some scientific foreigners. Rae was associated with Richardson. They left Liverpool for New York on the 25th of March, 1848, taking with them necessary baggage to the amount of 4000 lbs. They moved with all practicable rapidity. Landing at New York on the 10th of April, they arrived at Cumberland House 14th of June, the distance from New York being 2850 miles. They found their party, which had left England the previous year, a fortnight in advance; it had been joined by Mr. Bell, chief trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, and by sixteen of the Company's voyagers. Their journey down the Mackenzie was favourable. On the 31st of July they reached Point Separation, and here a case of pemmican with memoranda was buried for the Plover's boat party. To indicate the spot to their friends, but conceal it from the natives, a fire was lit over the pit; and, as this signal had been agreed on, the deposit was readily found by Pullen and his men when they arrived in the Plover's boats fourteen months later. From the mouth of the Mackenzie, Richardson's boats turned to the east, passed Cape Bathurst on the 11th of August, and soon after rounded Cape Parry. The navigation from this point became more difficult, the boats having to make way through crowded floes of ice. As they approached Cape Krusenstern, the sea, as far as vision extended, was one dense, close pack, with

Digitized by Google

with not a lane of water perceptible. On the night of the 26th of August a severe frost covered the sea and ponds with young ice, and glued the floes immoveably together. Progress with the boats could now be made only by dragging them over the floes, when the surface was sufficiently smooth, by cutting through tongues of ice, and by carrying them bodily over flats and points of land. On one morning three hours of severe labour only advanced them a hundred yards. When about a dozen miles from Cape Krusenstern, one boat and her cargo had to be left on a rocky projection. From the cape itself nothing but ice in firmly compacted floes could be seen, and the sorrowful conclusion was forced on Sir John that the sea-voyage was at an end. East of Cape Parry, says he, only six weeks of summer can be reckoned on. All struggled forward, however, to Cape Hearne, and, as from this point the sea was covered with floes, and new ice formed rapidly, the abandonment of the other boats became inevitable. Richardson says:—

'I had hoped that, by conveying the boats and stores up the Coppermine river, beyond the range of the Eskimos, we could deposit them in a place of safety, to be available for a voyage to Wollaston Land next summer. But, abandoned as they must now be on the coast, we could not expect that they would escape the researches of the hunting parties who would follow up our foot-marks, and who were certain to break up the boats to obtain their copper fastenings.'

Preparations for a march to Fort Confidence, at the northern extremity of Great Bear Lake, were now set about. Packages were made up, each man taking with him thirteen days' provision. Six pieces of pemmican and a boat's magazine of powder were buried under a cliff. The tents were left standing near the boats, and a few useful articles, as hatchets and cooking utensils, were deposited in them for the use of the Esquimaux. On the 3rd of September—after solemn prayers, in which all seemed to join with deep earnestness—they started. At the end of their day's march some scraps of drift-wood were collected for a fire to cook their supper; then, selecting the best sleeping-places they could find among blocks of basalt, they passed, though the weather continued cold, 'a pretty comfortable night.' In this way Sir John and his men journeyed on for twelve days, reaching Fort Confidence on the 15th of September:—

'We were happy to find Mr. Bell and his people well and the buildings much further advanced than we had expected. He had built an ample store-house, two houses for the men, and a dwelling-house for the officers, consisting of a hall, three sleeping apartments, and store-closet. Mr. Bell and Mr. Rae quartered themselves with Bruce in the store-room,

Digitized by Google

store-room, and I took possession of my sleeping-room, which was put temporarily in order. I could there enjoy the luxury of a fire while I was preparing my despatches for the Admiralty and writing my domestic letters. I looked forward to the winter without anxiety.'

The main business of the expedition was now ended. The men were sent home, and, on the 7th of May, 1849, Richardson and Bell commenced their journey southwards, leaving Rae as the best qualified to make another effort to reach Wollaston Land from Cape Krusenstern in the summer, with one boat's crew of six men. Richardson landed at Liverpool 6th November, 1849, after an absence of nineteen months. Rae's summer expedition of 1849, however, was a failure. On the 30th of July he arrived at Cape Krusenstern from Fort Confidence, but found the channel so choked with ice, that it was impossible to get a boat through it. He waited at the Cape watching the channel for an opening until the 23rd of August, when, the sea being completely closed by compacted floes, he reluctantly returned by the Coppermine river to his winter quarters. The boats left the previous year had been much damaged by the Esquimaux to obtain the iron-work, but the tents were uninjured, and the *cache* of pemmican and ammunition untouched.

One encouraging fact runs through all these explorations of the North American coast—and that is, the abundance of animal life to be met with. In 1848 the gun of Rae procured a constant supply of fresh provision for the whole party. In Richardson's journal we read:—

'Aug. 19. Mr. Rae brought in two fine reindeer.—Aug. 20. Mr. Rae killed a fine buck reindeer. In this quarter a skilful hunter like Mr. Rae could supply the whole party with venison without any loss of time.—Aug. 24. Many salmon were seen.—To the north of Coronation Gulf reindeer and musk oxen may be procured by skilful hunters. With nets a large quantity of salmon and other fish might be captured in Dolphin and Union Straits; with percussion caps we might have slain *hundreds of seals*.'

The experience of Rae in his exploration of Wollaston Land in 1851 is to the like effect:—

'7th May.—During the interval between taking the observations for time and latitude I shot ten hares. These fine animals were very large and tame, and several more might have been killed, as well as many partridges, had I thought it expedient to follow them. On the 2nd June Cape Hearne formed our head-quarters, at which place eleven geese, all in fine condition, were killed. On the 9th a large musk-bull was shot, and his flesh was found excellent. Our principal food was geese, partridges, and lemmings. The latter, being fat and large, were very fine when roasted before the fire or between two stones. These little animals were *migrating northward*, and were so numerous that our dogs,

Digitized by Google

dogs, as they trotted on, killed as many as supported them without any other food.'

In his journey of 1849 his party caught as many salmon as they could consume, whenever there was a piece of open water large enough for setting a net.

While Rae was anxiously watching the ice-choked sea from Cape Krusenstern, Captain Kellett in the Herald was discovering land in the Polar Sea far north of Behring's Strait, and Pullen in the boats of the Plover was navigating the coast from Icy Cape to the Mackenzie. The Behring's Strait parties were too late to do more than reconnoitre their destined course in 1848. The Plover arrived on the Asiatic coast only in time to select winter-quarters just south of Cape Tschukotskoi, outside the strait. The Herald went up the strait, visited Kotzebue Sound, the appointed rendezvous, and repassed the strait, before the Plover arrived. She returned to South America to winter.

The Plover got out from her winter-port on the 30th June, 1848, and in a fortnight reached Chamisso Island at the bottom of Kotzebue Sound. Here, on the next day, she was joined by the Herald—and by the Nancy Dawson, the private yacht of Mr. Shedden, whose name deserves honourable mention in every notice of these expeditions. Hearing in China of the efforts on behalf of Franklin, he at once sailed for Behring's Strait, putting aside his purposed voyage round the globe, to join in the search. Unfortunately his death prevented him from doing more than showing his zeal in the cause. The ships left the Sound on the 18th July, and, taking an easterly course, on the 25th arrived at Wainwright's Inlet. Here

'The *vast number of walruses* that surrounded us, keeping up a continual bellowing or grunting; the barking of the *innumerable seals*—the small whales—and the *immense flocks of ducks* continually rising from the water as we neared them, warned us of our approach to the ice, although the temperature of the sea was still high.'

From this point, as the packed ice forbade the ships getting farther to the east, the boat expedition was despatched on a coasting voyage to the Mackenzie. It consisted of two twenty-seven-foot whaleboats, each with a crew of six men. Pullen had with him a hundred days' provisions for each man, and intimated his intention, should he reach the Mackenzie, of proceeding up the river to await the instructions of the Admiralty.

On the day following the departure of the boats the ships met with heavily packed ice extending from the shore, as far as the eye could reach, from north-west by west to north-east. This pack was traced 'for forty leagues, made in a series of steps

Digitized by Google

steps westerly and northerly, the westerly being about ten or twelve miles, and the northerly twenty.' A water-sky was reported north of the pack, which, however, was perfectly impenetrable. Returning to Wainwright's Inlet, 'not a particle of the ice seen on our former visit remained.' A boat went ashore, and purchased from the natives 800 lbs. of reindeer meat—as much as the boat would carry—for a small quantity of tobacco. More was to be had on the same terms.

On the 17th of August, while cruising north of North Cape, packed ice was seen from south-south-west to north-north-west, five miles distant, and soon after land was reported from the mast-head. A group of small islands could be distinctly seen, and further off a very extensive and high land was reported.

'There was a fine clear atmosphere (such an one as can only be seen in this climate), except in the direction of this extended land, where the clouds rolled in numerous immense masses, occasionally leaving the very lofty peaks uncapped, where could be distinctly seen columns, pillars, and very broken angles on their summits, very characteristic of the high headlands in this sea. As far as a man can be certain, who has one hundred and thirty pair of eyes to assist him, and all agreeing, I am certain we have discovered an extensive land. I think, also, it is more than probable that these peaks we saw are a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan (coast of Asia), mentioned by Baron Wrangel in his Polar voyages.'—*Kellett.*

An island was reached, four and a half miles one way, by two and a half the other. Here Kellett landed. It was in lat. 71° 19′ N., long. 175° 16′ W. It proved a solid mass of granite, almost inaccessible on every side, and 'literally alive with birds.' 'Innumerable black and white divers (common to this sea) here found a safe place to deposit their eggs and bring up their young.' The weather was bad; and Kellett, fearing he might be caught by the pack, made all sail for the south-east. As the commander of the Plover had determined to pass his second winter in Kotzebue Sound, the Herald supplied all the Plover's wants, and on the 29th September sailed in company with the yacht, and arrived at Mazatlan on the 14th November, 1849—the same month in which Richardson returned to England from North America, and Sir James Ross from Baffin's Bay.

The accounts so far were discouraging enough; but the Admiralty resolved that the search should be renewed—and on a yet more extended scale. The ships of Sir James Ross were promptly refitted and despatched to Behring's Strait; the Enterprise commanded by Capt. Collinson, and the Investigator by M'Clure. They were instructed to sail with all speed, so as to pass the strait and reach the edge of the ice by the end of August.

Digitized by Google

August. The Plover was to remain out, and be secured in a safe harbour as far in advance as practicable, to serve as a depôt for parties from the other ships to fall back upon if necessary. The Herald, under Capt. Kellett, was to be sent home, volunteers being received from her for the other ships. This expedition left Plymouth on the 20th January, 1850. The ships communicated with the Herald, and Kellett assures the Arctic Committee of 1851, that, from a conversation he had with M'Clure—

'I am convinced that he will use every endeavour to reach Melville Island with his parties, if he failed with his ship. Should one of these parties reach Melville Island, or even the northern shore of Banks' Land, they will endeavour to get home by the east, being a safer route than attempting to return to their ships.'

This statement is confirmed by the official and private letters of M'Clure. To Sir George Back, in particular, he states, in a letter of July 28, 1850, that he has *carte blanche* from Collinson, and that he is determined to push to the eastward to reach 130° W. long., and take his chance of wintering in the pack wherever he may be caught by the ice. These brave commanders had no sooner joined the Plover than they earnestly set to work to fulfil their mission. M'Clure outsailed Collinson, and was last seen by the Plover (August, 1850), in lat. 70° 44′ N., long. 159° 52′ W. M'Clure calculated that he might make Banks' Land, get to the northward of Melville Island, and perhaps pass to the S.E. by Wellington Channel, or some other passage, so as to return home at latest in 1853. To the Admiralty he says that, should he find no navigable channel after pushing ahead for two seasons, he intends to desert his vessel on the third, and start on foot for Melville Island and Leopold Harbour. It is impossible not to admire his energy and daring. But knowing how completely the plans of the most able and resolute are at the mercy of the seasons in those latitudes, we cannot accept his courage as a pledge of his success, nor avoid feeling already some misgiving for his fate. Capt. Collinson, after penetrating some distance to the N. and E. of the strait, repassed it to winter at Hong Kong, the Plover being left in reserve at Port Clarence, in the strait. The Enterprise again quitted Hong Kong in May, 1851, reached Port Clarence, and left that port on 10th July to renew her explorations to the north-east.

Lieut. Pullen, with his boats, arrived at the mouth of the Mackenzie on the 27th August, having made the passage from Wainwright's Inlet in thirty-three days. The most difficult part of the voyage was off Cape Bathurst, very heavy hummocky ice being met with. 'It was one continued struggle from the 25th

Digitized by Google

25th July to the 5th August to get along that ice, it being so close in, and we were cutting all the time.' Portions of his examination by the Committee are of value.

'Capt. Beechey: Did you see *any land to the northward* during your voyage?—*No.*

'Sir G. Back: There seems a remarkable difference when you were there, and when I was with Sir John Franklin, viz. that on the 15th August, 1826, there *was a complete open sea*, with the exception of one piece of ice to the north and west. What was its state when you were there?—*It was all ice to seaward, and along the coast east and west.*'

Pullen in his boats ascended the Mackenzie, and reached Fort Simpson on the 13th of October. Here he wintered, and while on his way to York Factory the following spring received instructions by express to attempt a passage in boats across the sea to Melville Island. He immediately hurried back, and on being supplied with 4500 lbs. of jerked venison and pemmican by Rae, he descended the Mackenzie in one of the Plover's boats and a barge of the Hudson's Bay Company. The season of 1850 proved more severe, however, than that of the previous year; he found the sea from the Mackenzie to Cape Bathurst covered with unbroken ice, a small channel only existing in shore, through which he threaded his way to the vicinity of the Cape. Failing in finding a passage out to sea to the north of Cape Bathurst, he remained in its vicinity, watching the ice for an opening, until the approach of winter compelled him to return to the Mackenzie. He had reached the sea on the 22nd of July, and he did not quit it till the 1st of September. As he ascended the Mackenzie, ice was driving rapidly down. 'It was one continued drift of ice and heavy snow-storms.' He reached Fort Simpson on the 5th October, and arrived in England to take the command of the North Star, and join in the expedition under Sir E. Belcher.

To conclude here the researches from the North American coast—Mr. Rae left Fort Confidence, on the Coppermine, April the 25th, 1851, with four men and three sledges drawn by dogs. He reached the coast on the 1st of May, and found the ice favourable for travelling. On the 5th he landed at Douglas Island, and on the 7th gained the opposite shore. Traversing it to the east, until he reached 110° W. long., where his survey met that of Dease and Simpson, he retraced his steps, and advanced west until he turned Cape Baring, past lat. 70°, and long. 117° W. From some elevated ground in this neighbourhood high land could be seen to the north, but none was visible to the west. He got back to his provision station on the Kendal River upon the 10th June, having travelled 824 geographical or

Digitized by Google

942 English miles in forty days. In this lengthened journey his arrangements were much the same as during his survey of Committee Bay. He slept in snow houses, and, as he advanced, buried provisions to serve for his return. In the months of July and August he explored the coast of Victoria Land, east and north, in boats. His delineation of the land to Point Pelly, on the western shore of Victoria Strait, is carefully laid down in Arrowsmith's map. That red line, marking every indentation of the coast, from the 101st to the 117th degrees of latitude, accomplished with limited means in a single season, is an achievement of which any officer might well be proud. On this newly discovered coast he met many parties of Esquimaux; but his inquiries as to the grand subject were all fruitless. The American coast has now been diligently examined, from the entrance of Behring's Strait to the head of Hudson's Bay; and we may, therefore, surely conclude that Franklin never reached so low a latitude.

On the side of Baffin's Bay the search was prosecuted by no less than eleven vessels in 1850. The expedition under Captain Austin consisted of the Resolute and Assistance, with their steam-tenders the Pioneer and Intrepid. He was instructed that his main object should be to reach Melville Island—detaching vessels to examine Wellington Channel and the coast about Cape Walker, 'to which point Sir John Franklin was ordered to proceed.' At the same time—much having been said about the probable advantage of employing old professional whalesmen—Mr. William Penny, long experienced in the northern fishery, was empowered by Government to purchase two small brigs, adapted for the service they were to perform. All arrangements were left to himself, and he had the choice of his own officers. But, clumsily enough, instead of distinct objects being assigned him, his instructions were substantially the same as those given to Austin. Penny's ships sailed on the 15th April, 1850, and Austin's on the 4th of May following. The Prince Albert was purchased and equipped by public subscription, Lady Franklin being a principal contributor. Its special object was to search the shores of Boothia Gulf, it being thought possible that traces of Franklin might be found in that direction, as he was ignorant of the complete survey of the bottom of the gulf by Rae, and might have imagined that a passage thence, as was generally surmised when he sailed, led into the Polar Sea. The Felix, commanded by Sir John Ross, was equipped by subscription, under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company. An American expedition of two schooners, fitted out by Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, was to pass through Lancaster

Digitized by Google

caster Sound, and push to the west. Lastly, the North Star, sent out the previous year, to recruit the Enterprise and Investigator, remained in the Arctic Sea with a large quantity of available stores. These vessels, though sailing at different times, were all stopped by the middle ice of Baffin's Bay, and got through it at nearly the same period.

The first traces of the missing ships were discovered by Captain Ommaney, in the Assistance, at Cape Riley, on 23d August. He found sundry pieces of rag, rope, and broken bottles, and also the marks of five tent-places. This Cape is a point at the eastern entrance of Wellington Channel; about three miles west of it rises the bold abrupt coast of Beechey Island; and between the shores of this isle and the mainland lies a bay to which extraordinary interest is now attached. On its coast were observed numerous sledge-tracks, and at Cape Spencer, about ten miles from Cape Riley, up Wellington Channel, the party discovered the ground-place of a tent, the floor neatly paved with small smooth stones.

'Around the tent a number of birds' bones, as well as remnants of meat-canisters, led Mr. Penny to imagine that it had been inhabited for some time as a shooting station and a look-out place, for which latter purpose it was admirably chosen, commanding a good view of Barrow's Strait and Wellington Channel.'—*Osborn*, p. 102.

Some sledge-tracks led northward for about twenty miles, but the trail ceased south of Cape Bowden, and an empty bottle and a piece of newspaper were the last things found. The results of examining Beechey Island must be given in more detail. Lieutenant Osborn says—

'A long point of land slopes gradually from the southern bluffs of this now deeply-interesting island, until it almost connects itself with the land of North Devon, forming on either side of it two good and commodious bays. On this slope a multitude of preserved meat-tins were strewed about; and near them, and on the ridge of the slope, a carefully-constructed cairn was discovered; it consisted of layers of fitted tins, filled with gravel, and placed to form a firm and solid foundation. Beyond this, and along the northern shore of Beechey Island, the following traces were then quickly discovered: the embankment of a house, with carpenters' and armourers' working-places, washing-tubs, coal-bags, pieces of old clothing, rope—and, lastly, the graves of three of the crew of the Erebus and Terror—bearing date of the winter of 1845-6. *We therefore now had ascertained the first winter-quarters of Sir John Franklin.*

'On the eastern slope of the ridge of Beechey Island a remnant of a garden (for remnant it now only was, having been dug up in the search) told an interesting tale: its neatly shaped oval outline—the border carefully formed of moss lichen, poppies, and anemonies, transplanted from some more genial part of this dreary region—contrived

Digitized by Google

still to show symptoms of vitality; but the seeds which doubtless they had sowed in the garden had decayed away. Nearer to the beach, a heap of cinders and scraps of iron showed the armourers' working-place; and along an old water-course, now chained up by frost, several tubs, constructed of the ends of salt-meat casks, left no doubt as to the washing-places of the men of Franklin's squadron. Happening to cross a level piece of ground, which as yet no one had lighted upon, I was pleased to see a pair of Cashmere gloves laid out to dry, with two small stones on the palms to prevent their blowing away: they had been there since 1846. I took them up carefully, as melancholy mementoes of my missing friends. In another spot a flannel was discovered; and this, together with some things lying about, would, in my ignorance of wintering in the Arctic regions, have led me to suppose that there was considerable haste displayed in the departure of the Erebus and Terror from this spot, had not Capt. Austin assured me that there was nothing to ground such a belief upon, and that, from experience, he could vouch for these being nothing more than the ordinary traces of a winter station; and this opinion was fully borne out by those officers who had in the previous year wintered in Port Leopold, one of them asserting that people left winter-quarters too well pleased to escape, to care much for a handful of shavings, an old coal-bag, or a washing-tub. This I, from experience, now know to be true.'—*Osborn*, pp. 107–110.

From a number of minute facts, it was not difficult to assign the place where the ships must have lain through the winter: they were so stationed, Osborn says, as to be

'effectually removed from all risk of being swept out of the bay—which, by the by, from the fact of the enclosed area being many times broader than the entrance of Erebus and Terror Bay, was about as probable as any stout gentleman being blown out of a house through the keyhole.'

The most interesting traces of winter residence were the graves of Franklin's three seamen. The following description is in all respects creditable to Mr. Osborn:—

'The graves, like all that English seamen construct, were scrupulously neat. Go where you will over the globe's surface—afar in the east, or afar in the west, down among the coral-girded isles of the South Sea, or here, where the grim North frowns on the sailor's grave—you will always find it alike; it is the monument raised by rough hands but affectionate hearts over the last home of their messmate; it breathes of the quiet churchyard in some of England's many nooks, where each had formed his idea of what was due to departed worth; and the ornaments that Nature decks herself with, even in the desolation of the frozen zone, were carefully culled to mark the dead seaman's home. The good taste of the officers had prevented the general simplicity of an oaken head and foot board to each of the three graves being marred by any long and childish epitaphs, or the doggrel of a lower-deck poet, and the three inscriptions were as follows:—

"Sacred

Digitized by Google

"Sacred to the memory of J. Torrington, who departed this life January 1st, 1846, on board of H.M.S. Terror, aged 20 years."

"Sacred to the memory of Wm. Braine, R.M., of H.M.S. Erebus, died April 3rd, 1846, aged 32 years. *Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.*—Josh. xxiv. 15."

"Sacred to the memory of J. Hartwell, A.B., of H.M.S. Erebus, died January 4th, 1846, aged 25 years. *Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, consider your ways.*—Haggai i. 7."

'I thought I traced in the epitaphs over the graves of the men from the Erebus the manly and Christian spirit of Franklin. In the true spirit of chivalry, he, their captain and leader, led them amidst dangers and unknown difficulties with iron will stamped upon his brow, but the words of meekness, gentleness, and truth were his device.'—*Ibid.*, p. 111.

With this discovery the work of the ships for the season may be said to have closed. Wellington Channel, as far as vision extended, presented a continuous sheet of ice, much of it, as we learn from Dr. Sutherland and other experienced persons, appearing 'to be at least three years old.' (ii. 124.) In mid-channel of Barrow's Strait, at the same time (Aug. 25), the pack was seen to westward, but

'the sea was as smooth as oil; and thousands of seals, in which one could distinguish three species—the ocean or Greenland seal, the bearded seal, and the common seal—were seen taking their pastime in the water. White whales were also seen in great abundance.'—*Sutherland*, i. 293.

Osborn also dwells upon the enormous shoals of white whales—the water appearing as if filled with them; he states that eleven bears were seen, and that large flights of wild fowl came down Wellington Channel. By the middle of September Austin's ships were fast fixed in the ice, in the channel between Griffith's Island and Cornwallis Land, and here they were secured as well as might be for the winter. Penny made his ships fast in Assistance Harbour, on the south coast of Cornwallis Land, about 20 miles east of Austin's station; and here, also, Sir John Ross, in the Felix, wintered.

The other ships turned homewards. The North Star left her winter-quarters in Wolstenholme Sound on the 3rd of August, and reached Port Leopold on the 12th. Being unable, however, from the ice to land her stores there, she deposited them at Admiralty Inlet, where, as we have seen, Sir E. Belcher was unable to find any trace of them.

The American expedition made a most singular sweep. Lieut. de Haven parted company with the other searching vessels on the 13th of September off Griffith's Island. But the frost had already set in, and, snow having fallen, the sea was covered with a tenacious

Digitized by Google

a tenacious coating through which it was impossible for the vessels to force their way. As the ice about them thickened they became entirely at the mercy of the winds and currents. To the astonishment of all on board, they were carried directly up Wellington Channel. Here, drifting about as the wind varied, they came, on the 22nd of September, in sight of that island which in our charts is named Baillie Hamilton. To the north-west was distinctly seen the cloud of 'frost-smoke,' indicative of open water, and signs of animal life became more abundant. For the remainder of September the vessels were nearly stationary:—throughout October and November again they were drifted to and fro by the changing wind, but never passing out of Wellington Channel. On the 1st of November the new ice was upwards of three feet thick.

'Still frequent breaks would occur in it, often in fearful proximity to the vessels. Hummocks, consisting of massive granite-like blocks, would be thrown up to the height of twenty and even thirty feet. This action in the ice was accompanied with a variety of sounds impossible to be described, but which never failed to carry a feeling of awe into the stoutest hearts.'—*De Haven's Report.*

By the beginning of December the ships were carried down the Channel, and entered Lancaster Sound. Westerly winds now prevailing, the vast field of ice, with the imprisoned ships, slowly drifted to the mouth of the Sound. In January they were fairly launched in Baffin's Bay, and a steady drift commenced to the southward, the vessels being carried along with the whole vast body of ice. On the 19th of May Cape Serle was descried, being the first land seen for four months; a few days later Cape Walsingham was visible, and the ships passed out of the Arctic zone. On the 6th of June, the whole immense floe in which they had been inextricably locked for nearly nine months was rent in all directions, without violence or noise, leaving not a piece exceeding 100 yards in diameter. Thenceforth the vessels were free, and in due time safely reached New York. During the winter, the occupations and amusements most suitable for preserving the crews in health had been persevered in—but sledges and boats with stores were always ready in case of accident, each man being furnished with a bundle of clothes which he could catch up at a moment's notice.

From this extraordinary sweep we must conclude that the barrier of ice across Wellington Channel, apparently fixed firmly to the land on either side, was really in continual motion. It seems to have been obedient to the wind rather than to any settled current. Of these facts our ships, safe in their winter-quarters, were entirely ignorant; and when, so late as the 12th of August

Digitized by Google

August in the following season, they still saw the entrance of the Channel firmly closed against them by solid ice, we cannot feel surprised at their supposing it to have remained unmoved since the first day of their arrival. Here the principal business of the winter was preparation for the spring journeys. Amusements were not neglected; there were plays and masquerades; the general health of all the men was good; and we have more than one admission that throughout the long winter 'hardships there were none.'

The arrangements for the sledging parties were in both expeditions very complete. Every provision was made for the health and comfort of the men, and whoever glances into the blue-books will acknowledge that Austin most thoroughly fulfilled the duties of a skilful and humane commander. By an arrangement with Penny, made as early as 17th October, 1850, the latter undertook the complete 'search of Wellington Strait,' while Austin's detachments were to examine the shores north and south of Barrow's Strait. The coasts newly explored by these parties are laid down in the charts of Arrowsmith and the Admiralty. We confine our notice to the three routes which it seemed most likely Franklin might have taken:—to the west by Melville Island, to the south-west by Cape Walker, and to the north-west by Wellington Channel.

Of all Austin's parties that under Lieutenant M'Clintock was most ably and successfully conducted. He left the ships on the 15th of April, and taking a course due west, reached Point Griffith on the eastern shore of Melville Island on the 11th of May. On the 21st he sighted Winter Harbour, but there being neither ships, tents, nor any sign of human habitation to be seen, he deferred any close scrutiny of it until his return. By the 27th of May he had reached Cape Dundas at the western extremity of Melville Island, and on the following day, ascending a high cliff, made out the coast of Banks' Land.

'Its eastern extreme was indistinct; but its western extreme terminated abruptly. Banks' Land appears to be very lofty, with steep cliffs and large ravines, as about Cape Dundas. I could make out the ravines and snow-patches distinctly with my glass.'—*M'Clintock's Report.*

To the north of Banks' Land, at a distance from it of about seventy miles, he discovered a range of land apparently running nearly due west. 'This does not present steep cliffs, but a bold and deeply indented coast; the land rising to the interior, and intersected by valleys rather than ravines.' The sea he imagined to continue to the westward. Following the coast of Melville Island to the north-east, he entered Liddon Gulf, and here saw fragments of coal of good quality. Leaving

Digitized by Google

ing the shore, he crossed the Gulf to gain Bushnan Cove, where Parry in his journey across the island in 1820 had left the 'strong but light cart,' in which he had carried his tent and stores. On the 1st of June M'Clintock reached the west point of the Cove, and, leaving two men to prepare supper, he commenced a search with four others for Parry's encampment of the 11th of June, 1820:—

'On reaching the ravine leading into the cove, we spread across, and walked up, and easily found the encampment, although the pole had fallen down. The very accurate report published of his journey saved us much labour in finding the tin cylinder and ammunition. The crevices between the stones piled over them were filled with ice and snow; the powder completely destroyed, and cylinder eaten through with rust, and filled with ice. From the extreme difficulty of descending into such a ravine with any vehicle, I supposed that the most direct route where all seemed equally bad was selected, therefore sent the men directly up its northern bank in search of the wheels which were left where the cart broke down. They fortunately found them at once; erected a cairn about the remains of the wall built to shelter the tent; placed a record on it in one tin case within another. We then collected a few relics of our predecessors, and returned with the remains of the cart to our encampment. An excellent fire had been made with willow stems, and upon this a kettle, containing Parry's cylinder, was placed. As soon as the ice was thawed out of it, the record it contained was carefully taken out. I could only just distinguish the date. Had it been in a better state of preservation I would have restored it to its lonely position.'—*Ibid.*

As the weather was misty, M'Clintock did not explore the head of the gulf, but struck directly across the land for Winter Harbour. It was evident that no one had visited the place since Parry's departure in 1820. The inscription cut upon the face of the sandstone rock by Mr. Fisher appeared quite fresh. A hare, discovered at the foot of this rock, was so tame that she entered the tent, and would almost allow the men to touch her.

'I have never seen any animal in its natural state so perfectly fearless of man; and there cannot be a more convincing proof that our missing countrymen have not been here. A ptarmigan alighted on the rock, and was shot, without in the least disturbing puss as she sat beneath it.'—*Ibid.*

On the 6th of June M'Clintock left Winter Harbour, and reached the ships on the 4th of July. The latter part of his journey was fatiguing, from the extensive pools of water in the ice, but all his men arrived in excellent health and spirits. He was out 80 days, and had travelled 770 miles. Several rein-deer, musk-oxen, and bears were shot, besides numerous birds—and the

Digitized by Google

the food thus obtained was of very material importance to the people. This journey made it certain that Franklin had not passed west of the Parry Islands.

The expedition under Captain Ommaney and Lieut. Osborn south-west of Cape Walker determined nothing. The cape was found to be the north-eastern extremity of an island, separated from the continent by a narrow channel. Beyond the cape the coast swept round to the south, until interrupted by a bay about 20 miles wide. While Ommaney proceeded to examine the shores of this bay Osborn struck across it, and making the land again, which still trended southerly, he followed it some miles further, and then travelled a few miles across the sea to the west. But, after a short journey, finding the ice exceedingly hummocky, he retraced his steps. From his farthest point he saw a continuation of land to the south, but could perceive neither land nor loom of land to the west or south-west. As the weather was clear, and he had a good spy-glass, and as moreover he had advanced westward fifteen miles from the coast, his view must have extended a considerable distance. Both Ommaney and Osborn are clear that the coast they traversed could never be navigable for ships. Shoals extended for a considerable distance into the sea; the water, to the depth of several feet in-shore, was frozen to the bottom, and enormous masses of ice were thrown up on the floe by pressure, and grounded on the strand. But the question is—not whether that particular coast was navigable, but—whether there was any reason to suppose that a navigable sea existed between the shore they followed to the south, and the nearest coast to the west yet discovered (Banks' Land)—a distance of 200 miles at least. Lieut. Osborn had never been among ice before; with more experience he would have known that the enormous blocks he saw aground and on the floe surely indicated motion at some time. It is common enough to find coasts fast bound with ice, even in the open season, while open water exists some miles off. Thus Parry tells us that he found Prince Leopold's Islands 'encumbered with ice to the distance of four or five miles all round them, while the strait was generally as clear and navigable as any part of the Atlantic.' Before the last Committee, M'Clintock stated that there was no appearance of the sea being navigable west of Melville Island—and then followed some questions by Parry:—

'*Sir E. Parry.*—Does that remark apply to the whole of the ice to the southward of Melville Island? *M'Clintock.*—No. *Parry.*—State whereabouts in your opinion it was likely to be navigable to the south of Melville Island. *M'Clintock.*—I think to the east of Winter Harbour.

Digitized by Google

Harbour. *Parry.*—Then you think a ship could probably get to the southward and westward more easily to the eastward of Winter Harbour than by going on to the west part of Melville Island? *M'Clintock.*—Yes.'

When Parry himself was off the east end of Melville Island, he found his soundings uniformly increase as he went to the south. 'In standing to the southward, we had gradually deepened the soundings to 105 fathoms.' Here is proof of deep water in the direction Franklin was ordered to take; nor is there any evidence to show that there may not be, at certain seasons, a navigable sea to the south, which may lead, as M'Clintock supposes, far to the west of the Parry group.

Of Penny's parties one followed the western and the other the eastern side of Wellington Channel, until both were stopped by reaching open water. Captain Stewart, on the east, or rather north side of the channel, reached Cape Becher 30th May; from hence he could see water washing the land all along, with much broke-up ice in the offing. Mr. Goodsir, on the opposite shore, first saw open water from Disappointment Bay on the 20th of May. To the west an open channel appeared. Penny himself, traversing the channel from south to north, reached the islands which divide the strait into three narrow channels. From Point Surprise, on the north of Baillie Hamilton island, he beheld a vast expanse of open water, and here, he tells us, 'the expression that escaped me was, "No one will ever reach Sir John Franklin; here we are, and no traces are to be found;" so we returned to the sledges very much disappointed.' (*Suth.* ii. 132.) Determining to prosecute the search further in a boat, he returned to the ships with all speed, and succeeded in getting a boat to the edge of the water by the 17th of June, but a succession of contrary gales prevented him after all from getting further than Baring Island — though there was open water to the north-west. He got back to his ships on the 25th of July.

Towards the close of June the ice in Barrow's Strait broke up. Mr. Stewart, under date of the 27th, writes:—'I went to the land, and ascended the hill, and then saw that the ice in Barrow's Strait was all adrift and broken up, to the utmost limits of vision assisted by a telescope.' On the 10th of July, as we learn from Osborn—

'Not a particle of ice was to be seen east or west in Barrow's Strait, except between Griffith's Island and Cape Martyr, where, some ten miles from the water, and in the centre of a fixed floe, our unlucky squadron was jammed. Everywhere else a clear sea spread itself, sparkling and breaking under a fresh southerly breeze.'

Surely this must have taught our young lieutenant that it was very

Digitized by Google

very possible for a navigable sea to exist, at some miles' distance from an ice-bound coast. It was August before the ships were free. Captain Austin then addressed an official note to Penny, distinctly asking 'whether you consider that the search of Wellington Strait, made by the expedition under your charge, is so far satisfactory as to render a further prosecution in that direction, if practicable, unnecessary.' The reply was—

'*Assistance Bay, 11th August*, 1851.

'Sir,—Your question is easily answered. My opinion is, Wellington Channel requires no further search. All has been done in the power of man to accomplish, and no trace has been found. What else can be done? I have, &c.—William Penny.'

The following day Penny put to sea. The entrance of Wellington Channel was then full of heavy ice, nor did there appear any probability that it would break up that season. Penny states that he now determined to get home before the other ships.

'When I saw Sir John Ross taken in tow by Captain Austin, from this moment I was determined I should go home before him, and had great cause to be satisfied with the decision, for I had every reason to suppose that disrepute would be thrown upon what we had done, and I told this to my officers.'—*Penny's Evidence.*

Pushing forward with all speed, Penny arrived in London on the 12th of September. Austin's ships explored the entrances of Jones's Sound and Smith's Sound, and did not reach home for a fortnight or three weeks later. In the mean time Mr. Penny addressed a letter to the Admiralty, asserting his conviction that the missing expedition had gone up Wellington Channel, and that 'its course should be therein followed with the utmost energy, determination, and despatch.' This suggestion was so contrary to the spirit of his note to Austin on the 11th of August, that he was called on by the Admiralty to transmit a copy of his official correspondence. In place of doing so, he made statements to the effect that he had entreated Captain Austin to give him a steamer to make an effort to get up Wellington Channel, and that his last words to Austin were 'Go up Wellington Channel, sir, and you will do good service to the cause.' As the result of these, and other statements of a like kind, a committee of Arctic officers was appointed to inquire into the circumstances. They properly came to the conclusion that Captain Austin could put only one construction on Mr. Penny's letters, and would not have been justified in commencing a fresh search in a direction concerning which he naturally considered himself to have received the most authentic information.

At the time when open water was discovered high up Wellington

Digitized by Google

lington Channel the sea in every other direction was covered with solid ice. The fact is remarkable, whatever conclusion may be drawn from it. The prevalent opinion seems to be that Franklin, having learnt at his winter-quarters the existence of this open water, thenceforth directed all his energies to meet it, and succeeded in the attempt. There are, however, not inconsiderable difficulties in the way of this supposition. Be it conceded that in the summer of 1846 Franklin found the entrance of the channel open, and knew of the sea beyond it, does it follow, as matter of certainty, that he would take that course? The mere fact of a prospect of open water to the north might not appear to him of much importance, as it is commonly found throughout the winter at the head of Baffin's Bay and in gulfs on the coast of Greenland, where the tide, as in Wellington Channel, runs high and sets strongly. We know that Sir John Barrow warned Franklin and his officers against attempting Wellington Channel—not because it might be closed, but because

'as far as experience went, it was always entirely free from ice—no one venturing to conjecture to what extent it might go, or into what difficulties it might lead.'—*Mangles*, 37, 38.

We have seen what his Instructions were; and Richardson observes:—

'It is admitted by all who are intimately acquainted with Sir John Franklin, that his first endeavour would be to act up to the letter of his Instructions.'

Sir F. Beaufort says, 'he was not a man to treat his orders with levity;' and such is the testimony of all the important witnesses. It is only on the supposition that Franklin found it impossible to penetrate to the south-west that any of his friends imagine he might have tried Wellington Channel.

Setting aside all gossiping communication, usually a fertile source of error, and oftener supplied by imagination than by memory, we are not without decisive evidence of Franklin's real opinion. In the Diary of Fitzjames there is, under date of June 6, 1845, one very remarkable passage:—

'At dinner to-day Sir John gave us a pleasant account of his expectations of being able to *get through the ice on the coast of America*, and his *disbelief in the idea that there is open sea to the northward*. He also said he believed it possible to reach the pole over the ice by wintering at Spitzbergen, and going in the spring, before the ice broke up and drifted to the south, as it did with Parry on it.'—*Mangles*, 78.

To our mind these words are conclusive as to Franklin's hopes and

Digitized by Google

and intentions. In his second journey to the Mackenzie river, 1825-6, he himself writes that from the summit of Garry Island 'the sea appeared in all its majesty, entirely free from ice, and without any *visible obstruction to its navigation*, and never was a prospect more gratifying than that which lay open to us.'

Then he had ardently wished for a ship in which he could leave that shallow shore, and steer direct for Behring's Strait. It was this sea which he was instructed to reach, and which there seemed every probability of his reaching by pushing to the south-west between 100° and 110° W. long. It was greatly in favour of his attempting this passage that, even should he meet with obstructions, he might reasonably hope to reach the North American shore by boats, or by a journey across the ice, and thus connect the discoveries of Parry with his own.

Fairly stated the case stands thus:—On the supposition that he ascended the Channel, we must suppose either that he disobeyed the Admiralty orders (which all who know him agree he would not do), or that he tried to penetrate to the south-west before he entered his winter harbour or immediately on quitting it. Could he have made the attempt in 1845? He left Disco Island on the 12th July, and at the close of that month was struggling with the middle ice in Baffin's Bay. He had himself, as we learn from Fitzjames, a perfect knowledge of the difficulty there would be in getting to Lancaster Sound:—

'Parry was fortunate enough, in his first voyage, to sail right across in nine or ten days,—a thing unheard of before or since. In his next voyage he was fifty-four days toiling through fields of ice, and did not get in till September—yet Lancaster Sound is the point we look to as *the beginning of our work*.'

Now, progress from Disco Island to Lancaster Sound took Ross (Sir John) in his first voyage from 17th June to 30th August. Sir James Ross, in 1848, was from 20th July to 20th August, struggling through the middle ice, and did not reach Cape Yorke till 1st September. Penny's ships were at Disco Island May 3rd, 1850, and did not reach Beechey Island till 26th August. To make the same distance took Mr. Kennedy, in 1851, from the commencement of July till the 4th September, and Sir E. Belcher, in the remarkably open season of 1852, from June 12th to August 11th. It is not probable that Franklin could have reached Barrow's Strait until the end of August or beginning of September; and it is hardly conceivable that he could that season have satisfied himself that there was no passage to the south-west—more especially as he must have taken up his station early, and before young ice began to form.

Shall

Digitized by Google

Shall we suppose, then, that, on getting out of harbour, he advanced to the south-west, and, baffled in his efforts, returned to Wellington Channel? The absence of any signals on the shore either way must go far to negative the idea; and it is more than doubtful whether the two months of an Arctic summer would suffice for such an exploration. Wellington Channel is intricate, and, for ships of the size of the Erebus and Terror, would require great caution. Penny states that—

'the fearful rate the tide runs (not less than six knots) through the sounds that divide the Channel renders it dangerous even for a boat, *much more so a ship*, unless clear of ice, which, from the appearance of the ice here, will not be clear this season.'

The experienced Abernethy says:—

'Wellington Strait is a dangerous navigable passage, the ice flowing about with the tide. It would not be safe for a ship to go up there.'

Lieut. Aldrich conceived there must be 'vast difficulty in navigating the Strait;' and Captain Austin observes that the navigation of the Channel must be 'very critical, *as all narrow straits in icy seas are.*' We do not quote these statements as evidence that the Strait cannot be navigated, for Sir E. Belcher has settled that question; but to prove how unlikely it is that the Channel could be passed through rapidly. On the supposition that Franklin went up it, how are we to account for the absence of cairns or flag-staffs, which would show he had visited, or taken possession of, the newly-found land?—for no shores have been so minutely explored as these.

In our total ignorance of the geography of that region which Franklin was directed to examine, it would be rash to speculate on the difficulties into which an opening to the south-west might lead. Before Lancaster Sound was explored, no one could have supposed that it would open out so many intricate channels, or display that intermingling of land and sea on either side north and south, which the skill of our best navigators for the last thirty years has failed to make more than imperfectly known. Franklin's ships may have been, as the Fury was, forced ashore in some narrow ice-choked channel far to the west, or they may have been caught in the bottom of some gulf from which they have been unable to escape. Between him and the American continent there may be mountainous land, and immense fields of that peculiar sharp-pointed ice which Kellett says it would be impossible to traverse by any exertion or contrivance. He describes it as

'very much broken, or rough, with pinnacles of considerable height. Travelling

Digitized by Google

Travelling over it for any distance is, I should say, impossible; many of the floes are nearly covered with water, the mirage from which distorted objects in the most extraordinary way.'

In the same way Pullen gives it as his opinion that there would be no possibility of reaching the North American coast across the heavy hummocky ice he saw to the north. We are constrained, indeed, to admit that the fact of no trace of Franklin having as yet been found furnishes a strong presumption that he is no longer in existence; but we say that that fact alone is not stronger against his having taken a south-west than a north-west course, as the one might have led him into as great peril as the other, and as completely have deprived him of the possibility of communicating with any point where he might hope for assistance.

We are not ignorant of what may be urged on the other side: that the most experienced Arctic navigators hug the *northern* shore; that—in spite of the evidence of Dr. Sutherland and others as to the usually later breaking up of the ice in Wellington Channel—Franklin might have met with an impenetrable barrier of ice to the west, while the entrance of that Channel was open;* and that Parry in his first voyage in vain attempted to find an opening in the ice to the south. Our argument is not that Franklin must have taken any one particular course, but only that, so long as the space between 104° and 116° W. long. is unexplored, it cannot be said that Franklin has been fairly sought in the direction he was ordered to pursue.

The search was maintained by one vessel only in the following year. The Prince Albert, which returned home in 1850, after her unsuccessful cruise, was refitted, and sailed early in 1851, under command of Mr. William Kennedy, who has published a short and sensible narrative of his voyage. M. Bellot, a lieutenant in the French navy, joined as a volunteer, and his generous ardour and lively spirits seem to have contributed greatly to the efficiency of the expedition. Kennedy wintered at Batty Bay, on the west side of Regent's Inlet. In his spring journey of 1852 he showed what it was in the power of a really intrepid traveller to accomplish. Following the coast to the south, he found a channel in Brentford Bay leading westward. Traversing this channel he came again upon the sea, thus proving North Somerset to be a large island. On his right, to the north, the land appeared continuous. By Lieut. Browne's examination of Peel's Sound (or Ommaney Inlet) from Barrow's Strait, we were led to suppose that it was only a gulf, which

* Dr. Sutherland, when asked by Sir E. Parry whether it was his opinion that the ice broke up sooner in the direction of Cape Walker than at the entrance of Wellington Channel, replied, 'Yes; two months sooner.'

would

Digitized by Google

would so far correspond with Mr. Kennedy's observation. As an open sea appeared to the south, it is not unreasonably conjectured that it may be continued to the Victoria Strait of Rae; in that case the narrow channel of Brentford Bay would prove that at least one south-west passage existed. Continuing his course nearly west, until he passed 100° west long., he turned to the north, struck the sea at that point reached by Capt. Ommaney in exploring the bay which bears his name, then turned to the east and to the north till he reached Cape Walker, returning to his ship by the north shore of North Somerset, having successfully performed a journey of eleven hundred miles and been absent from the ship for ninety-seven days! During the whole time they knew no other shelter than the snow-houses they threw up at each resting-place.

In his modest narrative Mr. Kennedy describes the general order of his arrangements. His party, including M. Bellot and himself, consisted of six persons. Their luggage and stores were borne on sleighs made after the Indian fashion, five Esquimaux dogs very materially assisting in their draught. Without the aid, indeed, of these much-enduring animals so long a journey could scarcely have been performed; and, as nothing came amiss to them in the way of food, it being found that 'they throve wonderfully on old leather shoes and fag-ends of buffalo-robes,' the sleighs were not much burdened by care for their provision. With a little practice all hands became expert in the erection of snow-houses, which presented

'a dome-shaped structure, out of which you have only to cut a small hole for a door, to find yourself within a very light, comfortable-looking bee-hive on a large scale, in which you can bid defiance to wind and weather. Any chinks between the blocks are filled up with loose snow with the hand from the outside; as these are best detected from within, a man is usually sent in to drive a thin rod through the spot where he discovers a chink, which is immediately plastered over by some one from without, till the whole house is as air-tight as an egg.'—*Narrative*, 78, 79.

As respects their provision, they were materially indebted to the old treasures of the Fury, which they found 'not only in the best preservation, but much superior in quality, after thirty years of exposure to the weather, to some of our own stores and those supplied to the other Arctic expeditions.'* While travelling they had a cup of hot tea night and morning—'a luxury they

* On a strict and careful survey, made last July, of the preserved meats, 10,570 lbs., in tin canisters, supplied to the Plover, they were found 'in a pulpy, decayed, and putrid state, totally unfit for men's food.' The whole were thrown into the sea, as a nuisance. It is much to be feared that Franklin's preserved meats may have been of no better quality.

would

Digitized by Google

would not have exchanged for the mines of Ophir.' A gill and a half of spirits of wine boiled a pint of water. When detained by bad weather they had but one meal daily, and took ice with their biscuit and pemmican to save fuel. On the 15th of May they reached Whaler Point, and here stopped a week to recruit; all suffering much from scurvy. At this early period Regent's Inlet and Barrow's Strait were free from ice as far as the eye could reach. In a notice left at Whaler Point it was said 'Cape Walker was carefully examined, but bore no evidence whatever of its having been visited by Europeans.' Now, as the large cairns, formed by the parties of Ommaney and Osborn the previous spring, could thus be overlooked, might not signals erected by Franklin have been equally undistinguishable amid the deep snow which enveloped this bleak and rugged coast?

By the 30th of May the travellers were back at Batty Bay, where all had gone on well; but it was not until the 6th of August that the ship, by sawing and blasting, could be got clear of the ice. On the 19th of August Kennedy reached Beechey Island, where he had the satisfaction of finding the North Star engaged in sawing into winter quarters.—The expedition of Sir E. Belcher—consisting of the two brigs and their attendant steamers previously commanded by Austin, with the North Star as a depôt-ship—had left the Thames on the 21st of April, and arrived at Beechey Island on the 10th of August. The season was remarkably open; Wellington Channel and Barrow Strait were equally clear of ice: on the 14th of August Sir E. Belcher (with a ship and a steamer) stood up the Channel, and the following day Captain Kellett (with the other brig and steamer) sailed in open water for Melville Island.—From the North Star Mr. Kennedy received despatches for England. He would gladly have remained out another season, but, as his men were bent on returning, he was compelled to relinquish his design, and bring his ship home.

A fortnight after his departure, Captain Inglefield, in the Isabel screw-steamer, communicated with the North Star. The Isabel had been purchased by Lady Franklin, with assistance from the Geographical Society and others. In her Captain Inglefield quitted England on the 6th of July last; coasted the northern shores of Baffin's Bay; advanced much further up Whale Sound than any previous navigator, finding as he proceeded an immense expanse of open water; ran a considerable distance up Smith's Sound and Jones's Sound without discovering any opposing land; and then made for Beechey Island, which he reached on the 7th of September. It is the opinion of this skilful observer that all the three great sounds at the head of Baffin's Bay are channels leading into the Polar Ocean. It is

Digitized by Google

to be regretted that, in so favourable a season, he had not the opportunity of determining this question, with regard to one of them at least. But, on the whole, considering the limited time at his disposal—his whole voyage lasting but four months—he must be allowed to have exerted himself very laudably.

The last parliamentary paper prints the intelligence received from Behring's Strait to the end of August, 1852. Commander Maguire, who was sent out to relieve Captain Moore in the Plover, arrived at Port Clarence on the 30th of June. The crew, with the exception of some frost-bites, were well, and had behaved admirably. Constant intercourse had been kept up with the natives, but no tidings had been heard as to any subject of anxiety. The Plover, under her new commander, put to sea on the 12th of July, and arrived at Icy Cape on the 19th, whence Maguire proceeded in a boat to Point Barrow to take soundings for anchorage. In his last despatch, 20th August, he intimates his expectation that he shall be able to place the Plover in winter quarters there about the beginning of September. He much advises that *a steamer* should be sent out to open a communication with him; and, considering how strongly a vessel of this kind has been recommended for the service by Admiral Beaufort and other high authorities, we are quite at a loss to understand why one was not sent out in place of the Rattlesnake recently despatched.

Mr. Kennedy is about to depart in the Isabel for Behring's Sea. Lady Franklin, aided by 1000*l.* subscribed by some generous friends in Van Diemen's Land, who gratefully remember Sir John's rule, will again be at the charge of the expedition. The Isabel will be provisioned for four years. Mr. Kennedy hopes he shall be able to pass the strait this year, and take up a position for the winter somewhere near Point Barrow, whence in the winter and spring he might explore to the north and east, in the direction of Melville Island and Banks' Land. Captain Inglefield, in the Phœnix steam-sloop, will start this spring for Beechey Island, accompanied by a store-ship containing an ample supply of provisions. A new expedition is also, we observe, to be fitted out by the beneficent Mr. Grinnell, of New York.

The present state of the search then is this:—Sir E. Belcher is engaged in a survey of Wellington, while Captain Kellett is probably safely anchored in Winter Habour, the old quarters of Parry. Each has a well-stored ship, with an attendant steamer; while the North Star, within reach no doubt of parties from either vessel, remains in Franklin's harbourage at Beechey Island. On the Pacific side, the Plover, we may presume, is

Digitized by Google

is advanced to Point Barrow. We have no intelligence of M'Clure since, under a press of canvas, he stood for the pack-ice off Icy Cape, in August, 1850; nor from Collinson since he passed Behring's Strait in July of the following year. Our consul at Panama indeed writes that Collinson had been spoken by some whalers, but, without details, we know not what credit is to be attached to the report. M'Clure supposed he should be able to reach England by way of Barrow's Strait some time in this year, either by navigating his vessel through the unknown sea which stretches north of the American continent, or by quitting his ship and making for Melville Island, or some point nearer home. Stirring tidings of some kind will most likely reach us in the course of a few months. The search, so long and so ardently prosecuted, continues not only to interest the scientific and enterprising, but to carry with it the sympathies of the whole nation. The public mind is made up that the fate of the missing ships shall be determined, if human energy can determine it—and the resolve is as wise as generous. To our Navy, under God, we owe our greatness and safety; and, in sending forth our gallant seamen on hazardous enterprises, we are bound by every possible obligation to inspire them with a full confidence that they are under the eye and guardianship of their country, and that its resources will be exerted to the utmost in their behalf. The pecuniary cost of the search is not to be regarded in comparison with its object; and it is better for a thousand lives to be perilled in the discharge of duty than for one to be sacrificed through neglect.

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George the Third, from Original Family Documents.* By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G. 2 vols. 8vo. 1853.

THAT we deny! They are neither *Memoirs,* nor *by the Duke of Buckingham!* From the ridicule and, we will even add, blame of the editorial manipulation of these *Family Documents,* we will venture at once to exonerate the Duke of Buckingham. The evidence, we admit, of the title-page seems conclusive against our opinion; and not less so the following statement—one of those newspaper notices of new books which, though appearing to speak the journalists' own sentiments, are understood to be mere advertisements furnished to them by the publishers:—

Digitized by Google

'In this very remarkable and valuable publication the *Duke of Buckingham* has HIMSELF undertaken the task of forming a history from the papers of his grandfather and great uncle, the Earl Temple (first Marquis of Buckingham), and Lord Grenville, of the days of the second William Pitt, extending over an interval commencing with 1782, and ending with 1800. . . . From such materials it was not possible to form a work that would not possess the very highest interest. *The Duke of Buckingham has, however, moulded his materials with no ordinary ability and skill. The connecting narrative* is written both with judgment and vigour—not unfrequently in a style that comes up to the *highest order of historical composition*—especially in some of the sketches of personal character.'—*Standard*, 19th Feb., 1853.

All this seems very strong—but, in spite of the title-page and newspaper puff, it is our own deliberate conviction—and we think it will presently be that of our readers—that it is *absolutely impossible* that the *Duke of Buckingham* can have had any further concern in the affair than his having unluckily confided to other and most incompetent hands the publication of a few of his family papers. How this could have happened—how the Duke's name could be prefixed to pages which we shall prove *he never saw*, and how such an editor as they have been intrusted to could be found, we have no means of knowing, or even guessing:—all we can do is to show that the narrative portion of the work thus attributed to the Duke cannot be his; and we are bound to do so not only in justice to his Grace, but for the sake of historical truth, as the narrative affects to decide, in a very dogmatical style, several personal and political points, which are not merely apocryphal, but sometimes in direct contradiction to the documents which the editor professes to copy.

In ordinary cases the ignorance or incompetence of an editor—generally exhibited in the absence or the errors of marginal notes—though they may obscure, cannot very seriously impair the original writer's meaning; but in the present case the penman is more adventurous, and puts himself forward, not as an editor, but as an *author*, and even an *authority*, as if he were really the *Duke of Buckingham* writing, by the help of his family papers, the *Memoirs of the Court and Cabinet of George the Third*—a designation not merely pretentious, but absolutely deceptive; for the substance of the work is, we repeat, nothing like *Memoirs*, but only an irregular and desultory collection of letters, good, bad, and indifferent, addressed to the first Marquis of Buckingham—the greatest portion being from the pen of his brother William (Lord Grenville), and that eminent person's letters, whatever other value they may have, being as unlike to what is called *memoirs* as an epic to an epigram.

Digitized by Google Every

Every step of this affair is strange and, to us, inexplicable. The 'Introduction' commences with these words:—

'In the selection and arrangement of the correspondence contained in these volumes, the *intrusion* of *unnecessary commentaries and political opinions* has been *carefully avoided*. The letters themselves are so lucid and complete that the interest of the publication has been left to rest upon *their* details as far as possible.'

Now, any one who opens the book will see that the very reverse of this is the fact. There is no text that we can call to memory in which the 'intrusion of unnecessary commentaries and political opinions' is more flagrant, and in which the accompanying letters are so little left to speak for themselves; nay, in which the clear statements of the letters are so frequently contradicted by the commentary. We are not here considering whether a connecting narrative is better in such a work than occasional annotations; we only notice *in limine* this inconceivable contradiction between the editor's principle and his practice.

We may here, though a little out of chronological order, give a striking exemplification of both the points which we have just stated—the idle and inaccurate style of the commentary, and the *impossibility* that it could have been written by the Duke of Buckingham. We reproduce it in the capitular and imposing form in which the editor chooses to make his blunder the more conspicuous:—

'1786.

'Mr. W. W. Grenville joins Mr. Pitt's Administration.

'While the Marquis of Buckingham abstained from active participation in public business, he maintained the most friendly relations with Mr. Pitt, warmly supporting the Minister in all matters upon which his individual adhesion, advice, and local influence could add strength and character to his administration. That he persevered, however, in *cultivating the retirement* he had chosen, in preference to throwing himself personally *into the ocean of action*, may be inferred from the following letter, which announces the *accession of Mr. Grenville to the Government* as Vice-President of the Committee of Trade.' —vol. i. p. 312.

Our readers will smile at the exquisite logic of this commentary—that the younger brother's taking a subordinate office is a proof that the elder—the busiest and most ambitious man of his day—had resolved to *cultivate retirement;* but they will more than smile when we remind them that the whole is a series of the most egregious blunders. The preceding pages of even the editor's own narrative describe Lord Temple's *retirement* as exhibiting

Digitized by Google

exhibiting the very reverse of political cordiality, or even intercourse, with Mr. Pitt. It was, in fact, a sulky discountenance; and as to Mr. William Grenville's junction with Mr. Pitt at *this* period, the editor, if he had read and understood the letters which immediately follow his preface, would have seen—what the Duke of Buckingham must know as well as any event of his own life—that Mr. Grenville did *not* join Mr. Pitt's administration in 1786—that he had been a member of it from its first formation, having been appointed Paymaster of the Forces in January, 1784; and that *the* office to which the letters of 1786 refer was one which, by virtue of a new arrangement of the Board of Trade, *was attached* (without salary) to the already important and lucrative office of Paymaster. So ignorant is the editor, and so ignorant the Duke could not be, of the first and most important step of Lord Grenville's life, and so utterly astray would any reader be led who should trust these *intruded* commentaries.

In the account of the Grenville family, given in the few first pages, the commentator calls

'Lady Hesther Grenville the *mother* of *The Great Commoner*.' —p. 14.

The Duke of Buckingham must know, as well as his own name, that Lady Hester was the *wife* of The Great Commoner—a designation historically appropriated to the first William Pitt, originally by his admirers, but afterwards derisively—and by none more bitterly than by the Grenville family, when *The Great Commoner* left their party and was created Earl of Chatham.

The editor says—

'the Earl of Surrey gave notice in the House of *Lords* of a motion to the effect that Ministers no longer possessed the confidence, &c.'—p. 24.

The Duke of Buckingham could not have been ignorant that the Lord Surrey of that day, like all the Lord Surreys of modern times, was a *Commoner*, and made that celebrated demonstration, 17th March, 1782, in the House of *Commons*.

The editor tells us that—

'the Marquis of Rockingham died 1 July (1782), and was *succeeded in his title* by his nephew the Earl Fitzwilliam.'—i. 48.

The Duke of Buckingham, who has sat for above thirty years in the Houses of Commons and Lords with Lord Fitzwilliam, and who never saw a Lord Rockingham, could, by no possible slip of memory, have made this mistake.

Several of Mr. Grenville's letters, towards the close of 1786, allude to some personal object of his own, which the editor thus brilliantly elucidates:—

'The

Digitized by Google

'The object dimly and cautiously alluded to in *the annexed letters* was that of a *peerage*, to which the high pretensions of Mr. W. W. Grenville justified him in looking forward; but which his prudence, holding his honourable ambition in check, made him *desirous of postponing*, until he had won even greater distinction as a statesman than he had already attained.'—i. 315.

If the object were really a mysterious one, no solution could be more improbable than that Mr. W. W. Grenville, after—*according to the editor's reckoning*—only five months' public service in a subordinate office, and at the age of twenty-seven, should have thought of a *peerage*. But the Duke of Buckingham must know perfectly, and any man of the most ordinary common sense, who reads the '*annexed letters*,' will see, that the '*object*' is no enigma—that Mr. Grenville was no more thinking of a peerage than of a bishopric—that the object was one for which, as he expressly states, he must wait till it could be *vacated* by a special arrangement for the present occupant—that, instead of 'prudently desiring' to postpone the matter, he was in the highest degree desirous of pressing it, and was very 'prudently' busy in devising modes by which the vacancy could be arranged; in short, as is frequently intimated and sometimes explicitly stated, the object was the *seals of the Home Department*, which Lord Sydney was to resign (when otherwise provided for), and Mr. Grenville to receive. Is it possible that the Duke of Buckingham could have been so ignorant of this remarkable portion of his family history?

If we have established, in any one instance, the *impossibility* of the Duke of Buckingham's being the author of the Commentary, our purpose is answered; but we think it as well to produce some instances of its *improbability*—so strong as would of themselves almost amount to certainty.

On the 27th of March, 1783, Mr. Grenville writes from London to Lord Temple, then Lord Lieutenant, in Dublin:—

'Pray, communicate a little with Mornington about your resignation, &c. It will flatter him; and he is beyond measure disposed to you, both in Ireland and *here*, to which he looks in a short time.'—vol. i. p. 211.

Which the editor thus explains:—

'The allusion to Lord Mornington (afterwards Marquis Wellesley) is not quite clear. We are left in some doubt as to whether his Lordship looked at *this time* to office in England, or to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland.'—*Ib.*

It is, we say, highly improbable, if not quite impossible, that the Duke of Buckingham could have written this nonsense. The allusion to Lord Mornington must be 'quite clear' to any one who reads the subsequent letters. Lord Mornington—at this

Digitized by Google

this time only twenty-two years of age—could obviously not have been looking to either of the supposed objects: more especially as '*this time*' was the moment of the Coalition triumph that had just displaced Lord Mornington's political friends and connexions. What Mr. Grenville meant was, that Lord Mornington had not only supported the late Government in the Irish House of Peers, but intended to obtain a seat in the English House of Commons—which he did early next year—with the view to support Mr. Pitt *here*. It is difficult to believe that the Duke of Buckingham could have mistaken these notorious facts.

It is also next to impossible that the Duke of Buckingham should have made the following blunder:—In describing the violence of the measures which the Irish Whigs imposed on Lord Fitzwilliam when, for a short time, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1795, and which necessitated his recall, the editor says,

'The Attorney General was to be displaced to make way for Mr. George Ponsonby; the Solicitor General was also to be removed, and *Mr. Beresford, who was Purse-bearer to the Lord Chancellor*, and Mr. Cooke, Secretary-at-War, were to be dismissed. The dismissal of Mr. Beresford was regarded as a measure of such *extreme* violence, that it brought matters to an issue between Lord Fitzwilliam and the Cabinet.'—ii. 328.

What! the Lord Lieutenant had, it seems, a right to dismiss the *Lord Chancellor's Purse-bearer!*—and the dismissal of this high functionary was of sufficient importance to make an irreconcileable breach between the Irish and English Governments, and to occasion one of the most influential events in the Irish history of the last century—the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam! We do not see in the rest of the book the slightest indication of the editor's having taken the trouble to inquire about anything; but on this occasion he seems to have found out, as the result of extraordinary curiosity and research, that the name of the Chancellor's *Purse-bearer* was John Beresford; whereupon he, with his usual sagacity, concludes that this was the important placeman who had set the two nations by the ears—and inquires no further; if he had, he would have discovered that there was in Ireland *another* John Beresford, of a very different calibre—the Right Honourable John Beresford, next brother to the Marquis of Waterford; brother-in-law to the Marquis Townsend; M.P. for the county of Waterford; Privy Councillor in both countries; chief Commissioner of the Revenues in Ireland; and, above all, the able and consistent leader of what was considered as especially the *English interest* in Ireland. Could the Duke of Buckingham possibly mistake this gentleman for the Chancellor's *Purse-bearer?*

After

Digitized by Google

After these observations we think we may safely absolve the Duke of Buckingham from any personal share in the editorship of this work; but we cannot resist amusing our readers with a few other specimens of the qualifications of the person intrusted with that duty.

Mere errors of the press are not worth noticing; they will occasionally (as we ourselves too often show) escape editorial correction, and cannot be fairly adduced as proofs of the ignorance or negligence of an *editor*, except when they are so numerous and so *systematic* as to show that the deficiency is in a higher quarter than the compositor or reader of the printing-house. Such are the errors that swarm in these volumes, and form, we really think, their most remarkable characteristic. The peerage of Ireland especially is enriched with many titles and creations which neither we nor we think the heralds had ever before heard of. For instance, an Earldom of *Bechoe*, a Lord *Glendon*, and two newly-created peers, whose names—*Jonson* and *Deland*—were quite new to us. These names and titles were perhaps presented to the editor in a bad hand; but if he had called in the assistance of an old almanac, or even a late one, he would have easily deciphered that the noblemen meant were Lords *Bective* and *Glandore*, and Mr. *Tonson*, created Lord Riversdale, and Sir Francis *Delaval*, Lord Delaval. He additionally blunders these creations, and all about them, by misdating and misplacing the letter which relates to them as of the year 1785, under Mr. Pitt's administration, when, in fact, it belongs to 1783, during the reign of the Coalition. If the date of the letter were illegible, the editor might have found that of these creations in the Court Calendar; where also he might have discovered that there are no such British peerages as *Loraine* (ii. 64); *Chenton* (ii. 246); and *Standish* (i. 101); and that perhaps *Lovain*, *Clinton*, and *Sandwich* might be meant.

In the long agony of the King's illness Lord Grenville says that the Queen, in her distress,

'Sees nobody but *Lady Constance*, Lady Charlotte Finch, Miss Burney, and her two sons.'—i. 444.

We felt some interest to know who could be this '*gentle Lady Constance*,' thus honourably distinguished, but we could not bring her to our recollection; the mention, however, of 'Miss Burney' afforded a clue, and in her *fatras* of Memoirs (of which —*soit dit en passant*—the part relating to this period is much the best) we find that Lady *Courtown* was meant.

Indeed, wherever a proper name at all unusual occurs, we find the printers making, and the editor sanctioning, such strange blunders as render the statements unintelligible, without much

Digitized by Google

much more thought and reference than an ordinary reader is disposed to give. Who would guess that 'poor *Merey*' meant the Count de *Mercy*-Argenteau; that '*Clerfaye*,' '*Mulin*,' and '*Peguet*,' meant *Clairfayt*, *Melas*, *Piquet*? Amongst the M.P.s that 'ratted' from Mr. Pitt on the King's illness in 1788, we find 'Sir Samuel *Hurmery*.' We had never heard this name—it might as well have been printed *Mummery*, for it turns out that the person meant was Sir Samuel *Hunnay*—a name pretty notorious at that day, and not quite forgotten in the quack-medicine shops in ours. A geographical reader will be surprised to learn, on Lord Grenville's authority, that *Cuxhaven* is a port in Ireland; and an historical reader may be puzzled to discover how the world was likely to be involved in war on the subject of *Northa*. Lord Grenville was only talking of *Crookhaven* and *Nootka Sound!*

These are trifles which are noticeable only for their obstinate frequency; but the two following have the merit of being droll. Sir Hugh Palliser would have been wonderfully astonished if he had lived to hear himself called *Saint* Hugh—(i. 186). Timid and hesitating as we knew the Duke of Brunswick's movements had been in his campaign in Flanders, we were startled at finding, from the unexceptionable evidence of Lord Grenville, that a movement which was the only extrication for his army from a critical position had become

'impossible; *at least till the post comes.*'—ii. 219.

The *post!*—a great military manœuvre waiting for the post! and what post? From London, Vienna, or Berlin? If our readers are not quicker than we were at solving this mystery, they will laugh out, as we ourselves did, when we called to mind that the Duke was in a swampy country intersected with streams, and that his intended movement was 'impossible till the *frost* should come.'

There is another even more numerous class of misprints which it is proper to notice, as an additional proof that neither the Duke of Buckingham, nor any one who had ever been even at a Latin grammar school, could have edited these volumes. It is observable that, with, we think, the single instance we have just noticed of *post* for *frost*, the English text of the volumes (proper names and titles apart) is very correctly printed; and in the numerous French quotations we do not recollect a single error; whereas of the more numerous Latin quotations there is hardly one that does not prove the editor's ignorance of one syllable of that language. We shall give a series of these mistakes as assuredly a great curiosity in this age of education. We copy them *literatim*.

'*Liberari*

Digitized by Google

'*Liberari animam meam.*'—i. 69.

'*En quo discordia cives prodaxit miseros.*'—i. 144.

'*Amicitiæ sempitereæ inimicetræ placabiles.*'—i. 186.

'*Tibi Brachia contraxit ardens Scopius et cæli plus justâ parte reliquit.*'—i. 284.

'*Parvula quidem ex queis magun exoriuntur.*'—ii. 16.

'*Quod predetendici patuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*'—ii. 148.

'*Et librari animum meum.*'—ii. 189.

'*Caliginosâ nocta.*—ii. 222.

'*Laudo momentem.*'—ii. 364.

Our readers, we think, will agree that this systematic mangling of the *Latin*, in a work where the *French* is correctly given, is a *remarkable feature*, which cannot be attributable merely to the printers. One thing is certain—that such *quotations* never could have passed under the eyes of the Duke of Buckingham.

But the editor's blunders are often of a more substantial character, and exhibit a degree of ignorance of the political history of the times which would be quite incredible if we had it not before our eyes. While Lord Temple was Lord Lieutenant, and Mr. Grenville his Chief Secretary, the latter had an interview in London with the Home Secretary of State (December 30, 1782), and in pressing on him the difficulties of the Lord Lieutenant in steering the Government through the factions of the Irish Parliament, he asked—

'Tell me to whom I am to apply. To the Duke of Portland's people? [the Whigs]—to the old court and Lord Shannon? [the Tories]—or to *Hood* and his set?'—i. 107.

Neither we, nor any one else, had ever before heard of '*Hood* and his set' as an Irish faction. Lord Hood, indeed, was an Irish peer—an honorary one in every sense of the word—but had never, we believe, appeared in Ireland, and assuredly had no *set* anywhere. The editor apparently had never heard of the celebrated Henry *Flood*, who had now raised a third, or independent Irish party, to whom, and not to any of the gallant nautical family of *Hood*, Mr. Grenville alluded.

The following riddle, introduced without a syllable of preparation or explanation into one of Lord Grenville's letters (June 1, 1798), puzzled us for a moment:—

'I do not think that Pitt could have avoided answering *Fremey's* call.'—ii. 398.

Who was *Fremey*, and what was the call? We really had looked a few pages backwards and forwards for some clue, before we recollected Pitt's *duel* with *Tierney*, which it is clear that the editor had never happened to hear of; for in mentioning,

Digitized by Google

mentioning, a few pages earlier, a duel that had taken place in Ireland between Lord Hobart, the Lord Lieutenant's Secretary, and Curran, he adds—

'*In no other country in the world*, undoubtedly, from a cause so absurd and unwarrantable could the necessity for such a meeting have arisen.'—ii. 178.

but Tierney's call was at least as absurd as Curran's, and Pitt's answering it as little warrantable as Hobart's.

The following instance of the fitness of the editor for writing an explanatory and historical narrative will, even after what we have already said, astonish our readers:—

'The first incident of the year [1797] to which allusion is made in these letters is the appearance in British waters of a French squadron. It consisted of *two frigates and two sloops*, and its *insignificance*, compared with the demonstration that was anticipated from the loud threats of invasion by which it was heralded, excited ridicule rather than alarm.'—ii. 262.

This is the description which the editor gives of the celebrated Bantry Bay expedition, which everybody else knows was one of the most formidable attempts that France had ever made against us. The fleet, which sailed from Brest on the 14th December, 1796, so far from being only *two frigates and two sloops*, consisted of *seventeen sail of the line, thirteen frigates, six sloops*, and eight other vessels; in all forty-four sail, having on board about 18,000 men, the flower of the French army, under Generals Hoche, Grouchy, and Humbert! But even more extraordinary than the enormous mistake as to the amount of the force is, that the editor's statement is an explanatory introduction to a letter of Lord Grenville's, dated London, 4th January, which begins by stating—

'That the French *fleet* is, if not entirely, certainly in a great part broken to pieces. *Two French seventy-fours* and a frigate had put into Bantry Bay, and other vessels were seen also trying to get into the Bay.'—ii. 363.

In fact, eight sail of the line, with 6000 troops, got into the Bay, while the rest, either from mistake or mismanagement, made for the mouth of the Shannon. Lord Grenville's letter then proceeds to announce the wreck of several other vessels of the dispersed *fleet;* and it is in the face of this very letter, and in professed explanation of it, that we find the statement that this *insignificant* expedition consisted of *two frigates and two sloops*. This is passing strange; yet stranger still is it, that immediately following the letter, and on the same page, we find this additional extravagance:—

'The sequel of this expedition was sufficiently *ludicrous*.'—ib.

The sequel having been, in every way, most lamentable; for it was disastrous

Digitized by Google

disastrous to France in the loss of many ships and very many lives, without any glory to England, as the losses were all by wreck or foundering—except in the case of the *Droits de l'Homme* 74, the Admiral's flag-ship, which was driven on shore by the extraordinary skill and gallantry of Sir Edward Pellew in the Indefatigable 44. The *Droits de l'Homme* held together, beating on the rocks and beaten by a tremendous sea, for three days and nights; during which—says Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Pipon, an English officer, prisoner on board her—above 1000, out of 1500 sailors and soldiers, perished in the most protracted and horrible suffering (*James's Naval History*, ii. 27).

Such was the 'sufficiently ludicrous sequel of that expedition'—but, to do the editor justice, we must add that he knew nothing about these terrible events, having confounded—(we cannot guess how)—even while commenting on Lord Grenville's letter, the grand Bantry Bay expedition with a little marauding landing that was made a couple of months later by *two frigates and two sloops* on the coast of Wales, and of which the conclusion might truly enough be called 'ludicrous.'

Akin to this exemplification of the 'ludicrous,' or, indeed, rather worse, is the historical sketch which introduces some observations of Lord Grenville's on the Killala invasion of 1798.

'On the 22nd of August the long-threatened French invasion took place in a shape that covered the *expedition with universal ridicule*. A handful of men, to the number of 800, landed at Killala, and were joined by the rebels; and when they were *attacked by* General Lake a few days afterwards, the whole force *surrendered at discretion*. This incident formed a striking contrast to the progress of the French in other directions, for at the very time when they were suffering this humiliation in Ireland, their victorious arms were completing the subjugation of Switzerland.'—ii. 405.

Now this, though no doubt ignorance, is worse than mere ignorance, for it is (and we are sorry to be obliged to confess it) a gross historical misrepresentation. If any one was *covered with ridicule*, it was unfortunately our own Government and troops. This small French detachment made itself very formidable—it marched near a hundred miles through the country—beat a superior force under Lord Hutchinson at the battle of Castlebar—maintained itself for a whole month by its own unassisted activity and courage—for its Irish allies were its greatest embarrassment—and finally surrendered, when it had nearly reached the centre of the island and within two or three days' march of the capital, to Lord Cornwallis and General Lake, who had collected against them the whole force of the country—at least twenty times their number!—a serious lesson, which we cannot permit this editor so entirely to misrepresent. Here

Digitized by Google

Here we close our remarks on the *editorial* portion of these volumes, which intrinsically would have been utterly unworthy of so much, or indeed of *any*, notice; but its connexion with the interspersed documents, its comprising *all* that is given of historical explanation, and its being in fact, both in *type* and *space*, the most prominent feature of the volumes, have seemed to us to render the exposure of its true character our most imperative duty, first to the noble name so miserably misused, and next to the public, by whom the documents themselves (though infinitely inferior to what the title-page promised) will still undoubtedly be considered as of some interest and value. These documents consist (with a few exceptions) of a selection of letters addressed *to* one noble individual. A *selection* is always open to suspicion—an editor has a vast power over the characters of all the parties and the complexion of all papers, by the protrusion of what he may happen to approve, and the suppression of what may happen not to support his views; he has a kind of harlequin's wand which may—like Mr. Hume's votes—make black white and white black. We can hardly suspect this *editor* of any such astute designs—he certainly was no judge of either what he has published or what he may have left—but it is obvious, from a variety of circumstances, that the papers have been what the French call *triés*—that is, sorted and selected—with an eye to the glorification of the great hero of the piece—the Earl Temple—created in 1784 Marquis of Buckingham—who, even when, like Achilles, he seems secluded in his tent, is really the pivot of the whole Iliad. The *triage*, however, has been so injudiciously made, that, in spite of the pompous adulation with which he is always introduced, the result is, that we have a much worse opinion of his Lordship than we had before we had read these extravagant eulogies and the absolutely contradictory and condemnatory documents which they introduce. Much the greater portion of the letters, both in bulk and in interest, are those by which Mr. William Grenville (created Lord Grenville in 1790) endeavoured to keep his wayward, jealous, and arrogant eldest brother acquainted and in good humour with his own proceedings, private and political. Half a dozen letters from an intermediate brother, Mr. Thomas Grenville, are altogether in the same deprecatory style; and a few occasional communications from some subordinate tributaries of the great *bashaw* of Stowe, though not on the face of them quite so deferential as the fraternal missives, are substantially of the same accommodating, and we must repeat adulatory, character.

The whole work is, as we have said, a puzzle; but not the least difficulty is how to account for the illusion in which the editor, as well as his employer, must have been, that these

Digitized by Google letters

letters would support the extravagant eulogies which are lavished on circumstances of Lord Buckingham's political conduct which appear to us liable to a very opposite interpretation. Our space does not allow us to go into a full detail on this head, but we must make room for a few specimens.

Was it ever suspected, or could it have been, without the evidence of these volumes, believed, that, in a great public crisis (June, 1788), when Lord Buckingham was, for the second time, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, he was about to embarrass the King and the Government by resigning his high office on such a trivial and unreasonable pique as the following? By the Lord-Lieutenant's commission he was invested with all the civil and ecclesiastical patronage of Ireland, but military promotions were expressly excepted—(which our Editor transmutes into 'not expressly included'!!)—and for this imperative reason, that, though civilly Great Britain and Ireland were separate kingdoms, the *army* of the empire was necessarily *one*—under one head, the King—and its internal arrangements guided by one system. It happened that the lieutenant-colonelcy of a regiment quartered in Ireland fell vacant, and Lord Buckingham immediately claimed to nominate *his aide-de-camp*, and *nephew*, Colonel Nugent, to it. The King had *previously*, and without suspecting any rivalry, promised the first vacancy to *his own* aide-de-camp, Colonel Gwynn; and because his Majesty was reluctant to do a double injustice, private and public, first in breaking his promise to his own aide-de-camp, and secondly in disorganizing the British army by admitting the favouritism of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, it was with the utmost difficulty that Mr. William Grenville—supported by the strenuous persuasions of Mr. Pitt, whom he called in to his assistance—could dissuade his imperious and wrong-headed brother from throwing up his office, and involving the Imperial Government in serious difficulties, on the ridiculous pretence that this was a personal affront to himself. A considerable proportion of the correspondence relates to this captious and preposterous pretension. It would be impossible to give a full idea of the absurd arrogance of Lord Buckingham in this matter without copying the whole of the letters; it is enough to say that Mr. Grenville had not a word to say in his defence, and ends his long expostulations by 'begging him to observe' that the disapprobation so plainly and repeatedly expressed is not—

'my sentiment only, but that of every one of the few friends with whom you have communicated upon it.'—i. 411.

Several similar cases—some, if possible, more unreasonable—occur during every period of the Marquis's official life, and we need do no more than extract a few of the remonstrances of his own

Digitized by Google

own brothers against these extravagant ebullitions of self-importance and ill temper.

William Grenville writes to him:—

'19*th January*, 1783.—Pitt expressed great dissatisfaction at the contents of your despatch. . . . . I am to apologise to you in the strongest manner for not adhering to your positive instructions; but in such a case, and this distance, one must act on one's own judgment. . . . You must not be angry.' &c.—i. 127.

Again:—

'7*th November*, 1787.—If you really feel disposed to insist on the engagement [for some office] without waiting for ten days to hear the difficulties explained.' &c.—i. 336.

Again:—

'8*th November*, 1787.—You cannot, I am sure, think me unreasonable if I do most seriously and earnestly desire that you will not press me to convey to Pitt sentiments founded on what I conceive to be a total misapprehension.' &c. —i. 337.

Again:—

'7*th April*, 1789.—I cannot, in justice to you or to myself, avoid saying that I most sincerely wish you to consider well the step you are about to take; and that not only with reference to your *present* situation and *immediate* feelings, but with a view to the interpretation the public may put upon it.' &c.—ii. 134.

Again:—

'5*th October*, 1789.—I have deferred answering your letter, as I wished for a little time to turn the subject over in my own mind, and particularly to consider whether I should communicate it to Pitt; after some deliberation with myself I have resolved *not* to make this communication.'—ii. 147.

Again:—

'9*th Nov.* 1789.—You announce this as a determination taken in your own mind, and on which you do not wish for my advice; and there are perhaps too many circumstances which must make such a step painful to me to allow me to be a competent adviser.'—ii. 171.

Again Lord Grenville writes:—

'26*th April*, 1791.—Your last letter was written under an impression in the justice of which I should be very sorry indeed to acquiesce. I have little time for justifications on that subject, but my anxiety to remove such an impression makes me say,' &c.—ii. 190.

This last offence was that Lord Grenville, Secretary of State, did not tell his brother a cabinet secret—namely, that the Duke of Leeds was about to retire from office (a matter at the time of *peculiar* delicacy)—in short, that the younger, in every essential point infinitely superior, brother objected, as he himself expresses it, to

'doing an act which my own mind would have reproached me with as

Digitized by Google

as dishonourable in itself, and in this particular instance a breach of a positive promise which I had given.'—ii. 191.

Again:—

'12*th June*, 1793.—With respect to what you mentioned to me of your own intentions, you know too well what my opinion is. But I wish to make it my earnest request to you that you will not take any actual step till you have seen Pitt.'—ii. 237.

Again:—

'12*th Dec.* 1793.—At your request, I certainly will do a thing extremely disagreeable to myself, by putting into Mr. Pitt's hands the letter you desired me to show him; but I freely own the uneasiness I feel in being made (unprofitably, too, as I think, even to the object) the channel of such a communication between two persons whom I have so much reason to love and value.'—ii. 248.

Again, after a long and sore expostulation:—

'5*th Jan.* 1795.—It would be a painful and invidious task to discuss the question further; but I cannot receive from you a letter in which you tell me that you feel you have lost my affection, without repeating to you the assurance, which I still hope is not indifferent to you, that this is not, in the smallest degree, the case.'—ii. 327.

Again; on a most absurd objection to some general regulation about the militia, the Marquis threatens to resign his Bucks regiment, and Lord Grenville is forced to endeavour to conciliate him thus:—

'27*th April*, 1798.—I do not not think that Pitt, or Dundas, or any of us, could take upon ourselves the responsibility of omitting a measure, stated to be clearly within the law, and in which so large a proportion of the militia officers are disposed to acquiesce with cordiality and cheerfulness. Nothing certainly can be further from their wishes, even as public men only, than to place you in any unpleasant or difficult situation; but you will not think this a moment when points of real importance can be given up to personal considerations of regard and good-will.'—ii. 390.

Lord Grenville proceeds to detail the awful circumstances in which the country was at that moment placed—(the Irish rebellion, be it remembered, was evidently on the point of exploding, and Humbert's expedition was preparing at Brest)—and is forced to deny boldly—

'the possibility of any man, under such circumstances, resigning a command because he disapproves in his own judgment, even supposing him right in that judgment, of a military order which the commander-in-chief has clearly a right to give, and for the omission, as well as the giving of which, he and the Government are exclusively responsible.'—ii. 391.

Nor was this all; for we find that Mr. Thomas Grenville was also

Digitized by Google

also called in to help to prevent the colonel of the Royal Bucks from (to use the very appropriate mad-house phrase) *doing himself a mischief*. Tom Grenville's long and emollient letter concludes thus:—

'But we live in times of such pressing public duty, and the military post to which you are called and in which you are placed, is one so forward both in danger and in honourable distinction to you, that I should not do my duty by you if I did not (however uncalled upon for that opinion) add that, in my poor judgment, no state of military arrangements or orders can for a moment admit of the possibility of your giving up your command in an hour of danger, as immediate as that in which I write.'—ii. 389.

These extracts, however uninteresting in themselves, are necessary not merely to the elucidation of the character of the wayward man to whom the editor of these volumes blindly fancied that he was raising a most laudatory monument, but to show in a new and unexpected light (and it is really the greatest novelty in the book) the difficulties of Mr. Pitt's position. Who ever could have imagined that while Rebellion, Invasion, and the *tot et tanta negotia* of the political and civil administration of the country were pressing on Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville with such unprecedented weight and peril, they were thus personally harassed and their ministry endangered by the private *tracasseries* and arrogant temper of one who to the world appeared their most natural and devoted supporter, so near in blood, and so bound by every obligation of gratitude and honour?

In this point of view there is another remarkable feature in this publication, that while the letters seem all selected—with however little good sense and success—for the glorification of the great Marquis, and while the whole narrative is loaded with the most extravagant and fulsome praises of even those circumstances of his conduct which his own nearest relations could not defend, there are not above two or three letters of his own produced *in extenso*. A few unimportant extracts are given here and there, just enough to prove that a greater number of his letters are in existence. Why, then, so few produced; and these, except one to the King, so insignificant? Why this reserve? We can only account for it by concluding, by the imperfect light of Lord Grenville's reiterated remonstrances, that there is some one behind the editor more intelligent and prudent than he, who has seen that the Marquis's own letters would not be so creditable to his memory as the complimentary exaggerations of his correspondents. Against this hypothesis there is, we confess, a serious objection. Would not a person of prudence

Digitized by Google

prudence and intelligence, such as we suppose, have equally seen that Lord Grenville's letters exhibit strong evidence of his brother's defects, and have therefore suppressed them also, or at least such passages of them as must most clearly damage the great man? We cannot well account for this inconsistency; we can only observe that, however strongly Lord Grenville may have disapproved of parts of Lord Buckingham's conduct, he was, from habit and from policy, as well as from fraternal feeling, so inured to a deferential and even subservient deportment towards him that his differences are expressed with so much hesitation and softened and garnished with such mollifying phrases, that a friendly and prepossessed eye may, perhaps, not have seen to their full extent the disagreeable inferences that strike a more impartial critic. In making the foregoing extracts from Lord Grenville's remonstrances, our space limited us to a short sentence or two as a *sample;* but there is not one of these samples that is not accompanied by, or rather diluted in one or two, or even three pages, of complimentary circumlocution, in order to render the pill less nauseous to the very impatient patient. We have no doubt that Lord Buckingham was in private life an excellent man —a good father—husband—brother—friend—a most respectable country gentleman, with a generous spirit, very considerable talents, and acquirements befitting his position; but he seems to us to have been as proud, as arrogant, as selfish, and, we must say, as dishonest a politician as his more celebrated and more mischievous uncle, to whom, we think, he bore an extra share of family resemblance.

The causes of these constant outbreaks of dissatisfaction are, on the surface of the correspondence and in the editor's foolish commentary, so evidently futile, and so unlikely to have been the real motives of a clever, artful, and ambitious man—as the Marquis assuredly was—that we must look deeper for a solution; and we think we see sufficient evidence, in some mysterious words scattered through the correspondence, and never noticed by the editor, that the great man's '*object*'—cautiously and distantly alluded to by Mr. Grenville even as early as 1783 and often in later years—was a *Dukedom*—that the Marquisate, with which Mr. Pitt endeavoured, in November, 1784, to reward his services in the dismissal of the Coalition and to soothe his ill-humour, had little conciliatory effect, and only whetted his appetite for the superior honour, to which, considering how recent was the first ennoblement of the family, he could really have no claim whatsoever. After he had got the Marquisate, he seems to have coveted, by way of lunch, any great state-office that fell vacant, and to have been much offended at not receiving it; but the

Digitized by Google

predominant object was the Dukedom—(which was only granted to his son in 1822 upon the urgent intercession, it was said, of Louis XVIII.)—just as it had been the instigating motive of all the factious intrigues of his uncle twenty years before.* It was evidently under the vexation at not obtaining any of these *objects*, and especially the last, that the Marquis took so many occasions of picking quarrels with Mr. Pitt and the King—and hoped perhaps to prevail by menacing them with a public and more decided hostility. This, we are satisfied, even from the studiously mysterious evidence of this correspondence, was the deep and never-intermitted motive of his whole political life; and that his constant complaints of affronts—injustice—neglected services—and so forth, which break out even when he was receiving and enjoying what appeared to the rest of the world a prodigality of favours and honours, were all in fact the bitter growth of the deferred hope of the Dukedom—the *amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angit.*

Of his political life the most remarkable occurrence was his share in the displacement of the Coalition Ministry, which, of course, his defeated antagonists strongly reprobated as *back-stairs* influence. This was certainly a misrepresentation; for his proceedings were notorious, and avowed in his place in Parliament, as a legitimate exercise of his constitutional privilege as a heriditary councillor of the Crown. Of this remarkable period he has left some *private notes*, which, notwithstanding their length, we think it right to reproduce, as being, with the exception of a letter of the King's on the same subject, the most important historical document in the volumes.

'*Lord Buckingham's Private Notes.*

'I have much lamented that, during the very interesting period of November and December, of 1784, I did not keep a regular journal of the transactions of those months, in which I am supposed to have borne so principal a share. Many of the minuter springs which guided those operations have slipped my memory, from the multiplicity of them, and from the rapidity with which they crowded upon each other during the latter busy days, ending with the formation of the new Ministry on the 21st of December, 1784. It will, however, be necessary for me to take this narrative from an earlier period, necessarily connected with it—I mean the formation of the Government known by the name of the Coalition Ministry.

'I was in Ireland during that period, and was not uninformed, authentically, of the disposition on the part of Lord North to have

* See Walpole's Memoirs of George III., iii. 137. We must here notice that the Grenville Papers now in the course of publication seem, step by step, to confirm the early suspicion of the connexion of Lord Temple with *Junius*—we are not speaking of the actual penmanship—on that subject we do not now enter—but of the guidance, the materials, and the spirit.

supported

Digitized by Google

supported the Ministry of Lord Shelburne, upon terms of provision for his friends very short of those which he afterwards claimed and extorted from Mr. Fox. It was clearly known to Lord Shelburne, that no official arrangement was proposed by Lord North for himself; and, to say truth, those of his friends for whom he wished provision to be made, were at least as unexceptionable as many, I may even add as most, of those whom Lord Shelburne had collected from the two former Administrations. The infatuation, however, which pervaded the whole of his Government, operated most forcibly in this instance. The affectation of holding the ostensible language of Mr. Pitt in 1759, is only mentioned to show the ridiculous vanity of the Minister who, unsupported by public success, or by the parliamentary knowledge and manœuvre of a Duke of Newcastle, not only held it, but acted upon it—professing, in his own words, to "know nothing of the management of a House of Commons, and to throw himself upon the people alone for support." This farce operated as it might be expected; and, although the negotiation between Lord North and Mr. Fox was matter of perfect notoriety for several weeks, those moments were suffered to pass away without any attempt to avail himself of the various difficulties which presented themselves at the different periods of that discussion, till, at the very eve of the ratification of it, Mr. Pitt was employed by his Lordship to open propositions, through Mr. Fox, to that party. This was rejected *in toto;* and the events which followed the meeting of Parliament are too well known to make a detail of them necessary.

'Before I proceed, I wish to add, that although I have treated the vanity and personal arrogance of Lord Shelburne as it deserves, yet I will do him justice in acknowledging his merit, as one of the quickest and most indefatigable Ministers that this country ever saw. Many of his public measures were the result of a great and an informed mind, assisted by a firm and manly vigour. And I must ever think the Peace, attended with all its collateral considerations, the most meritorious and happiest event for a kingdom exhausted of men and of credit. I was not pledged in the slightest degree to the measure; for, by my absence in Ireland, and my little connexion with his Lordship, I was enabled to judge of it with coolness and impartiality; and from the knowledge of the various difficulties attending it, I am convinced that better terms could not be obtained, and that the further prosecution of the war was impracticable, even if the combination against us allowed the hope of success. This testimony I have wished to bear, though it is not immediately connected with my purpose.

'Upon the resignation of Lord Shelburne, His Majesty was placed in a situation in which, through the various events of his reign, he never had yet found himself. The manœuvres which he tried, at different periods of the six weeks during which this country was left literally without a Government, are well known. Perhaps nothing can paint the situation of his mind so truly as a letter which he wrote to me on the 1st of April: this was an answer to one which I thought it necessary to address to him from Ireland, after receiving from him a message

Digitized by Google

a message and a general detail of his situation, through Mr. W. Grenville, to whom he opened himself very confidentially upon the general state of the kingdom.

'Upon my return to England, I was honoured with every public attention from his Majesty, who ostensibly held a language upon my subject, calculated to raise in the strongest degree the jealousy of his servants. In the audience which I asked, as a matter of course, after being presented at his levée, he recapitulated all the transactions of that period, with the strongest encomium upon Mr. Pitt—and with much apparent acrimony hinted at Lord Shelburne, whom he stated to have abandoned a situation which was tenable, and particularly so after the popular resentment had been roused. This was naturally attended with strong expressions of resentment and disgust of his Ministers, and of personal abhorrence of Lord North, whom he charged with treachery and ingratitude of the blackest nature. He repeated that to such a Ministry he never would give his confidence, and that he would take the first moment for dismissing them. He then stated the proposition made to him by the Duke of Portland for the annual allowance of 100,000*l.* to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. I gave to him, very much at length, my opinion of such a measure, and of the certain consequences of it: in all which, as may reasonably be supposed, His Majesty ran before me, and stated with strong disgust the manner in which it was opened to him—as a thing *decided*, and even drawn up in the shape of a message, to which his signature was desired as a *matter of course*, to be brought before Parliament the *next day*. His Majesty declared himself to be decided to resist this attempt, and to push the consequences to their full extent, and to try the spirit of the Parliament and of the people upon it. I thought it my duty to offer to him my humble advice to go on with his Ministers, if possible—in order to throw upon them the ratification of the Peace, which they professed to intend to ameliorate—and to give them scope for those mountains of reform, which would inevitably come very short of the expectations of the public. From these public measures, and from their probable dissension, I thought that His Majesty might look forward to a change of his Ministers in the autumn; and that, as the last resource, a dissolution of this Parliament, chosen by Lord North, and occasionally filled by Mr. Fox, might offer him the means of getting rid of the chains which pressed upon him. To all this he assented; but declared his intention to resist, at all events and hazards, the proposition for this enormous allowance to His Royal Highness, of whose conduct he spoke with much dissatisfaction. He asked what he might look to if, upon this refusal, the Ministry should resign: and I observed, that, not having had the opportunity of consulting my friends, I could only answer that their resignation was a proposition widely differing from their dismissal, and that *I did not see the impossibility of accepting* his Administration in such a contingency, provided the supplies and public bills were passed, so as to enable *us* to prorogue the Parliament. To all this he assented, and declared his intention of endeavouring to gain time,

Digitized by Google

time, that the business of Parliament might go on; and agreed with me that such a resignation was improbable, and that it would be advisable not to dismiss them, unless some very particular opportunity presented itself.'—i. 301-5.

At length the India Bill offered this opportunity, and there was drawn up the following Memorandum, signed by the writer of the foregoing notes, and delivered to the King by Lord Thurlow on the 1st December, 1783:—

'1*st Dec.* 1783.—To begin with stating to His Majesty our sentiments upon the extent of the Bill, viz.:—

'We profess to wish to know whether this Bill appear to His Majesty in this light: a plan to take more than half the royal power, and by that means disable [the King] for the rest of the reign. There is nothing else in it which ought to call for this interposition.

'Whether any means can be thought of, short of changing his Ministers, to avoid this evil.

'The refusing the Bill, if it passes the Houses, is a violent means. The changing his Ministers after the last vote of the Commons, in a less degree might be liable to the same sort of construction.

'An easier way of changing his Government would be by taking some opportunity of doing it, when, in the progress of it, it shall have received more discountenance than hitherto.

'This must be expected to happen in the Lords in a greater degree than can be hoped for in the Commons.

'But a sufficient degree of it may not occur in the Lords if those whose duty to His Majesty would excite them to appear are not acquainted with his wishes, and that in a manner which would make it impossible to pretend a doubt of it, in case they were so disposed.

'By these means the discountenance might be hoped to raise difficulties so high as to throw it [out], and leave His Majesty at perfect liberty to choose whether he will change them or not.

'This is the situation which it is wished His Majesty should find himself in.

'Delivered by Lord Thurlow, Dec. 1st, 1783.
'NUGENT TEMPLE.'*—i. 288.

The result was that Lord Temple was intrusted with a written communication of the King's opinion, which he was authorised to show, and which, no doubt, determined the House of Lords, already sufficiently indisposed to the India Bill, to throw it out. The ministry was changed; Lord Temple received the seals (Dec. 19), and was three days Secretary of State; just long enough to dismiss the old ministry and install the new one, and then resigned, and never again was in any office in England. The precise cause of that resignation is still a mystery, which we had hoped these papers would have cleared up, but, by taking no notice of it,

* 'The opening line, and the note at the foot, are in the hand-writing of Lord Temple; the body of the memorandum is in a different and not very legible hand.'

they

Digitized by Google

they leave it darker than it was. Bishop Tomline, in his Life of Pitt (i. 171), says that the clamour against Lord Temple on account of his interference with the King was so great that he thought it proper to resign. 'The reason,' adds the Bishop, 'that *he and his friends* gave for this step was that he might in a private capacity, and without the protection of official influence, answer any charge that should be made against him.' It is evident that the Bishop himself did not quite concur in the '*reason that he and his friends* gave.' We read indeed 'Mr. Pitt was convinced of the propriety of Lord Temple's resignation in the then state of the public mind;' but the writer adds this important circumstance, that the *scene* in which the resignation had taken place, at a late hour on the 21st December, was one of a most agitating nature. 'It was *the only public event*,' says the Bishop, '*that ever disturbed Mr. Pitt's rest.*'

From all these circumstances we are satisfied that the reason given by Lord Temple and his friends (at best a temporary difficulty, and which soon blew over) was not the true one for so sudden and so permanent a separation, and for the sullen neutrality —'strict reserve,' as the editor calls it—in which Temple immediately buried himself for a series of months. Our readers will not have failed to remark that, towards the close of his notes of his conversation with the King (*antè*, p. 440), his Lordship talks of the prospect of '*accepting*' the government in the style of one expecting to be at the head of it. From this, and from the characters of all the parties, we have not the slightest doubt that Lord Temple was playing over again his uncle's part, and insisted, as the reward of his success in displacing the old ministry, to be the chief of the new one as First Lord of the Treasury; and that, Mr. Pitt refusing, as he had already done, to serve in any other capacity than head of the government, a long and agitating scene followed, in which Lord Temple was defeated, and indignantly retired—*he and his friends* adopting, instead of the full truth, the more modest excuse recorded by the Bishop. This, we are satisfied, if we ever obtain any more detailed evidence on the subject, will be found to be the true solution of this mystery; and it was in the hope of healing this deep and rankling wound in that proud heart that Lord Temple was, at the close of 1784—a year passed, he himself says, with 'little intercourse with the political world'—created Marquis of Buckingham.

Of the rest of the documents the most interesting are three letters (pp. 187, 209, 212)—one a very long one—in which Mr. Grenville relates to his brother the particulars of three interviews with which the King honoured him just at the crisis of Lord

Digitized by Google

Lord Shelburne's defeat. The conversation was on the subject, in the first instance, of Lord Temple's intended resignation of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland—but the King also entered freely into all his own embarrassments between his reluctance to the Coalition and the impossibility of forming any other ministry. These letters afford an additional corroboration of Lord Brougham's testimony (drawn from the North papers) of the intelligence and accuracy with which his Majesty conducted the business of what we may venture to call his *office*—of his good sense—of his judicious appreciation both of men and measures, and of the strictly constitutional principles on which he acted. We would willingly extract them, but, as our space is limited, we give a preference, over Lord Grenville's narrative, to two letters of the King himself, which exhibit the same qualities. The first is the longest we have ever seen of his Majesty's letters, and describes his situation while the Coalition was 'Viceroy over him.'

'*The King to Lord Temple.*

'Queen's House, April 1st, 1783.

'My Lord,—I had the pleasure, on the 26th of last month, to receive from your truly amiable and right-headed brother and secretary [Thomas Grenville] your very able letter of the 23rd on the state of Ireland, couched in terms that also conveyed the warmest attachment to my person and Government, which makes me not deem among the least of public misfortunes, that the want of resolution in some, and of public zeal in others, will oblige you to quit a station which you fill so much to the satisfaction of all honest men as well as to mine.

'Since the conversation I had with Mr. William Grenville on the 16th of last month, I have continued every possible means of forming an Administration; an experience of now above twenty-two years convinces me that it is impossible to erect a stable one within the narrow bounds of any faction—for none deserve the appellation of party; and that in an age when disobedience to law and authority is as prevalent as a thirst after changes in the best of all political Constitutions, it requires that temper and sagacity to stem these evils, which can alone be expected from a collection of the best and most calm heads and hearts the kingdom possesses.

'Judge, therefore, of the uneasiness of my mind at having been thwarted in every attempt to keep the administration of public affairs out of the hands of the most unprincipled coalition the annals of this or any other nation can equal. I have withstood it till not a single man is willing to come to my assistance, and till the House of Commons has taken every step, but insisting on this faction being by name elected Ministers.

'To end a conflict which stops every wheel of Government, and which would affect public credit if it continued much longer, I intend this night to acquaint that *grateful* Lord North, that the seven Cabinet Counsellors the coalition has named shall kiss hands to-morrow, and then

Digitized by Google

then form their arrangements, as at the former negotiation they did not condescend to open to [me] many of their intentions.

'A Ministry which I have avowedly attempted to avoid, by calling on every other description of men, cannot be supposed to have either my favour or confidence; and as such, I shall most certainly refuse any honours they may ask for. I trust the eyes of the nation will soon be opened, as my sorrow may prove fatal to my health if I remain long in this thraldom. I trust you will be steady in your attachment to me, and ready to join other honest men in watching the conduct of this unnatural combination—and I hope many months will not elapse before the Grenvilles, the Pitts, and other men of abilities and character will relieve me from a situation that nothing could have compelled me to submit to, but the supposition that no other means remained of preventing the public finances from being materially affected.

'It shall be one of my first cares to acquaint these men that you decline remaining in Ireland. GEORGE R.'—i. 218.

The second is shorter, but not less interesting, for it shows how ready he was to give up, in favour of that which was represented to him as a public object, the position and even the feelings of his favourite son, the Duke of York.

'*Weymouth, August 27th*, 1794—Thirty-five minutes past One, P.M.

'I have this instant received Mr. Pitt's letter, accompanying the Paper of Considerations, which I undoubtedly should wish to keep, but, not knowing whether Mr. Pitt has a fair copy of it, I have thought it safest to return.

'Whatever can give vigour to the remains of the campaign, I shall certainly, as a duty, think it right not to withhold my consent; but I own, in my son's place, I should beg my being allowed to return home, if the command is given to Lord Cornwallis, though I should not object to the command being intrusted to General Clairfayt. From feeling this, I certainly will not write, but approve of Mr. Wyndham's going to the army, and shall be happy if my son views this in a different light than I should.

'I will not delay the messenger, as I think no time ought to be lost in forming some fixed plan, and that the measure of sending Mr. Wyndham is every way advantageous. GEORGE R.'

Our extracts have been copious, but we must find room for the earliest appearance of the Duke of Wellington in public life. The Marquis of Buckingham, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had, at Lady Mornington's request, named her son Arthur, *æt.* 18, as one of his aides-de-camp. Lord Mornington (Marquis Wellesley) writes to thank him:—

'*4th November*, 1787.—You may well believe with what pleasure I received your appointment of my brother to a place in your family, not only

Digitized by Google

only as being a most kind mark of your regard for me, but as the greatest advantage to him. I am persuaded that, under your eye, he will not be exposed to any of those [moral] risks which in other times have accompanied the situation [of an aide-de-camp] he will hold. I can assure you sincerely that he has every disposition which can render so young a boy deserving of your notice; and if he does not engage your protection by his conduct, I am much mistaken in his character. My mother expects him every hour in London, and before this time I should hope that he had himself waited on you.'—i. 334.

There was, however, a hitch. Sir George Yonge, the Secretary-at-War, insisted that, if the honourable Arthur was to be an aide-de-camp, he must be put on half-pay. Against this—that would in fact have thrown him out of the active line of his profession, and made him a mere puppet of the Vice-regal Court—Lord Mornington strenuously remonstrated; but the curious part of this little squabble is, that Lord Mornington in his indignation said that, rather than that the youth should be put on half-pay, he would *send him to join a regiment in India.* Having seen the elder and the younger brother both *sent to India*, and the rank and reputation they won there, the threat is *piquant.*

As to Lord Grenville's letters, which are the main body of the work, they are, as might be expected, well reasoned and well written, and must have been of great interest to him to whom they were addressed; but letters which are of intense interest at the moment are often very tedious in after-times. While a negotiation is pending—or a battle *im*pending—how eager is our curiosity! but when the negotiations are concluded, or the battle won or lost, all the previous conjectures and speculations seem as flat and unprofitable as a detected riddle. So it is, to a great degree, with Tom Grenville's despatches previous to the treaty of Paris, of which the only interest is a rivalry between him and Mr. Oswald, another of our negotiators, for the honour of being *duped* by Dr. Franklin; and so it is of Lord Grenville's letters on Irish affairs in 1783—on the vicissitudes, the hopes, and the fears of the King's illness in 1788—on the prospect and progress of the Irish Rebellion in 1798:—all these may be usefully consulted by any one who has a special object in tracing the minuter steps and more recondite motives of the respective affairs, but now that the events are recorded on the broader page of history there is little for the instruction, and still less for the amusement, of ordinary readers—nothing that we could condense into the limits of a review, with justice either to the writers or to our readers. These letters have, besides, this further disadvantage—they are not only of a grave and didactic style, but they are also very *décousues*, and are so far from affording

Digitized by Google

affording any *continuous* interest, that the editor has been obliged to make the absurd and ineffectual efforts we have noticed to connect them into an intelligible series.

There are a few letters from some gossiping acquaintance of Lord Buckingham's—Lord Bulkeley and Sir William Young—treating of the news and tattle of the day. They are the only portion of the volumes, and a very small one it is, that affords us any glimpses of the state of public opinion or the habits of society—matters which are, in fact, infinitely more amusing, and to ordinary readers more valuable, than the hundred of pages occupied by poor Lord Grenville's laborious endeavours to keep his irascible brother in good humour.

We do not suppose that a second edition of such a work is likely to be called for, but, should it be, we suggest that the documents themselves, unincumbered by the ridiculous rigmarole of the ridiculous editor, might be collected into one 8vo., with a few notes to clear up the numerous obscurities—none of which the present performance has even attempted to elucidate. These '*Family Documents*' would then form a very suitable and acceptable supplement to the earlier series of '*Grenville Papers*' now in the course of publication, and which are edited in a style of which the most appropriate commendation that we can give is—that it is the very reverse of that which disfigures, and, we may say, stultifies, the volumes now dismissed.

ART. VII.—1. *Apsley House, Piccadilly, the Town Residence of his Grace the Duke of Wellington.* J. Mitchell. 1853.

2. *Apsley House.* Illustrated by ten Lithographic Plates. Colnaghi and Co. 1853.

THE first of these publications, in furnishing an authentic catalogue of the contents of Apsley House, simply points out the principal objects, leaving the visitor to form his own reflections; the second work undertakes to bring before the faithful eye an accurate representation of the interior—the actual aspect of rooms left exactly as when the great inhabitant quitted them for the last time. A record thus remains for after ages, by which a condition of things that sooner or later must undergo change is fixed and realized. The drawings have been carefully made and lithographized by Messrs. Nash, Boys, and Dillon, and the accompanying commentary, of which we are about to make a very free use, has been supplied by an experienced Cicerone, the author of the Handbook for Spain.

Few mansions in the enormous capital of Great Britain are better

Digitized by Google

better situated or known than Apsley House. Placed at the outlet of the thick-pent town, at the entrance of pleasant parks where it never can be encroached on, approached by arches of triumph and statues symbolic of power and command, it may well attract attention of itself; but the associated *religio loci* awakens in the public a curiosity altogether reverential. Hence the universal desire to be admitted into those secret and secluded chambers in which the Duke of Wellington laboured in his country's service, and to lift up the curtain that concealed his daily and individual existence, over which the contrast of his out-of-doors ubiquity and notoriety cast so much mystery. Acquainted as man, woman, and child were with the exterior of Apsley House, the interior—the actual lion's den—was a sealed book to the million; for few were privileged to pass the threshold, and enter into the sanctum sanctorum of the object of popular hero-worship. The outward bearing of the Duke of Wellington himself was not less known than his house. He was the best known man in London; every one knew him by sight: like a city built on a hill, or his own colossal statue on the arch, he could not be hid. He was the observed of all observers, and the object of universal royal-like homage, which he neither courted nor shunned. At fixed hours he lived in the public eye, familiar to all as household gods; and his movements were so certain and regular, that he might be calculated on as a planet. For more than forty years he has been the soul of every important transaction—the foremost person in every great act and danger in an age fertile of great men and events; in a word, a fourth estate in the empire. His martial countenance was a salient feature in our streets: whether on foot or horseback, he crossed the path of every one, and his image became so engraved in the memory of his countrymen, that many, half a century hence, will speak of his silvered head and his venerable form, bowed with the weight of years and honours, yet manfully stemming the crowded highways, struggling to the last against the advance of age, the conqueror of conquerors.

The pilgrim longing of the nation to visit the Duke's house has been anticipated by his son, who, to his infinite credit, while inheriting his father's title and estates, appointed himself trustee of his fame, guardian of his memory, and joint heir with us all in whatever tends to our common share in 'the Duke' as public property, and can lead to a better understanding of one, a model and example to Englishmen. By him, Apsley House, so long hermetically sealed, has been thrown open—a well-timed act of filial reverence and kind courtesy, which has won golden opinions from all, and especially from the thousands on thousands who have swarmed in, and testified, by every circumstance of their demeanour,

Digitized by Google

demeanour, a profound appreciation of the boon conceded. They seemed eager to celebrate once more the hero's last obsequies, and to pay yet another homage of regret while standing on his own threshold; and how could it be done more appropriately than on the very site where his days and nights had been spent in their service? The living stream flowed on for months—but *that* striking spectacle too has now become a thing of the past—a recollection which, once broken, never can be restored. Future generations, therefore, may well be thankful to the present Duke, by whose favour and foresight pencil and pen have been permitted to fix the transitory scene, and hand down to posterity the exact form and pressure of his father's abode, as thus inspected by the myriads of 1853.

Apsley House, in respect to architectural elevation and internal decoration, is surpassed by other town-residences of our aristocracy. Suffice it, therefore, to say—referring for other particulars to Mr. Cunningham's excellent Handbook of London—that it is built on the site of the old lodge to Hyde Park, and where once stood the suburban inn, the Pillars of Hercules, at which Squire Western put up when he arrived in pursuit of his charming daughter. The name is derived from Lord Chancellor Apsley, by whom the mansion was erected about seventy years ago, at the worst period of art-degradation. This drawback was not corrected by the learned judge's being chiefly his own architect, and by his forgetting, as it is said, to make sufficient allowance in his plan for a staircase. Nor was it less strange that the legal lord should have omitted to make good his title to a portion of the land, before he finished the stables, which in fact he did for the benefit of another person, whose interest had then to be bought out at a heavy cost. The edifice came about 1810 into the possession of the Marquis Wellesley, who resided there in great state while Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and in that capacity lending a powerful co-operation to the campaigns carried on in Spain by the next occupant. The Duke purchased the house from his elder brother about 1820: thus it has always been inhabited by personages first and foremost in eminent careers. The interior arrangements were soon found to be no less inconvenient and insufficient than the red-brick, ordinary exterior was commonplace, and Messrs. S. and B. Wyatt were employed by the Duke in 1828 to mend matters, while he in the mean time resided in Downing Street, as Prime Minister; then the outside was recased with Bath-stone, and an additional wing constructed to the west, which comprised the state-saloon, afterwards used for the Waterloo banquets, and a suite of rooms on the ground-floor for his private occupation.

The Duke of Wellington, whose occupation was war and government,

Digitized by Google

government, felt himself rather a Vauban than a Vitruvius; and, however competent to construct or demolish bastions, was no master of the arts of an architect, or the crafts of a builder or upholsterer. He trusted to those he employed; and their estimates, high when originally framed, were doubled ere the works were done; a conclusion and calamity not unfrequent in the best regulated Houses of Lords or Commons: hence arose his indelible disgust of brick and mortar—raw materials of ruination—and his habit, when he related the facts by way of a warning to friends about to build, of adding, 'the bill for my house in Piccadilly would have broken any one's back but mine.' And we may here observe that he had a marked dislike to the name 'Apsley House,' which he never used either in speaking of his residence or in dating from it. In truth, what with one expense or another, the original purchase, and these costly alterations, this patchwork house, ill-contrived and unsatisfactory at best, did not stand him in much less than 130,000*l*. Neither, when these 'vast improvements' were made was the Duke fortunate in the taste of the period. Then Rococo was the rule, and a Crockford-club perversion of the Louis XIV. style marked the fashion of the day; then gentlemen of the gold-leaf and papier-mâché order, who could not make houses beautiful, made them gaudy. No wonder, therefore, that the results, outside and inside, should disappoint many, who, in these times of progress, when matters are a trifle better managed, expect to find a palace worthy of such a possessor and price.

A heavy, useless portico darkens and disfigures the severe and semi-defensive aspect of the exterior; the entrance is fenced and palisadoed; solid and ever-closed gates exclude alike the light of heaven and the sight of man. The stables to the right are anything but ornamental; but the Duke would not permit them to be changed, as their inner communication with the house was occasionally convenient. He was thus enabled to mount his horse or get into his carriage unseen, and go out at once, on opening the street-gates, and so escape the certainty of a crowd being collected by any previous notice. On the same protective principle the windows of his head-quarters were barricadoed with iron bullet-proof shutters, put up during the Reform-Bill agitation, when the house and person of the Duke of Wellington, who emancipated the western world from the most embruting despotism, were assailed by an English mob—as Sir Walter Scott was spit upon in Scotland by that people to whose country he had given a European reputation. The conqueror of a hundred fields would never remove this stern record of brutal violence. But now, if there be consciousness in the grave, how his lofty spirit must have

Digitized by Google

have been soothed by the noble atonement made by a whole nation for the sins of a shameless few; when all England, in tears, bore the other day her greatest General past these still closed windows, to lay him alongside her greatest Admiral. He had pursued the even tenor of his way, through good report and evil report, undeterred by menace, indifferent to calumny, and, gradually living down all factions, spleens, and envies, was in the end really and universally understood.

Visitors to Apsley House, on entering, turn to the right hand into a waiting-room, which has no ornaments but a few views of Naples by Vanvitelli, and a portion of the Duke's collection of busts. Of these he had years ago removed many to Strathfieldsaye; among others that of Scott, the *chef d'œuvre* of Chantrey, and a fine bronze of Massena by Masson. He retained in London *Pitt*, the pilot that weathered the storm, and under whom he began his career; *Perceval*, the murdered Premier, 'than whom'—*ipse dixit*—'a more honest, zealous, and able minister never served the King;' *George III.*, that good old English-hearted monarch, who gave the Duke his first badge of honour after Assaye. The scratch-wig of the royal bust in the unmitigated unpicturesqueness of the period, like the bronze pigtail of Mr. Wyat in Cockspur Street, is a specimen of art that would make Phidias open his eyes. Here, too, is the brave gentleman *Castlereagh*, who had the foresight to appoint the Duke to the sole command in the Peninsula, and who, when the deed was done, became his beloved colleague at the Congress of Vienna. This fine work by Chantrey was a present from Mr. Chad, whose name, written in pencil by the Duke, still remains on the bust's broad chest. Our hero, however he might in the field have rivalled Alexander the Great, who allowed none but Apelles and Lysippus to hand his likeness down to posterity, was contented to pronounce 'good' a meagre bronze statuette of himself by Count d'Orsay, which also has a place in this chamber, and does, indeed, contrast with its next neighbour, a reduced copy of Rauch's statue of Blücher—a truly admirable work, which our Duke had the satisfaction of seeing inaugurated at Breslau in 1826, when on his way to St. Petersburgh; a monument which, even in this miniature edition, sets before us, completely as he lived and moved, the rough and tough old comrade, 'Marshal Forwards'—who, if he had had his own way—that is, but for the Duke—would have burnt Paris to the ground, and hanged the murderer of D'Enghien in the very ditch of Vincennes.

This waiting-room opens on a circular, winding staircase, contrived as best could be managed where such an accommodation was an after-thought: deficient in space and light, the palpable obscurity

Digitized by Google

obscurity is deepened by the yellow glazing of the low dome, and the feeling of want of size is increased by the huge statue of Napoleon, stowed away, cabined, and confined in a corner at the foot of the steps. This emblem of the chances and changes of fickle fortune, and the uncertainty of human prosperity, does indeed point a moral and adorn a tale. Here the effigy of one for whose vaulting ambition the world was too small, looms like a caged eagle; nor could Nemesis the sternest, or Justice the most poetical, have appointed a fitter sentinel for the dwelling of our 'sepoy general.'

This statue was ordered by Buonaparte shortly before his coronation; and the Phidias of his day, summoned from Rome, forgot the subjugation of his country in his eagerness to descend, as he said, to posterity 'united with the immortality of the modern Cæsar.' Canova speedily reached the Tuileries, and there modelled the head: as the sittings were rare and the sitter restless, the attitude and attributes had to be conventional. The statue, eleven feet high, and cut, with the exception of the left arm, from one block, was sent to Paris in 1810, but remained in its unopened case. Buonaparte, superstitious, and prescient of the coming end, disliked the winged Victory, which, turning her back to him, seemed ready to fly from him for ever—nor was he pleased with the classical character or the nudity—that language of ancient art: still less was *le petit caporal* satisfied with the colossal dimensions. He dreaded mocking comparisons, and preferred the apparent reality of his own natural inches, together with the world-known *Redingote Grise*, &c. &c.—which he caused Claudet to adopt for the bronze figure mounted with such pomp on the column of the Place Vendôme—soon to be pulled down amid the frantic exclamations of the Parisians—in due season to be once more elevated with the like accompaniments—and who can prophesy its future ups and downs? When it was known that Buonaparte felt coldly about Canova's performance, the courtier-critics of France, who knew it only from casts, pronounced the forms clumsy and too muscular for a 'demi-god;' on the other hand, the Italians, captivated by the exquisite finish and air of the antique, held it to be the apotheosis of their Alaric. The excellences of this statue, which essentially requires ample room and verge enough, cannot be fairly appreciated in its present cell—a site as unsuited of itself as uncontemplated by the sculptor or his Cæsar, and anything but improved by the jaundice of the Piccadilly skylight. The marble, still in its Roman box, was upon the Emperor's downfall purchased from the Bourbon government by ours for less than 3000*l.*, and presented to the Duke. He, it may be recalled *par parenthèse*, was born in the same year with

Digitized by Google

with his last and greatest antagonist. *Le ciel nous devait cette récompense,* said Louis XVIII., when informed of this natal coincidence of his bane and antidote. Canova, on learning the final destination of his work, wrote immediately to Mr. Hamilton, who preserves the autograph, minutely detailing how the statue was to be put up, referring to a mark still to be found on the pedestal, which a plumb-line suspended from the right breast would touch; and the direction has been recently tested.

On ascending into the drawing-room which fronts Piccadilly, it is impossible not to see the Duke's mark in the selection and arrangement of the pictures. Devoid of any high æsthetic perceptions, and no judge of fine art, he was far above making pretension to anything out of his line, and never uttered one syllable of the cant of connoisseurship. He took and looked at art in his own practical way, and enjoyed imitations of nature and fact on canvass or in marble, just in proportion as the fidelity of the transcript appealed to his understanding. While he could not sympathise with the ideal and transcendental, he fully relished those exact, though perhaps humble, representations which come home to the senses and to common sense — to the business and bosoms of 'all people who on earth do well.' Self-relying, he confined his acquisitions simply to what was pleasing to himself; and the objects therefore—be they good or not—have a decided interest of their own as bearing evidence of the heart, mind, and ἦθος of the Man. The place of honour was assigned by Wellington to Marlborough. The portrait, attributed to Wooton, is indifferent—nay, some have doubted, and still doubt, its being one of Marlborough at all—nor do we volunteer a decided opinion. The Duke of Wellington purchased it at the sale of the late Duke of Marlborough's effects at White Knights—this pedigree being, as he thought, and was well entitled to think, a sufficient voucher of authenticity. He, however, possessed other and better portraits of his great predecessor, and at Stratfieldsaye placed one, which represents him on the field of Blenheim, exactly opposite his own triumph at Vitoria—in order, as he said, to exhibit the differences of costume and strategies. Not less striking are the points of difference and parallel between Marlborough and Wellington. For our part we cannot entirely coincide with the depreciatory full lengths of the former drawn by Thackeray and Macaulay—albeit forced, with milder masters, to admit that he did not quite escape the spirit of his corrupt age, or resist the contagion of civil conflicts and revolution, by which so many eminent men of modern France have been infected. Be that as it may, and however they differed in antecedents and moral character, the resemblance in military supremacy and success was

Digitized by Google

was signal. Both commenced their career when France was in an insolent ascendance, and England dispirited and ill prepared; both were thwarted by party and faction at home—hampered by unworthy allies abroad: both, in spite of most inadequate means, proved all sufficient in themselves: both finally beat down their foe and raised their country to the pinnacle of power and glory. It is curious to speculate on the difference of period in their developments. When Marlborough began his series of conquests at Blenheim, he was older by eight years than Wellington was when he wound up his at Waterloo. Marlborough first shone forth, in short, after that time of life when, according to both Wellington and Buonaparte, a commander ought to strike work—and to be sure Buonaparte's own early history had read the world many stern lessons on the discomfiture and waste of blood and treasure occasioned by trusting to effete octogenarians. Neither his words nor his deeds, perhaps, have had adequate effect in our own case. The rare, very rare quality, the genius of a great commander by sea or land, remains after all, however, a mysterious problem in the metaphysics of man 'fearfully and wonderfully made.' Does it consist in some exquisite organization, some perfection of the nervous system, some divine spark, which in the idiosyncracy of such soldiers becomes more collected and alive in proportion as they are surrounded by circumstances the most likely to upset and disturb? Irrespective of age or previous occupation, it would seem almost born and intuitive: at all events it has blazed forth in the maturity of Blake, Cromwell, and Marlborough—nay, in the hoary antiquity of Radetsky—no less than in the youth of Condé, Nelson, Wellington, and Napoleon; and the latter great captain seemed to feel the gift to be inexplicable, when he replied to a flatterer of his generalship—'Mon Dieu, c'est ma nature; je suis fait comme ça.'

To come back to the drawing-room—opposite to Marlborough hangs a picture of Van Amburg in the wild beasts' den, by Landseer. This expression of the triumph of human reason over brute bone and muscle was painted after the positive instructions of the Duke, who, with the Bible in hand, pointed out the passage (Genesis, chap. i. ver. 26) in which dominion is given to Adam over the earth and animals. He caused the text to be inscribed on the frame, as the authority which conferred on him a privilege of power, and gave him the 'great commission' which he fully carried out on the fields of battle and chase. The wild beasts, their awed ferocity and submission, are finished with most masterly touch. The unfortunate eyes and straddle of Van Amburg were 'a likeness' more pleasing to the practical patron than to the refining artist; Sir Edwin, however, was compelled

Digitized by Google

to

to obey orders as strictly as if his R. A. had meant Royal Artillery. Thus, when some of his sketches were submitted to the great F. M., he was met by the remark, 'Very fine, I dare say, but not what I want;' and an equally cool hint struck out a most picturesquely placed panther:—'No—that's a taught trick.'

The Duke's true love for *the United Service* is marked by two pictures in this room, the Chelsea Pensioners and the Greenwich Veterans. The Duke, who had a sympathetic admiration for the singleness of purpose and precision of aim with which Wilkie went directly to his unpretentious themes, early as 1816 commissioned him to paint 'British Soldiers *regaling at Chelsea*'—a suggestion which by and bye expanded into '*reading the Waterloo Gazette.*' Wilkie has recorded in his diary the repeated reconnoitrings made, while the sketches were in preparation, by his military Mæcenas, who, carrying into the studio the tactics of the field, wished to brigade all the ideas into one canvass—but was above all else anxious that a good number of his own Peninsular soldiers—whom he never forgot in war or peace—should be introduced. The picture was only finished in 1822, for Wilkie, who worked slowly and painfully, spared neither labour of brain nor hand on such a subject and for such a patron. When the 'Canny Dauvid,' as he honestly tells us, brought it in, with the bill charging '1260 pounds, *i.e.* 1200 guineas,' his Grace, neither less a man of business nor less thrifty in phraseology than the Scottish Teniers, paid *instanter*, counting out the cash himself in bank notes, and without adding one word expressive of satisfaction or otherwise. Only when the recipient interrupted him by a suggestion that a check might save trouble, the paymaster gave him a smile and said, 'Do you think I like Coutts's clerks always to know how foolishly I spend my money?' The Duke, however, who was an optimist, and whose opinion of his acquisitions always grew with possession, subsequently praised the picture much, regularly remarking that he himself had selected the site of the incident. The treatment of the localities and portraits is capital—all the expressions and individualities are most happily caught—but portions of the groupings, especially in the right corner, are feeble. It is painted with a nice silvery tone, and with all the conscientious care and finish of Sir David's original and peculiar style, from which he afterwards unfortunately departed—but which he had resumed in the two admirable pieces left unfinished at his too early death. The painting was the lion of the exhibition of its year, and Burnet's fine engraving has spread its fame to the far antipodes; and whatever the Duke might think, say, or not say, the artist was altogether satisfied with the Chelsea Pensioners, as he received from Messrs. Graves another 1200*l.*—that is, we hope,

'1200

Digitized by Google

'1200 guineas'—for the copyright. The Duke consented to part with the original for three years, the term required by Mr. Burnet for the engraving, and, on the Saturday before this term expired, walked into the publisher's shop and asked, 'Shall I have my picture back on Monday?' 'Yes, your Grace, and by twelve o'clock.' It was sent to time, whereupon the Duke, watch in hand, said, '*Now*, Mr. Graves, you shall have any other picture of mine.'

The companion-work had for its inventor, painter, and engraver Mr. Burnet—who, as Wilkie declined the subject, set up his easel at Greenwich itself, amid the living models of the Hospital. When it was finished, our Sailor King, William IV., had it brought to him, but, on hearing that three years would be required to engrave it, replied 'that's a lifetime,' and sent it back. When the Duke bought the print of Mr. Graves the picture was suggested to him, and on being assured that its purchase by *him* would be very beneficial to the artist, he at once paid down five hundred guineas, the price asked. When Mr. Burnet thanked him for having placed it near Wilkie's, the Duke replied—'Aye, and it will remain so, as I have made it one *of* the heir-looms;' and it may be added the last order given by the Duke on leaving Apsley House never to return, was, to 'have this picture re-varnished.'

Sir David himself, although a countryman and fellow student of Burnet's, was not over-pleased with a juxta-position by which the engraver was put on a par with the painter. As works of art the two pieces cannot be compared; the Greenwich scene is treated with a coarse touch, and the homely figures stand out in hard and heavy relief. Skilled as he was in the history and theory of art, Mr. Burnet naturally wanted palette practice, and will be known hereafter more for his works on copper than on canvass. Nor will this patronage of the Duke diminish his popularity; and few of these weather-beaten tars, these splintered spars of Nelson's victories, these planks drifted down from so many storms, had more braved the breeze than the Duke himself, who, constantly buffeted by foul winds, again and again narrowly escaped shipwreck. No two pictures in any collection convey a nobler moral. The blue jackets call up Aboukir Bay and Trafalgar—the red coats Salamanca and Waterloo.* The past is the prophet of the future, and deep is our confidence in the sturdy loyalty and patriotism of Englishmen—that, however

* Wellington and Nelson, in death not divided, met but once when alive, and in the small ante-room of the Colonial Office, Downing Street. The Seaman, who did not know the Soldier, was so struck by him that he stepped out to inquire who he was. This occurred very shortly before Lord N. started on his last expedition.

tampered

Digitized by Google

tampered with by peace-praters here—however tempted by almighty dollars elsewhere—the sons of such sires will every man, when England again expects it, rally round 'The Old Flag,' and 'do his duty.'

In this room, and near the Wilkie, hang several first-rate works of Jansteen and other Dutch masters—a school of which so many specimens are preserved in Apsley House that the learned Dr. Waagen considered them to be the consequence of a cause, and the proofs and illustrations of that humour which he read in the Duke's countenance. Undoubtedly a real relish for dry humour marked the kind and cheery character of his Grace, who, when not plunged body and soul in affairs of serious, solemn importance, delighted to unbend—readily entered into social amenities, and plucked the flowrets that gladden the dusty path of daily drudgery. Few could tell a terse story better—nobody, until deafness increased, more enjoy a spicy and festive anecdote told by a friend. Undoubtedly the same motives which induced the Duke to appreciate the early works of Wilkie led him to admire their eminent prototypes, Ostade, Jansteen, Teniers, and other faithful imitators of the great mistress, Nature, one touch of whom makes all the world kin. Unfortunately for the Doctor's ingenious speculations, however, very few of these Dutch gems were knocked down to the Duke by the baton of an auctioneer. These *spolia opima* formed part of the 'collections' of King Joseph Buonaparte captured at Vitoria. His Majesty, who began life as an attorney's clerk, had been much influenced in his 'selections' from the palaces of Ferdinand VII. by the considerations of the carrier, conveyancer, and broker. Dutch pictures of this class are easily packed in an imperial—and, portable as bank notes, their mercantile value is no less fixed and certain.

The next drawing-room contains hard and unsatisfactory copies—libels in truth—of four celebrated pieces, at Madrid, by Rafaelle, the antithesis of Jansteen and Wilkie; they were painted by Monsieur Bonnemaison, and bought of him by the Duke. The exquisite original of No. 1, a Holy Family, is commonly known as *La Perla*, from having been pronounced the *Pearl of Pictures* by Philip IV., who purchased it from the gallery of our unfortunate Charles I., when sold by Cromwell. No. 2, the Spasm of the Saviour under the Cross, is generally called *el Pasmo de Sicilia*, from having been done for a convent at Palermo, dedicated to that awful agony. This composition, long considered second only to the Transfiguration, having been 'transported' to Paris in 1810, was removed from the old decayed pannel and transferred to canvass by Monsieur Bonnemaison. It was rescued indeed by this ingenious operator

Digitized by Google

operator from ruin of material—but only that it might be 'beautified and repaired'—that is to say, scrubbed, scoured, repainted, relackered, and ruined in spirit and surface. No. 3, *The Visitation*, was also 'transported' to Paris and also 'restored.' No. 4, *Tobit and the Fish*, one of Rafaelle's most beautiful works, underwent a similar cruel fate. The Duke was fond of relating an anecdote of the originals thus mangled and afterwards caricatured by a French hand. When that radical reformer had pared their pannels down to the quick, on the back of the primings of one or two the process of the wonderful Italian stood revealed. The figures were found first drawn in as skeletons—then, in a second stage, the outlines of muscle environed the dry bones—and finally, at a third set-to, the folds of the draperies had been superadded: so unsparing of labour was this great master of his art; and so fully did he anticipate the principle of our great master of the art of war, that 'success can only be attained by tracing every part of every operation from its origin to its concluding point.' These pictures were among those sent back from Paris to Madrid in 1815—and copies of them are therefore appropriately placed in the house of the just man who compelled the spoilers to regorge plundered art. Müffling—(whose sterling Memoirs we are glad to see translated by Colonel Yorke)—makes no bones of detailing how the non-restoration by the restored Bourbon of the stolen goods led to the famous Order of September 10, 1815. By this, the only *Order* ever signed by all the three Marshals—Schwarzenberg, Wellington, and Blücher—the use of force was authorized to carry out that 'great moral lesson' so tersely taught to Talleyrand and ably discussed by the Duke in his despatches of the 16th and 23rd of that memorable month. It may not be generally known that the four originals, cobbled and copied by Mons. Bonnemaison, were some few years afterwards on the point of coming to Charing Cross. During the Carlist struggle, a private agent from Madrid proposed to sell them to our Government. Lord Monteagle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, much to his credit—for it was during the parliamentary recess and therefore wholly on his own responsibility—offered at once the sum of 80,000*l.* The negociation went off on his stipulating that the circumstances of the transaction, if completed, should be avowed by both Governments. Forthwith a flaming official contradiction of the whole affair appeared in the Madrid papers, and the mere suggestion of such a bargain was scouted as an insult. This public protest was accompanied, however, with a private hint that, were the Exchequer stipulation dropped, the proposal was still open! The negociation was not carried on through Lord Clarendon, our resident minister at Madrid,

Digitized by Google

Madrid, from a suspicion that the 80,000*l.* would not be paid in hard cash, but set off against the bill owing for the Tower muskets sent out for Espartero's ragamuffins according to the *non*-intervention treaty. *Cosas de España.*

This room, and indeed the whole of Apsley House, is remarkable for the heterogeneous subjects, sacred and profane, which the Duke has jumbled together. He had a most Catholic or Pagan love for art, and seems to have been willing to open his Pantheon for any representation; perhaps some exclusions, however, are as noticeable as any of the admissions. Thus, many as are the personal memorials here of Napoleon, only one face out of the troop of Marshals, with whose backs he was so familiar,* is honoured with a niche in the Piccadilly Walhalla. The Duke, when the temple of Janus was shut, cordially welcomed within his own halls, as a brother in arms, the Marshal he had met and consequently beaten the most—the one with whom he opened, at the passage of the Douro, the ball which concluded at Toulouse. He never forgot that, in 1809, he had sat down in Oporto to the dinner prepared for Soult, and so gave him one in return at Apsley House, when the lieutenant of Napoleon represented Louis Philippe ('the Napoleon of Peace') at the coronation of our gracious Queen Victoria; and after this he procured a portrait of his old and famished foe, and new and feasted friend. The expression in this indifferent picture is that of a shrewd home-spun man, stern and anxious. It, however, softens his vulgarity a good deal, and also the sinister cast of the visage. When His Excellency shuffled into the ambassadors' pew at the Abbey, and was fairly seated, bronzed and rugged, among so many splendid courtly Esterhazys, &c., all over smiles and diamonds, he certainly had very much the air of an old robber got in among a set of promising subjects for a raffle. The Marshal Duke of Dalmatia, we may observe, was like Napoleon and Wellington born in 1769—and he also, like our Duke, died in 1852.

As Soult figures here the only one of his kind, Pius VII. is the sole representative of the 'drum ecclesiastic;' and the Roman Catholic pillager of convents is hung up—in irony perhaps—next to the holy head of his own church—and that done by a Protestant General, the only friend the poor Pope found in his day of need, and the restorer of the sacrilegious plunderings. The

* While the Louvre was being stripped of borrowed plumes, Wellington fell into great disfavour, and was coldly received by some French marshals. on one occasion, as he passed through their Salle in the Tuileries on a visit to Louis XVIII.; when the king subsequently expressed his surprise and vexation in hearing that they had 'turned their backs' on him, 'It is of no consequence, Sire,' was the reply: 'c'est leur habitude.'

pontiff's

Digitized by Google

pontiff's portrait, painted by M. Lefevre—no *speaker* this in the parliament of art—is both blowsy and lacrymose, and presents a thoroughly French version of the much-enduring pale Italian, who has been so admirably rendered by our Lawrence in his masterpiece executed for the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor. Above this ill-yoked pair appears the gallant Duke of Brunswick, the ill-fated hero of Byron and the Brussels ball, who met his soldier's death, one day too soon, at Quatre Bras. He fell at the head of those comrades whom he had clothed in black until his father's death at Jena and the wrongs of Germany should be avenged. Neither of these foreign pictures can be compared with that of the thoughtful Pitt, by Hoppner, which the Duke purchased at Lord Liverpool's sale, or with the intellectual care-worn head of Perceval, who breasted the worst factions boldly as the Duke. Near these statesmen, good and true, hangs a likeness of Mr. Arbuthnot, to whom Apsley House was a second home, and who breathed his last under this roof. No one ever exercised more influence over the commanding mind of the Duke than this tried and time-honoured friend, whom he wore in his heart's core, as Hamlet did Horatio.

Among the three pictures of Napoleon in this single room, one that gives him in a scarlet uniform, still young and thin—while that fine face retained all its true Italian expression—deserves notice, both for itself and its history. It had been possessed by a gentleman, not of the Duke's acquaintance, to whom an invitation to dine at Apsley House was sent by mistake—and the unbidden guest subsequently presented it in grateful acknowledgment of the kindness and courtesy with which he had been set at his ease on his arrival by the high-bred and feeling host. Amid other portraits of the Buonaparte family male and female, few but will pause before the one of Josephine, at whose divorce the great Corsican's bright star declined; nor will attention be refused to that of Madame Grassini, the beautiful syren of song in her day. To complete the hotchpotch here, beneath the mythical Visit of St. Elizabeth to the Virgin by Raffaelle, behold *The Highland Whisky-still*—a performance in which, to use a pithy phrase of the Duke's, there is 'no mistake;' it is redolent with peat-reek, and the spirit is above proof and criticism. It was painted by the inimitable Sir Edwin on the spot itself, in its hidden glen, and far alike from excisemen and teetotallers. On another wall, a shadow at least of the highest ideal of Italian genius — one of those copies by the modest Bonnemaison—overhangs *The Melton Hunt*, in which horses and hounds, 'the pink,' and 'the real thing' proclaim — and 'no mistake' again—Francis Grant and English verity. The Duke,

Digitized by Google

Duke, who gave 1000*l.* for this picture, was so pleased that he commissioned Mr. Calvert to paint a companion for 600*l.* In that work, a Meeting of the Vine Hunt, he himself is the hero of the field; while around are grouped his Hampshire neighbours, with whom he loved to live on the most friendly terms. These spirit-stirring and truly English sports appealed to all his manly sympathies. He took pleasure, 'after his own way'—(as the peninsular adepts told Judge-Advocate Larpent)—in the chace—mimic war—and amidst all the anxieties of his great charge, as in the peacefulness of his age at home, encouraged the noble exercise, both as an antidote to the Otium Castrense, and because he well knew that those who rode best up to hounds were never the last to face an enemy's square, nor the least sure, when it was broken, to be in at the death.

Visitors next enter the wing added by the Duke—passing from this series of not spacious old drawing-rooms into the great Waterloo Gallery, which, however open to architectural criticism, has a palatial character. The saloon extends about ninety feet—the entire western side of the house—but, though crammed with pictures, is better fitted for state-receptions than art-exhibition. The stinted rays of a London sun struggle through an over-pannelled so-called sky-light; and it is to be regretted that the Duke, who had so much powder at his command, did not, on some darkish day, direct it to be blown off—'hoist by his own petard.' The lower and proper windows are plated with iron shutters outside, and inside with mirrors. The general style is that of Louis XIV. gone crazy: gilding and yellow damask have done their best for pomp and their worst for art. The paintings either blush unseen, or look like black spots huddled on the gaudy background. It is impossible not to regret this—but the truth is that objects which in every other gallery are the principals must submit to be ranked as secondary ones *here*: —at all events most certainly the absorbing interest strikingly marked on the countenances of the stream of spectators that poured in, was the scene of the *banquet*, and the idea of the *man*, the hero of the day, the first and foremost in the fight, yet spared to preside *here* over so many anniversaries of its glory. These were the pivots on which the reverential curiosity of the nation turned, and to which Jansteen and Murillo, the Great Room or the Striped Room, were as leather and prunella. The point of every sight was the spot on which he sat at those military festivals; and the identical chair he occupied was placed exactly opposite the central fire-grate. In that chair he will sit no more; and cold must be that patriotism which warms not at this hearth, and languid that imagination which cannot re-people

Digitized by Google

people the hall with that gallant gathering, that vista of veterans, who serried round their leader here as faithfully as once wont in the thickest fight, and ere their or his hairs were grey.

The commemorations were originally held in the usual dining-room of the house, and the company included only some twenty who had been Generals in the actions of June, 1815; as this number gradually was diminished by deaths, room was afforded for officers of less standing; by degrees, it being the Duke's especial desire to invite, if he could, all comrades who continued in the army, the party swelled to above eighty, and many met at the last of these festivals, as guests of their great chief, who thirty-seven years before was already a Field-Marshal, when they were only fleshing their maiden swords as ensigns at Quatre Bras, Hougomont, or La Haye Sainte. The Saloon was thus used for the first time in 1830, and was inaugurated as *The Waterloo Gallery* by the royal presence of William IV.

Now that all this pomp and circumstance has passed away, as all things must, the pictures rise in importance, and will become the rightful furniture, the *præclara supellex*, of the stately chamber; and in addition to their own merit, from having been made heir-looms by the Duke, they are henceforth inseparably united with his name and the honours he has transmitted. Undoubtedly they cannot be compared in number or value with the 'collections' formed in Spain by M. Soult or M. Sebastiani, which 'fetched so much money.' The Duke, born, bred, and educated an English gentleman, would just as soon have thought of telling a lie in a bulletin as of robbing a church in a campaign: honesty was his policy. 'Clear in his great office,' he never alloyed his glory with the dross of pillage or peculation; his shrine of immortality was approached through the temple of virtue—and he trusted to a grateful country to provide means to support a dignity which he had carved out with an untarnished sword. Such also was the spirit of Nelson—and he could *tell* his feeling, which would hardly have suited the Duke. 'Had I attended less to the service of my country,' wrote the glorious sailor, 'I might have made some money, too; however, I trust my name will stand on record when the money-makers will be forgotten.'

The principal paintings made heir-looms by the Duke, and called in the inventory *the Spanish Pictures*, were won on the field of Vitoria, when the enemy was beaten 'before the town, in the town, about the town, and out of the town.' Then Jourdain was turned and fled, and Joseph, the King, followed; and the whole artistical pillage of five years Peninsular occupation, during which all plundered, from Buonaparte down to the fraction of a drummer-boy, was abandoned. The royal imperial, bursting with

Digitized by Google

with pickings, was laid at the victor's feet, and opened in Harley Street (his Grace's old London HABITAT) by Mr. Seguier—with what result let this document tell :—

'*To the Right Honourable Sir Henry Wellesley, K.B.*

'Aire, 16th March, 1814.

'MY DEAR HENRY,—The baggage of King Joseph, after the battle of Vitoria, fell into my hands after having been plundered by the soldiers; and I found among it an imperial, containing prints, drawings, and pictures.

'From the cursory view which I took of them, the latter did not appear to me to be anything remarkable. There are certainly not among them any of the fine pictures, which I saw in Madrid, by Rafael and others; and I thought more of the prints and drawings, all of the Italian school, which induced me to believe that the whole collection was robbed in Italy rather than in Spain. I sent them to England; and having desired that they should be put to rights, and those cleaned which required it, I have found that there are among them much finer pictures than I conceived there were; and as, if the King's palaces have been *robbed* of pictures, it is not improbable that some of his may be among them, and I am desirous of restoring them to his Majesty, I shall be much obliged to you if you will mention the subject to Don J. Luyando, and tell him that I request that a person may be fixed upon to go to London to see them, and to fix upon those belonging to his Majesty.

'This may be done, either now or hereafter, when I shall return to England, as may be most expedient. In the mean time, the best of them are in the hands of persons who are putting them to rights, which is an expense necessary for their preservation, whether they belong to his Majesty or not. Ever yours most affectionately,

WELLINGTON.'

Ferdinand VII. was well pleased that these prizes should adorn the walls of the deliverer of himself and Spain, and the more as he cared for no such things, being, in fact, about as inæsthetic a Goth as ever smoked tobacco; and we may take the liberty to whisper that the 'prints and drawings,' which the Duke thought the best articles in Joseph's sack, are second-rate.

The pictures in this saloon (as elsewhere) seem to be hung more with reference to size than any other consideration, and we hope no feelings will forbid, by and bye, a different arrangement. We shall select a few only for notice here; and even so the danger of becoming dull as the catalogue of an auctioneer is imminent.

Of those that bear upon the founder of the gallery, precedence seems due, on the whole, to the Spanish school, in which Velazquez claims first rank. The *Aguador* or Water-carrier of Seville, one of his earliest known works, was probably painted

Digitized by Google

painted in the studio of his bold but coarse master, Herrera—the first to adopt in Spain the *naturalistic* style, which Caravaggio was making so fashionable in cognate Naples. This was the reaction of Rafaelle—when an over-banqueting on the ideal and elevated led to a craving for the contrary, as lust when sated in a celestial bed will prey on garbage:—*le dégoût du beau amène le goût du singulier.* This specimen of the democracy of art—of humanity in rags—is a true transcript of the low life at Seville, and is treated with the broadest touch and admirable imitation of texture and material. Near it is a portrait of Quevedo, the ill-fated wit-novelist and Fielding of Spain, to whom, as to Cervantes, his country gave stones, not bread, and a prison for a home. The heavy, ordinary features indicate little of the humorous or comic; while the spectacles, the coveted privilege of the man of letters of that period, suggest the Doctors' Commons more than the Drury-lane of the Peninsula. The neighbouring likeness of a *Young Man*—long most erroneously considered that of Velazquez himself—is conspicuous for its masculine vigour, sobriety, and truth:—chary of colour, and free from tinsel and pretension, it tells like the prose of Thucydides. But the very finest specimen here of Velazquez is the portrait of Innocent X., the Pamphili Pope, done at Rome in 1648—(as an autograph of the painter on the back states)—and of which there is a well known *replica* in the Doria Palace. The shrewd pontiff is portrayed to the rubicund life by our great Spaniard, who was too honest even to flatter the tiara. Nearly opposite hangs unseen a procession into a fortification, in which the figures sparkle like gems. The locality is in Navarre, as above are painted those *chains* that encircled the tent of the Moorish general, and were broken in 1212 by Sancho III. at Navas de Tolosa, when and where the first real blow was dealt to the Mahommedan intruder.

In another corner the celebrated 'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' by Correggio, also blushes unseen, in spite of the halo, the supernatural luminous emanation, which—as in the 'Notte,' the master's masterpiece at Dresden—proceeds from the person of the Saviour. This picture, originally parted with, it is said, in payment of an apothecary's bill of four scudi, was nevertheless done at the painter's best period. Vasari speaks of it as considered, in his own time, one of his most beautiful specimens—and no wonder, for how much art is condensed in the small space of this Koh-i-noor. The old copy of it now in the National Gallery was purchased during the war by Mr. Angerstein for 2000*l.* He acted on the advice of West and Lawrence, who certified to its originality; and this mistake, made

Digitized by Google

made by such real judges, might suggest a little more charity to some self-confident critics of our days, and temper pens too ready to be dipped in gall. We should say that some still think it may possibly be a *replica.*

The power of the mellow blue and tones of this Correggio, and the clear tender pinks of the Velazquez, are tested by the Vandermeulen hung near them, all gorgeous in scarlet and cavaliers of the time of Louis XIV. proceeding to a marriage, and blessed from a balcony by a violet-robed prelate; a serpent, on an armorial shield, connects the incident with the Colbert family. The cool landscape and gradation of tints is admirable.

Murillo is not well represented among these Spanish pieces: King Joseph, a resident at Madrid, had fewer opportunities of obtaining his works than Soult, who gleaned at Seville—the home of this local artist. That illustrious marshal knew well how to seize the tide and time, and a single instance will suffice as well as a hundred. One day, when showing his 'collection' to Colonel Gurwood, he stopped before a certain Murillo, and observed, 'I value that picture much; it saved the lives of two estimable men.' An aide-de-camp whispered in Gurwood's ear—'He threatened to have them both shot if they did not send him the painting.'—'Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase—convey the wise it call.' Nothing—to do him justice—was too minute, or too great, for the capacity of his grasp. The catalogue now before us, of the sale of his 'collection' at Paris last year, is a lasting record of the diligence and intelligence with which he laboured in his vocation.

The so-called Murillo at Apsley House is a large specimen of the common class of low beggar life, and is made up of an old woman with a mess of pottage, a grinning urchin, a dog, and a pipkin. If printed Spanish pedigrees be a better test of originality than a picture itself, this must be held to be a genuine work, however hard and coarse the colouring, however overdone the boy's grin, however Roman the nose of the Andalusian hag. Be that as it may, it passed from Cadiz to Farley Hall, the residence of the late Mr. Anderdon, a country neighbour of the Duke's, and whose gallery was the show to which he took his visitors from Strathfieldsaye. This was the painting of his predilection—'Give me,' he never failed to say, 'the old woman and the boy.' Accordingly, when his good old ally's collection came to the hammer at Christie's he secured his favourite, which at least possesses that merit.

The full-length portrait of our bloody Mary was brought from Spain by Lord Cowley, and probably was one of the many sent there

Digitized by Google

there when she married the cognate bigot Philip II. On the mantelpiece beneath is another of the many busts of the beautiful Lady Douro; and near it, a head by Canova of a young and chaplet-crowned female, said by some to be Pauline Buonaparte; it was presented by the sculptor to the Duke in 1817, in grateful remembrance, as an inscription on the back records, of the restitution of works of art taken from Rome by the French, and the gift moreover of 100,000 francs to the poor Pope to pay for packages and carriage. Canova, who moved heaven and earth to bring about this great act of justice, had sent a marble memorial to each of the four eminent individuals who were the most instrumental—to Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Long, Mr. Hamilton, and the Duke; and never was the sword better thrown into the scale, than when the eternal city, the home of art, thus recovered by it her heir-looms—the Apollo and the Transfiguration.

Our limits compel us to pass from the 130 and more pictures with which these walls are tapestried: they differ so much in size, subject, and quality, that to fit their frames in with each other must have been the object and office of the art-executioners employed to hang them. At any rate many excellent specimens of Teniers, Ostade, Jansteen, Wouvermans, Claude, and the Venetian school, are as good as lost.

On quitting this saloon the old house is re-entered, and we are in the *Small Drawing-Room*, as it is styled, which, if it appears smaller by the contrast, has a greater air of daily occupation. The malachite vases here were the gift of Alexander of Russia, whose small portrait by Gerard, taken in his favourite leaning attitude, recalls the individual man. Near it hangs the nautical William IV., all blushes, in a scarlet uniform—so recorded in 1833 by Wilkie. The somewhat extraordinary costume is given with power—the at best ordinary features with feebleness—especially when contrasted with the intellectual head of Lord Wellesley, in the robes of the Garter, by Lawrence. This full-length, originally intended for the hall of Christchurch, Oxford, was found, when finished, to be too large for the destined space. The Duke, who owed to his brother his first separate command, remembered the obligation, and seldom showed the picture without remarking—'The Governor. A great man that: very clever.' No two brothers were more unlike in character and taste, and few were ever greater in their respective capacities: by the two acting together, the statesman and the soldier, our Indian empire was saved and fixed at a moment the most critical. In their later days even, the Marquis, less punctual than the Duke, frequently kept him waiting,

Digitized by Google

waiting, to which he patiently submitted, saying, 'My brother treats me as if I was only Colonel Wellesley and he still Governor-General.'

Opposite hangs another full-length of Napoleon, painted by Lefevre, and of no particular notability, save as affording a fresh proof how superior the Duke was to any jealousy or want of appreciation of the Emperor's military merit. He seems to have entertained no very exalted opinion—Massena excepted—of any of the tribe of Marshals—fortisque Gyas fortisque Cleanthus—whose existence the world will soon forget, and whose names never were such as nurses frightened babies with; but he invariably did ample justice to their master, whose presence in the field—as he told Larpent among others—he reckoned as equal to a reinforcement of 40,000 men. *Nec mirum*, thinks Larpent:—*He* could promote a drummer to a duke, while ours, hampered by the Horse Guards, had difficulties in making an ensign.*

We cannot omit mentioning a portrait, by Wilkie, of the late beautiful Lady Lyndhurst, dressed as a Spaniard, in a conventional mantilla, *lined with red*, and such as never was worn or seen

---

* We are sorry that, though anxious to give as much space as possible to the great Duke, we cannot enter at present into the details of what we consider to be among the most interesting recent contributions to the mass of materials for his future historian;—but let no reader deny himself a sight of this Diary of Mr. Larpent, attached to his head-quarters as Judge-Advocate from the summer of 1812 to the dispersion of the Peninsular army in 1814. The work consists of that gentleman's private record of occurrences—as transmitted at the time to his family here—not a word altered. Such documents are rare, and few indeed of them stand the test of examination by strangers—but these papers do. The writer was, of course, recognised as a man of good talents and legal acquirements, else he would not have been appointed to such a post by the then Judge-Advocate General, Mr. Manners Sutton, afterwards Lord Canterbury. It is obvious that his diligence and skill in office, and his manners and conversation, soon won for him the confidence and personal liking of the Commander-in-Chief. In return his letters have now thrown additional light on the Duke's character and demeanour, both as a General and as a man. The perfectly easy, unaffected style gives a very peculiar charm—and any attempt to get rid of inaccuracies, inevitable under the circumstances, would have been utterly injudicious. It is not the least merit that the witness is a civilian—a regular Lincoln's-Inn barrister, suddenly equipped in red coat and black feather, and popped down among the society of leading military men surrounding the immediate person of Wellington. He reports their doings and sayings from day to day with apparently the most complete openness and candour. Nor do his own unconcealed little foibles by any means detract from the interest of his pages. Even his thoroughly Cockney regard for *prog*, as he calls it, and studious entries as to whatever touches that department, are more than amusing—for, after all, the feeding of an army is the very first concern for every true General, and no work yet published (except of course the Duke's own) illustrates so clearly his Grace's incessant watchfulness and wonderful combinations in respect of the supply of provisions for his men. The lawyer, however, was a keen spectator (sometimes a rash one) on the day of danger, and has given very lively sketches of some of the most important operations, from Burgos to Toulouse inclusive.

except

Digitized by Google

except at a fancy ball at Kensington: but Wilkie, so sober and truthful at home, went to the Peninsula to give loose reins to his imagination in defiance of local colour, costume, and custom. On the neck of the dark-glancing lady may yet be seen a spot, the mark of the beast, and the point of a tale. The picture had just been sent home, and was placed in the Duke's library, where he was writing, when the house was surrounded by the patriots bent on reform. Soon a stone, breaking a pane of glass, whizzed like a shot over his head, and pierced the canvass. The Duke, without showing the least fear or concern, finished his letters, and while his servant sealed them up, walked to the windows, and seeing the multitudes swarming round the statue of Achilles, simply remarked, 'Why, they are going to pull that thing down.' Fortunately for themselves, none of these gentlemen entered the house, where a welcome after the fashion of the 10th of April awaited them.

The selection of pictures for the next, the *Striped Drawing-Room*, is vividly characteristic of the Duke. Here he has delighted to group together the members of his family and the comrades of his arms—his adopted brothers and children. The prize of beauty is justly assigned to Lady Douro, whose 'high Dama brow' has inspired Swinton to one of his happiest efforts. Around the fair are arranged the brave, who best deserve them. These walls are decorated with not a few countenances that failed never at the anniversaries of the 18th of June, and which, as it were, illustrate the Waterloo Gazette: the Duke himself forms the exception. Often as he sat for others, no likeness of him graces a place and company where it would so naturally be expected—the central luminary, about which satellites so bright and many clustered, alone is wanting. Possibly he may have thought that there was little need in-doors of an image which he could not stir out-of-doors without seeing stare at him from every shop-window: at all events no Gerard painted him in ducal robes, stars and garters; no Horace Vernet blazoned his battles on acres of canvass. Of his dozens of victories one only—the last, the 'crowning mercy'—is to be found here—and in that the point of view and honour is given to his antagonist. The field is depicted as seen from the position occupied by Napoleon: the two captains, pitted against each other for the first and last time, are within range of shot and sight of each other. It must have been under such circumstances that an artillery officer, desiring to direct some round shot at the Imperial group, was checked by the Duke's reply; 'Commanders of armies have other things to think of than firing on each other.' How differently the Em-

Digitized by Google

peror felt and acted at Dresden, when Moreau was slain, we all know well. The Duke, who never missed the Royal Academy dinner, was, during a preliminary lounge, struck with this picture—the work of one who had, among other incidents of an adventurous youth, seen what battles are—the late Sir William Allan—pronounced it 'Good, not too much smoke'—inquired for the artist, and secured it on the spot—which, we dare say, did not diminish Allan's enjoyment of that day's turtle and champagne.

However indifferent as to portraits of himself, he employed the highest available art for those of his comrades. '*Fighting*' Picton figures foremost, who closed his brilliant career, like Wolfe and Moore, in the arms of victory;—then *Anglesey*, by Lawrence, the impersonation of the dashing hussar, who in 1808 at Mayorga gave the enemy the first taste of the British sabre, and who at Waterloo struck and received the last blow;—*Hill*, the model of discipline, the quiet, collected Lieutenant, who never exceeded his orders, which he never failed to execute in consummate style:—*Beresford*—the sagacious companion of many a reconnoitring ride and over many a midnight lamp—the man of whom the Duke said, 'If there be a weak point in a plan, *that's* the eye that's sure to see it.' The Marshal appears in the uniform of those Portuguese soldiers who, under his instructions, became the 'fighting-cocks of the army;' and, however undervalued by the Spaniards, stood to their guns, while too often those proud semi-orientals fled every man to his home. Lawrence has given with truth and gusto the Herculean build of *Beresford* who, at Albuera, fought sword in hand more like a private than a chief—nor does he less justice to the stalwart frame of *Lynedoch*, the gallant veteran who fluttered Victor at Barrosa, and 'alone did it.' Here of course is *Fitzroy Somerset*, so long the faithful follower and right-hand of the Duke in camp and cabinet—nor can we miss *Alava*, the true specimen of the good old Castilian, free from stain, who was both at Trafalgar and Waterloo, and waged war to the knife against his country's inveterate enemy. In a word, no corner of the room is without a hero: *Murray*, the polished Cavalier and learned tactician, the justly prized quartermaster-general—('next to Wellington our clearest head, I think,' says Judge Larpent;)—*Combermere*, the splendid cavalry chief; Seaton ('the Beauty of Bravery'), Halkett, Grant, Freemantle, Barnes, and Elley, stand once more side by side, as when the foe was in front. Nor are the portraits of Marlborough or Nelson wanting to complete this glorious company of good men and true, who trod in their steps of honour. The pencil of Sir William

Digitized by Google

William Beechey was, however, altogether unequal to the man of Trafalgar—poor in point of art, his piece is unlike in form and expression; the spare war-and-weather-worn Admiral is swelled into an overgrown 'figure-head.' The burning fire which animated his fragile frame is extinguished in the paint-pot of the feeble academical knight. However, Nelson is rigged in the good old English uniform of Howe and Jervis, the free-and-easy blue and buff—the most thorough-bred of seamen is not braced up in the tailor travestie which now perplexes Portsmouth, and tends to turn your British tar into a cross between the Prussian landswehr and the French gendarme. We mentioned already that the Duke had the bust of Gurwood in the entrance of his house—here above-stairs he has also hung the Colonel's picture among his best friends. This resolute *sabreur* and most useful henchman is clad in the installation dress of Esquire to a Knight of the Bath, in which capacity he attended the Duke; and his name will survive, firmly inserted in the hem of his patron's garment. His features are those of the rough and ready leader of a forlorn hope. Singularly enough, just before the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo began, some of our officers, in that mood which brings grim smiles on powder-begrimmed lips, were settling—so sure were they of success—what particular prize each would carry off; and Gurwood—aspiring subaltern!—said he would take the French Governor—which he did. The Duke received the prisoner in the trenches, and bad him deliver his sword to his captor—*ensem quem meruit ferat.*

Gurwood wielded the sword better than the pen; but, if he did not succeed as an annotator, is fully entitled to the credit of a zealous, trustworthy compiler. The thanks of the world for the Duke's Despatches are mainly due to an elegant and accomplished lady—Mrs. Arbuthnot, the wife of his Grace's faithful Achates: she first suggested the printing and publishing of these documents, to which the Duke objected for a little—but he at last took up the idea, and pronounced Colonel Gurwood, who happened to be present, as 'good as any one else to superintend the operation.' The real editor, however, was the author himself: he read all in proof, and corrected every page, text and margent, with his own hand. The papers were originally set into type exactly as they had been written, but their illustrious *Editor*, always considerate for others, struck out all the names and every sentence which might give pain, and to such an extent that matter sufficient for six additional volumes was, it is said, cancelled. The typographical duty was so honourably conducted by Messrs. Clowes, that neither the head of that vast establish-

Digitized by Google

ment,

ment, nor Mr. Murray who published the book, ever possessed or even saw the proof-sheets. One copy alone exists of the entire work, and it consists of the identical sheets marked by the Duke's revising pen. This, indeed, is a typographical rarity, which future Roxburghes and Dibdins may sigh to possess, and Humes and Hallams to peruse; and when the present generation is passed, when personal considerations cease to operate, and history can fairly claim its rights, these now sealed volumes will raise their Author to even a higher pinnacle, by a more complete display of his genius, and a further revelation of the inadequacy of the means by which ends so great were accomplished. Then, as he remarked himself, 'When my papers are read, many statues will have to be taken down.'

The publication, so far as it has gone, of this code of the English soldier and gentleman, this encyclopedia of military and administrative science, first convinced many among our own *liberals* of the union in our great captain of all those high qualities which the glorious profession of arms peculiarly calls forth. These unaffected documents could not be mistaken. They who run must read his love for King and country, his spotless honour and honesty, exalted sense of duty, godlike presence of mind, self-relying courage in danger, serene equanimity in reverse or victory; his lofty contempt of calumniators—his self-denial and scrupulous consideration of others—his sagacity and forethought —his unsparing, intense labour of body and mind—last, not least, his modesty and simplicity.

We may be permitted also to dwell once more for a moment on the nervous, perspicuous, idiomatic style of these despatches, drawn from deep wells of pure Anglo-Saxon undefiled. Truly English in word and thought, they tell a plain unvarnished tale with the real unadorned eloquence of practical patriotism. The iron energy of his sword entered like Cæsar's into his pen, and he used either instrument with equal facility to turn his antagonists to flight or shame. His two golden rules of composition, and which we recommend to the rising generation of type, were, firstly, never to dip the pen in the inkstand without previously understanding the subject:—secondly, to avoid synonyms, and especially when giving instructions. Perhaps almost everything that small critics frown at as clumsy, inartificial tautology in the Duke's composition was designed and deliberate:—he saw how often differences spring from the interpretation of synonyms, on which men seldom agree exactly, and that mistakes were less likely to happen when one and the simplest word was chosen, kept to, and impressed by repetition; and how many lawsuits, and what costs would be avoided, if the drawers

Digitized by Google

drawers of our acts of Parliament—barristers of three years' standing—would condescend to repeat the same terms, instead of showing off style by variations! The Duke scouted all bullying bulletin balderdash—all talk of 'driving leopards into the sea,' 'finishing campaigns with thunderbolts,' crumpling Czars 'like sheets of paper'—and similar feats, sooner said than done. And as he wrote he spoke. Hyberbolical only in the defence of comrades, he knew how cheering the note of praise is to the distant soldier fighting for his King, and how depressing the cold blast of a factious Opposition. He was no Athenian sophist skilled in logomachies—no practised debater, no intellectual gladiator; he just said the right thing at the right time, constantly expressing the most in the fewest words—and his *character* carried conviction. All understood his blunt soldierlike discourse, as if giving the word of command, and few took offence at his honest home thrusts, or could resist his sledge-hammer blows on the nail's head. He used his words to explain, not conceal his thoughts: not a few terse phrases have passed into proverbs already—but a quiver might be filled with the pithy pointed shafts shot from his mind, that arsenal of common sense, sound judgment, and wide experience.

The following *scrap* is from the private diary of a friend who happened to dine—quite *en famille*—with the late Sir Robert Peel one Sunday in Whitehall Gardens, at the time when the original *Gurwood* was in course of publication:—

'After dinner a chief subject the Despatches, of which another volume has just come out. I was struck with one remark of Peel's. "In my opinion," said he, "when a studious man, say an American, a hundred or two hundred years hence, wishes to get at a distinct notion of what was in this age the actual style and tone of conversation in good English society, he will have to rely very much on Gurwood. We have had no dramatist at all—we have had only two good novelists, and neither of *them* is at home in *England*. As yet I see nothing that will be so valuable, even in this way, as the Duke's Letters."'

The usual dining-room of Apsley House was built by the Duke, and communicates with this room in which his comrades are quartered. It has a royal look from the full-length portraits of the Allied Sovereigns, given by themselves. In company with the originals, it must be allowed that our Prince Regent always looked like the highest of the high: and no less among these pictured figures stands forth that of George IV., in the 'garb of old Gaul' worn by him at Holyrood—that picturesque costume of wild mountaineers, the adoption of which in that place by his Majesty—his only precedent, it was said, being Prince Charles in 1745—gave no less offence to the refined Lowlanders of modern Athens,

Digitized by Google

Athens, than the caricature copy by the unwieldy Alderman Curtis did to the portly Monarch himself. It is a vigorous and effective work of Wilkie's—perhaps the best portrait he ever did;—the head admirable, and the costume excellently cast and coloured. Opposite hangs the wizen and worn Francis I. of Austria, huddling his spare form in a military great coat, and so much to the life itself, that the Duke, who superintended the unpacking, kept exclaiming, 'Poor man, very good—poor man, very like.'

On quitting the first floor, the visitor descends by a back staircase, which a Lord Apsley might compare to a tortuous suit in Chancery, and the Duke to the *escalier dérobé* of a sallyport: it leads to a rabbit-warren of dark passages, in which regiments of chests are drawn up, and boxes piled like Pelion on Ossa. The long rows of oaken brass-bound cases of convenient size, and each placed on a moveable stand, are docketed with the years of their contents. In these the private papers of the Duke are so methodically arranged, that by an index any one can be instantly referred to. This multitudinous array conveys an idea of his vast and incessant correspondence—the eagerness of all the world to obtain his advice in difficulties—the boundless mass of State secrets confided to his faithful keeping. Here also are the private papers of George IV., to whom the Duke was surviving executor. It makes one shudder to think that the candle of a careless maid might reduce to ashes these precious materials for future historians. The Duke had prepared a fire-proof record-room under his garden—but their removal into it was never effected; and we may add, that no risk they ran was more serious than that occasioned by his Grace's habit latterly of reading with a light between himself and the book or document in his hand. In fact, he thus, when dozing, had over and over again set fire to what he held—especially of course Parliamentary Papers.

On emerging from this chaos of cases, several low apartments under the Waterloo Gallery are found principally and not unaptly appropriated to his presents of China and table decorations. Among the few pictures in one room, to which a fire would do no great harm, is a full-length *facsimile* of Charles X. This disagreeable article was dethroned from the dining-room by the Duke to make place for Francis I.; nor did his Grace deem it worthy even of a frame. The bookcases here are filled with finely-bound copies of volumes printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and sent to their Chancellor, who needed not such soporifics. The last work, which he did not live to read through, was the Blue-Book onslaught on poor Alma Mater perpetrated

Digitized by Google

trated by unnatural Whiglings. The identical copy of their ponderous production, which might have sapped the health of a younger student, has been presented to the Bodleian by his son, and we trust this farrago of new-fangled projects will long rest among the most undisturbed folios of that venerable receptacle.

Most people, Whig or Tory, will rejoice to pass to the more lively contents of the *Great China Room*. This Eldorado glitters with porcelain, silver, and gold, the offerings of grateful kings and nations. In examining these infinite services of China—French, Austrian, Prussian, and Saxon—it strikes one as strange that a substance so fragile should have been so much selected as an enduring memorial to the Iron Duke. But Diamonds, Orders, and Batons had been exhausted; and these specimens of the ceramic art, the best in form, material, and taste of the period, did good service at the great anniversary banquets. The silver plateau was presented by the Regent of Portugal, as a long inscription records. Honour to that poor rocky nook on which the deliverance of the Peninsula was based—to Portugal, whose sons did fight well in their own and the world's cause, and who, both during the struggle and afterwards, evinced a gratitude far beyond that of the great and once glorious sister-kingdom—unteachable, incorrigible Spain—then and still inclined rather to forget and forgive French injuries than acknowledge English benefits, which the pride of impotence resents as implying a foreign superiority. It would be ungracious to find fault in this plateau as a work of art, when the motives are so praiseworthy. Groups of female figures of Fame, whose forms and draperies are rather Lusitanian than Grecian, flit amid palm-trees, and proclaim, trumpet-tongued, the gestes and triumphs of the English Cid, who, unfurling the red cross of St. George on the banks of the Tagus, rested not until it waved over the ramparts of Imperial Paris.

The delicate silver tones of this Portuguese gift contrast with the golden splendour of those from the august Corporation of London in 1823—a fit peace atonement to one, of whom, in the very Talavera tug of war, they recorded discontent and clamoured for dismissal. Where then, but for him, ye sapient cits, would your ducats have been 'collected,' and by whom your fat turtles consumed? The shield was designed by Mr. Stothard—and, although it cannot rank with that of Achilles in the Iliad, the military conception does honour to the Cellinis east of Temple Bar. Fitter for Guildhall or the Mess-room than the Museum, a fricassee of figures, horse and foot, project in high relief, and gather around the central Duke. The cost was 10,000*l.*; and, whatever the differences about mould

Digitized by Google

mould and make, the many are satisfied with the material. The candelabras spring from columnar bases, where sentinels, arms, and implements of glorious war are grouped—so excellently modelled and executed, and so pleasing to a soldier's eye, that an honourable acquittal was certain when tried by the courts-martial summoned on the 18th of June. Some French bronzes of Henri IV., Turenne, Condé, and Louis XIV. deserve notice from infinite bravura and higher art. The little bust of the Duke in a corner was the especial favourite of the late Duchess; and the red kettle-drums were given to his Grace as trophies of the first Burmese war. In conclusion, this room was always assigned to Mr. Arbuthnot, when a visitor at Apsley House.

On quitting these caves of Golconda, the scene changes at once into the Spartan simplicity of the Iron Duke. We pass the threshold of his privacy, and are admitted as it were to a personal interview, and realise his everyday life. The suite of rooms and the contents are left, by the present Duke's especial direction, in their unchanged state—a few articles only having been moved to make a gangway for the public. One glance at the Secretary's den will satisfy the most skin-flint economist that his situation was no sinecure. Plain to plainness, the only decorations are some Prussian china, painted with incidents in the Duke's life, from Dame Ragueneau's at Eton to the opening of the Waterloo Bridge. Every nook and corner is dedicated to work. Around are heaped oak-cases and boxes, books of reference, and all the appliances of pen, ink, and paper. Near the fire are the chair in which the Duke sat when giving instructions, and the table at which, when alone or much pressed by business, he ate a hurried but hearty dinner. On a smaller table stands an ordinary deal box, which never has had a coat of paint, and is fastened by the rudest iron lock and hasp; yet henceforward this rough bit of carpentry will rank with the gem-studded casket of Darius, in which Alexander deposited his Bible, Homer. The article followed the Duke's fortunes throughout the Peninsula, and was generally called the 'Mule Box,' as an especial animal was employed to carry this object of constant solicitude, and which was missing more than once. In this humble husk his most secret papers were kept; on its cover his plans were sketched and his despatches written.

Numberless were the epistles showered day after day, hour after hour, upon that desk—for, in or out of the Cabinet, the Duke was thought to be the fountain of post and profit; and very many of the effusions were disposed of by his jotting on the margin, for the benefit of his secretary, 'Reply by Circular.' The recurrence of some applications was so inevitably constant

Digitized by Google

stant that he had lithographed answers ready, which only required to be filled up and dated. Thus petitions for place, requests to see Apsley House, applications from authors—especially Divines and Poetesses—to be permitted to dedicate—these things and the like were summarily dismissed, and the lithographs sold subsequently for high prices as autographs. The Duke piqued himself on punctuality of reply; and the knowledge of this fact multiplied letters which, if unanswered, would have probably answered themselves. Courteous, and writing to the point when addressed with right, reason, and respect, he could sting if nettled, and parry the impertinent with pertinent thrusts in that curt 'F.-M. the Duke of Wellington' style which has passed into the proverbial: and he took pleasure in thus double-shotting his notes with grape and grapnel, and frequently would pleasantly allude to his answer, saying, 'This they may read at Charing Cross—but I don't think they will.' In vain he was told that traps were laid by ingenious autograph-collectors to put him on his epistolar mettle—such as modest dunnings for the payment of other people's washerwomen's bills, &c.: it amused him to pay them off with their own coin.*

The interest increases as *the Duke's own Room*, the *sanctum sanctorum*, is approached. It bears the look of the well-garnished comfortable library of a man of business; a character indeed so impressed that, had he placed a motto round his cornice, it might have run thus: 'Call on a business man at business times only, and on business; transact your business, and go about your business, in order to give him time to finish his business.' If ever there was among our labouring classes a real pains-taking operative, it was the Duke. Emphatically a man of habit and hard work, his fixed principle was to do his duty in whatever situation it pleased Providence that he should

* It was a rule with the Duke, immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that no *parcel*, addressed to him, should be taken in by his people, unless the bearer could show an order for its admission written by himself or his secretary. A wise rule! What a pestilence all private families in town are subjected to by the impudent pertinacity of the petty publishers in sending round their rubbish to every door, in hope that you will rather pay for it when they 'call again to-morrow'—or more probably to-morrow week—than be at the trouble of hunting it up and returning it. The annoyance from the Reports and Petitions of Philanthropic Society jobbers is another equally constant and even more disgusting nuisance, which the Duke escaped.

Every one has heard of Talleyrand's grand precept,—'Never do for yourself what you can get some one else to do for you.' Never shying any trouble that he best could meet, the Duke rarely threw away time on *trifles* that anybody else could manage as well. For instance, on the back of every ticket for his last Ball (14th May, 1852) there appeared this formula:—'Please send an Answer on a Card, or unsealed.' Thus all the answers would go directly to the person whom it behoved to have a notion for how many, out of the 1000 or 1500 honoured with invitations, supper should be ready on his Grace's table.

fill,

Digitized by Google

fill, and to do it to the best with all his might. He was as regular at early service and correct in his responses as any parish-clerk. No man ever gave away more brides at the altar: none had a larger tribe of godchildren. He was as sure at drill as any adjutant; punctual at a funeral as any undertaker; regular at a drawing-room as a lord of the bedchamber.

In this his studio, all the tools and means of a consummate artist who knows the value of time were at hand: while all show and tinsel are absent, everything present is solid and substantial, and indicative of masculine nerve and sinew, of the energy and intention of one who could bear anything but idleness, and to whom occupation was happiness. In truth, he was the nation's servant-of-all-work, from the clerk to the Commander-in-chief, who never stinted counsel or labour, whether called for by friend or foe, when the honour and welfare of his Prince might be forwarded. His secrets of getting through each day's work were simple. He rose early to attend to the thing in hand, one at a time, well knowing that those who run after two hares catch neither. He sat down with a fixed tenacity of purpose, bringing to bear on his subject patience, industry, capacity, tact, and every blossom of good sense. He had in perfection the rare faculty of abstraction, and could concentrate all his powers into one focus. 'Other men,' said Mr. Arbuthnot when near his end under this roof—'other men may have had particular talents in higher perfection, but I don't believe there ever was any man that had the same gift and habit of bringing all his resources to bear upon *anything* that he took into his consideration at all.' 'How few are there,' said Mr. Arbuthnot, 'that, in general, set to work upon any given point or topic more than a corner of their brain!' This dearest friend of the Duke's, himself the gentlest of human beings, had been a keen observer nevertheless.

Everything in this workshop is calculated to insure quiet and exclude draughts; for the Duke, however hardy out of doors, was chilly and loved warmth when chained down to the daily desk. Within easy reach we see the books he most frequently consulted, chiefly historical; nor is there any lack of easy-chairs for their student. That in which a medal is inserted was made of the elm under which he stood at Waterloo. It was given him by Mr. Children—that gentleman having in 1818 purchased the tree of the farmer Papillote, who cut it down because plagued by visitors, just as Shakspeare's mulberry was dealt with by the Reverend Goth Gastrell. In another chair, made from the oak of the Téméraire, Mr. Arbuthnot usually sat; the Duke's place was naturally in front of the fire, where his own habitual chair, with red-leather cushions and moveable desk, still remains. In it

Digitized by Google

it he was wont, when his work was done, to amuse himself with the paper and lighter literature of the day—of which last, when out of office, he was a diligent devourer and eviscerator of marrow and meaning—an occasional nap, and may be a blaze, to the contrary notwithstanding.

At first entrance an impression of confusion is conveyed by the multitudinous objects heaped on tables and sofas, but order and method may soon be detected amidst the chaos. As nothing ever placed by the Duke was moved, he knew where at once to find what he wanted. On the central table still lie his overcoats, of various colours and textures, suited to meet all changes of the weather. Close at hand are despatch-boxes and courier-valises, which bear the marks of rough service—all ready for immediate use—near, a small equestrian statuette of the Queen marks the Polar star of his course. He to the last used the good, old-fashioned, loyal phrase of 'her Majesty's servants,' and centered in the Crown all his notions of country. Near also at hand is a private box, now covered with a leather case, which he unlocked with an unduplicated key—it being the depository of a constant supply of bank-notes for those disbursements as to which he did not think proper to make 'Coutts's clerks' his confidants; and seldom that day passed when it was not often opened to direct 5*l.* and 10*l.* notes to be sent in registered letters to never-failing applicants for relief. The Duke, a Samaritan, not a Pharisee, did not blazon forth his name in printed subscription lists, or choose to be made a decoy—like many who have their reward—but had a heart open as charity, and a hand that knew not what the other gave. It was useless to prove to him that his bounty was often abused. He held that, as much had been given him by his country, much was required; and, however close and circumspect as paymaster of state money, he was generous to a fault with his own; nay, he was infinitely amused when ingenious tricks were played on him. He was fond of telling—and he did it at great length and with infinite humour—the particular case of the female, Stanley, who, by a scheme followed up for seven years, contrived to do him of some 500*l.* 'An orphan daughter of a soldier,' he would say—and we can only give an epitome—'petitioned for relief; I sent her 10*l.*;—soon comes a grateful application for a little aid to set up a shop—granted; after a time, trade very bad and some assistance begged—given; presently a prospect announced of a marriage with an industrious young man—wedding present of course; in due time a child born—baby-linen provided; by and bye the infant sickens—apothecary settled with; next, the poor sufferer dies—undertaker satisfied; then the heart-broken parents wish to emigrate—

Digitized by Google

emigrate—outfit and passage paid; after a few months, news from the United States that it does not answer—passage back paid; when an accidental discovery by the police brought an untimely end to my poor orphan.'

The Duke wrote close to the fire, and formerly seated himself on a stool at the circular-headed, old-fashioned mahogany bureau, still here: latterly he stood, and almost on the rug, at an upright desk, where papers and letters remain exactly as he left them. The mantelpiece is no less characteristic of the man; on it a chronometer and pendulum clock mark his appreciation of time and punctuality, the soul of business. In fondness for watches he rivalled Charles V., who amused his 'cloister life' by trying horological experiments with his mechanician, Juanelo; and such the famous Breguet was to Wellington, who delighted not only in his works but in his conversation. Well knew the Veteran-Porter that M. Breguet was to be let in at any hour. The Duke seldom had less than half-a-dozen watches going at once; and when he travelled, stowed away as many more in a portmanteau made to fit his carriage. He was curious about the exact time, which, like Mr. Stirling's hero, he could never get any two watches to keep, possibly because he wound, or forgot to wind, them up himself. In London he relied on an old clock in his hall, which, like that at the Horse-Guards, was always right. With all his partiality for Breguet, his favourite watch was one of old-fashioned English make:—it once belonged to Tippoo Saib, and had been the companion of all his own campaigns from Seringapatam onwards:—we almost fancy he would have risked giving a battle rather than lose it. Colonel Gurwood used to relate how, when hard pressed during some retrograde movement, the Duke, having occasion to alight, left it on the ground, and did not miss it until he had ridden three miles, when he went back, amid the wondering defilers, and fortunately found it. A second watch had an odd history. This was ordered of Breguet by Napoleon, who designed it for the fob of his brother Joseph, and as a delicate attention directed a miniature map of Spain to be wrought in niello on one side, with the imperial and royal arms on the other. Unluckily, just as it was finished, the Duke drove Joseph out of his kingdom; and the Emperor, finding the times out of joint, refused either to take it or pay for it. At the peace it was bought from Breguet by Sir E. Paget, and presented to the Duke. He had another, which the same artist made for Junot, the marshal so trounced by him in Portugal; this is quite an horological curiosity—of which two only were ever constructed—marking the lunar and weekly movements. Latterly the Duke usually wore *montres de touche*, of which he had many, contrived by Breguet, with certain studs

Digitized by Google

studs or knobs, by which he could *feel* what o'clock it was, without the apparent rudeness of pulling out his watch; accordingly, when he seemed to be merely fumbling in his pocket, he was really finding out how he killed the enemy, time.

The mantelpiece we have just mentioned served him as a shelf to put away odds and ends: above it he hung a drawing of Lady Jersey, a profile relievo plaster-cast of Lady Douro, and another of Jenny Lind. Here, below these, he had stowed away some small casts—one of Napoleon, with his eagle-look when consul;—others of the Chancellors Brougham and Lyndhurst, with full-bottomed wigs, by D'Orsay; also, to keep those venerable objects company, a Buddhist idol, in alabaster and gold, taken at Ava, and given him with the kettle-drums. This is the only relic the conqueror of Assaye possessed of the East, where his star, too, arose; that India where he lived so long and did so much—which he remembered so accurately—and on which he wrote to Lord Derby a most vigorous and lucid memorandum, three weeks only before his death, and at a moment when he was pronounced by Manchester oracles to be 'overcome with childish timidity and imbecility of mind and purpose!!'

The Duke was no collector of relic reminiscences; the incessant claims of each 'to-day' precluded lingering on retrospects and rebuilding recollections; amidst the keen struggle with the present and the future, the past could find small place in the mind of a practical soldier, who looked forward and advanced, rather than retreated. Accordingly, there is nothing to recal Eton, where he gained his first fight: no Brocas, no Father Thames—scenes which his classical brother doted on and wrote verses about to the last—amidst which, indeed, that fine scholar was, by his own direction, buried;—nothing of those early campaigns in Holland, where, from the mistakes and misfortunes of others, and in the stern school of adversity, young Arthur Wellesley must have learnt so much—for the hardiest mariners are formed in the roughest seas; nothing again of India, the starting point of his fortunes, where he was taught how to combat heat and fever by temperance and exercise, and to parry the double-dealing braggart Orientals by truth, firmness, and matter of fact: a lesson most useful in after-times, when acting with the semi-Moorish Spaniard. There is little, indeed, of the Peninsula itself—not even one view of his own *Soto de Roma*, nestling in the lovely Vega of Granada, on the banks of the Xenil, and refreshed with the cool airs of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada. We cannot however doubt that, had he lived, he would have enjoyed the panorama of this 'bit of heaven fallen to earth,' which Mr. Burford has just executed with such commendable accuracy.

Digitized by Google

One

One should not pass too hastily that red-morocco-cushioned sofa, used more as a table than a settee, and covered with boxes and papers: on it still remain a few prints just as he placed them; one of himself, when younger; another, the Cocked-hat (caricature) profile by Byron's *Cupidon déchainé*—whose agreeable manners and lively conversation seem to have made the Duke a very lenient judge of his artistical efforts—('at any rate,' he would say, 'D'Orsay always makes one look like a gentleman')—A third is the head of Lieutenant Waghorn, the originator of the Overland route, whose enterprising spirit pleased the great man.

One door in this library affords immediate access to his bedroom—if such a term may be given to a confined barrack bivouac, exposed to the draughts of seven openings, and with only a few chairs and a narrow single bed for furniture; yet here slept soundly the Statesman, laden with

'A burden 'twould sink a navy.'

He possessed the uncommon and enviable faculty of commanding instantaneous sleep, and, however critical the moment, could surrender himself to nature's best restorer, whether on a bench under a tree, or anywhere, to awake refreshed as a giant, and ready again for any work. He seldom failed to make this good use of the rare occurrence of a spare hour. He could face without fear the demon Responsibility, before whom inferior minds quake and quail, and, having done his best, leave the final issue to a higher power. Three years spent under canvass in India taught him the comfort of the ground-floor, and on it his sleeping cot was placed both here and at Strathfieldsaye—where indeed the cot was merely a sofa: at Walmer he had a little camp-bed, which he brought with him and took away. Curtained indulgences and eider-down pillows had no charms for him, whose hard mattress was so narrow that all stretchings were impossible; he heartily approved the old saying that 'when a man catches himself turning in his bed it is time for him to turn out'—and he often enough did so himself, lighting his fire with his own hand, for he slept far away from servants. An old military cloak was always placed at night within reach, that he might cover himself if chilly; this relic still remains in his dressing-room, and he had drawn it over his shoulders during the last night of his life.

The Duke kept his bedroom plain, that nothing might interfere with the real purpose—sleep—or distract the oblivious sensations that slide into death's counterfeit. A few poor framed prints are here placed above the doors, chiefly, as he said, to be 'out of the way.' One is of a Russian General, whose name nobody can spell; another is of an engineer equally unknown to fame. Over the entrance rests the likeness of a certain mediæval lady

Digitized by Google

lady who kept a tobacconist's shop near Wilton Place, and carried her Duke-worship to monomania. A knife and fork were laid for him at her table every day, and his absence was supplied by his bust. She pestered him with offerings, until he accepted her portrait to get rid of the original, and put it here to get rid of the copy. Opposite he placed two crayon heads of Lady Douro, by John Hayter, and in such a position that his last look might fall, and his first might light, on the noble and graceful features so dear to him—hers, his love and admiration for whom are betokened by so many busts and pictures—the best ornaments, in his eyes, of Apsley House.

His dressing-room adjoins—a good large room, and well appointed with arm-chairs, wardrobes, and all the appliances for what the euphuists term the due 'performance of ablutions.' The Duke, scrupulously neat in his person, well knew the bracing benefits of cold water and vinegar used externally, and of iced water taken internally—long his sole beverage. It is reported that, with the exception of one eminent friend of his own, older than himself, there was no man in London who gave, morning and night, so much time to the flesh-brush. He shaved and dressed himself to the last; and if our hero did not appear great before his valet, it was simply because none was present. He hated the incumbrance of help; all he required was, to have everything ready in its right place. Thus all his orders and uniforms were at hand, as, whenever he dined with any foreigner of high rank, he made a point to wear the national badge of his country. In the same courteous feeling he used his foreign titles, and never, for instance, once wrote to M. Van der Weyer, the Belgian envoy, without signing, 'Wellington, Prince de Waterloo' —or to any Spaniard, even Alava, without remembering the Dukedom of Ciudad-Rodrigo. On his twenty-seven orders and stars Lord Downes has written a volume, just as Herschel might do on the milky way; and they all were exhibited at Messrs. Garrard's by the favour of the present Duke. This galaxy, such as never cuirassed another bosom, will remain an heir-loom, as every Sovereign in Europe, proud that his contribution should be perpetuated, has declined the usual restitution. He wore his decorations without ostentation or affectation. One who had towered so high might well be above false modesty; and he bore his faculties so nobly, that none either envied or begrudged an unparalleled accumulation of badges which all knew to be simply the natural accessories of hard work successfully performed. His own Waterloo medal, engraved 'Arthur Duke of Wellington,' and much worn by use, with the ring cobbled and mended by himself, is indeed a relic. Nor did he set less store by his 'good conduct' and his '30 years' service' medals, which he had

Digitized by Google

had gained like the humblest of his comrades. He was, however, entirely without vanity or conceit regarding such personalities. For example, he broke up the diamond Star of the *St. Esprit*, given him by Louis XVIII., and worth 30,000*l.*, in order to make with it, and sundry brilliant snuff-boxes, a necklace for Lady Douro. In like manner the splendid Star of the Garter that had belonged to his eldest brother, and which he purchased at the Marquis's death, changed shape to form a gift for Lady Charles Wellesley.

A communication opens from the bed-room into the garden, in which it was his habit to walk before breakfast—hardly ever stopt by weather—for he had taken care to have the circuit laid down with a flag pavement. The visitor by this time has got many glimpses into the secret of his longevity—the resolute and systematic employment of the simplest and best means for keeping up his condition, physical and moral, to be fit for duty. Like Turenne, he was weakly when young, and passed two years at Angers chiefly on his sofa playing with a pet dog. India, his doctor as well as schoolmaster, converted the invalid into iron. The Duke remembered his previous career with no pleasure, and seldom alluded to it. His real life began in India, where his body ripened by that genial sun, and the exercise of command called forth every dormant capability of the General and Statesman. There he conquered and governed regions larger than Spain, and rivalled Clive in everything but the shaking of the rupee-tree.

The windows outside his dressing-room are secured by iron bars; and near them stands a sentry-box supplied with a dark lantern. Assurances might well be made doubly sure where treasures so costly and a life so much more precious were exposed: but to him personal fear was utterly unknown. We may cite, as an instance, the madman who got access to his library, and signified his intention of killing him in obedience to a divine command. The Duke just looked up from his desk: 'Are you in a hurry? for I have many letters to write; could you come again in an hour?' The maniac, taken aback by his coolness, retired, to be taken up. Again, when the Duke was warned by his solicitor that another madman intended to attempt his life: 'Never mind; he won't hurt me,' was his reply.—'Ah! but he is going to speak to the Queen, as you won't see him.'—'Oh!' rejoined the Duke; 'then give instant information to the Secretary of State.'

Those who now slowly depart by his accustomed walk, where he alone is missing, may well ponder on this remarkable house, into which it has been their good fortune to be admitted, thus to pay a last homage to the illustrious deceased. They have passed through the saloons of the *Imperator*, crowded with all emblems and all trophies of valour and victory, into the private cabinet of the hoary

Digitized by Google

hoary *Princeps Senatus*—unwearied in all duties of civil life, who accumulated golden opinions to the end; and many, no doubt, can now appreciate better than before the complete mastery of the spiritual over the material, and the self-abnegation of our last and only great man.

It was the Duke's habit, at the close of Parliament and the London season, to exchange the wear and tear of the town for the repose and retirement of Walmer Castle. A walk on the sea-blown beach, and a canter on the velvety downs, braced up his frame, and refreshed and exhilarated his mind; while Strathfield-saye, lying low on heavy clays, depressed him both physically and morally. Yet the faithful old servant of the Crown was never idle when seemingly resting under the shadow of his rock. The Warden kept good watch over the Channel, which his outpost commanded. That searching eye first spied into the nakedness of our defences, and, a lion in the foes' path, he forthwith suggested the remedy. He warned the country, in his speeches and otherwise, that we were not *safe* for a week after the declaration of war. The ancient soldier was voted a Cassandra by civilians cunning in calico, and for too long a period his counsels were scouted; but he lived to hear his last Parliamentary speech on the Militia Bill cheered; and his views on national defences are being carried out, now that he is no longer living. Thus, indeed, do the spirits of the great survive. If long life be esteemed a blessing, the Duke's days were lengthened beyond the span of ordinary mortals; and, if he were fortunate in that long life, he was no less so in the close—*felix opportunitate mortis.* Cæsar was stabbed—Hannibal died of poison, Alexander the Great of excesses, Cromwell amidst the agonies of remorse and terror—Napoleon wasted in a prison-isle, squabbling with his jailer about rations. Wellington—who in the battle and breeze wore a charmed life—whose guardian angel turned aside the bullet and stilled the storm, in order that the destined instrument might fulfil his mission—he, after his great work was done, had full time given him for contemplating the stroke of nature with all the clearness of his faculties, and at last met it, without pain, in his own peaceful bed-chamber. There is no occasion to envy for him even such a glorious exit as that of Nelson—passing at once from the fierce blaze of victory into the valley of the shadow of death. 'His sun,' said the preacher, 'shone brightly through a long, unclouded day; and, in descending, continued to shed a mild, undimmed radiance over the hemisphere which it had so long gladdened. He survived the dazzling glories of his noon, that he might enhance them by the genial warmth and softened lustre of his declining day.'

Digitized by Google

A walk, imprudently prolonged by the indomitable octogenarian on a hot day in the second week of September, made him confess that 'he was fairly beaten at last;' and, on the 14th, an event, long in sight as it were, came on the country by surprise. The Duke awoke early as usual, complained of uneasiness, 'sent for the apothecary,' was seized with a fit, and spoke no more. He made signs to be moved into his arm-chair, and, seated there, at twenty minutes past three his mighty spirit passed quietly away like 'any Christom child,' and

> 'He gave his honours to the world again,
> His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.'

Seldom, indeed, could it have fallen to the lot of any conqueror to look back so entirely on the whole past without fear or reproach. More precious than the marshal's staff—the million—all the titles and trophies that sovereigns could crowd on him—more desirable even than his enduring place in the first roll of martial Fame—is the reflection that his deeds were done for the deliverance of oppressed nations—for the safety and honour of his own country and the civilised world. His campaigns were sanctified by the cause; sullied by no cruelty, by no crimes; the chariot-wheels of his triumphs had been followed by no curses; his laurels were intertwined with the olive-branch; and in the hour of expiring consciousness he may have remembered his victories among his good works. He died in the eighty-fourth year of his age, having exhausted glory, having left no duty incomplete, and no honour unbestowed.

Apsley House, in its closed deserted loneliness on the 18th of November, formed a marked feature in the public funeral of the Duke of Wellington; it stood without sign of life, as the cold corse of its departed master was carried past. In consequence of a purely accidental occurrence a halt occurred at this spot, and the funeral car paused under the triumphal arch which pedestals his colossal statue. It has not perhaps been generally observed that on fine afternoons the sun casts the shadow of this equestrian figure full upon Apsley House, and the sombre image may be seen gliding spirit-like over the front. We may add also, that we consider the glorious weather of the 18th neither accidental nor without significance. The vaunted *soleil d'Austerlitz* never gilded occasion so worthy. For weeks and weeks previously, the buckets of heaven had been emptied, and murky was the pall that had long shrouded the earth: on that day the curtain was drawn up, and the heavens smiled approval as the just man was held in remembrance. When the last rites were concluded, and his honoured remains laid in consecrated earth, the curtain fell again, and, to mark the exceptional favour, dark and

Digitized by Google

and heavy clouds continued to weep for weeks, and the winds to howl and lament. Neither can we forget that, on the 9th of January, 1806, when Nelson marshalled the way to St. Paul's, a similar providential manifestation was vouchsafed.

> There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,
> Than are dreamt of in your *Philosophy*.

The people, the congregated millions, lent to this solemnity its greatest grandeur, and the decorum and reverence of those who went to see formed to us the most memorable part of a spectacle which undertakers could not mar. On that day, when they buried him, all Israel mourned for him; the capital of England became the central scene of the hero-worship of Europe, saved, not subdued, by his sword—and some of the best and noblest soldiers of other lands were present, by command of their monarchs, to pay such a parting tribute as had never before been suggested in the case either of English or of foreign Worthy. A Prince of the royal blood was in immediate charge of the troops: but the new Commander-in-Chief, who had so often shared in danger and success with his lost friend, was active and conspicuous:—

> 'On battle morn or festal day the ranks might well be glad
> When Hardinge rides along the line:—To day those ranks are sad.'

Dense files of horse, foot, and artillery slowly advanced through a living avenue greater than the population of continental kingdoms. Each animated atom was imbued with one thought and grief—a million hearts throbbed with one pulsation. The whole State of Britain was there. The sorrowing Sovereign herself appeared in the person of her Consort. Every civil dignity was represented—every military branch sent a delegate—every regiment a comrade and witness. A military funeral is always impressive—but there will never perhaps be another like to this. Tramp, tramp the long procession moved on to the roll of the muffled drum, and to the dirge-like melody of the dead march, and the aged Pensioners from Chelsea followed their chief once more, and the poor old horse without its rider; and as the coffin passed, every head was bared, every breath held in, every eye moistened. Then to the booming of minute-guns, and to the tolling of the great bell, they carried him into St. Paul's to be treasured up in the heart-core of London. The pall was borne by those who had carried his standards from the Tagus to the Seine, and shared in every victory from Vimiero to Waterloo; and as the cold winds, blowing through the vasty aisles, moved the plumes of the helmet on the coffin, it seemed as if He stirred to dispute victory with death. Then amid swelling choirs, and with the noblest ritual ever composed, and never more impres-

 sively

Digitized by Google

sively read, they placed the soldier by the seaman; thus, while hoary veterans tottered over the grave, and thousands and ten thousands looked a last farewell, the coffin slowly descended into the dark vault—dust to dust—and Wellington was laid alongside Nelson.

We have been much struck, and we have reason to believe that the Duke's surviving friends have been much gratified, with a set of verses 'on the 18th of November, 1852,' from the pen of Lord Ellesmere—an attached and valued member of his Grace's private circle. We wish we could afford a larger extract from this poem—certainly, as far as we have seen, greatly superior to any other which the occasion has produced—but we must limit ourselves to the following lines. Having alluded in a very feeling and also skilful manner to the most eminent veterans that attended their chief's obsequies, Lord Ellesmere thus resumes the grand point of universal interest:—

'It is that while all these and more have answer'd to the call,
No voice again shall answer to the greatest name of all.
It is that we shall see no more on yonder esplanade
That well-known form emerging from the vaulted portal's shade;
That we shall miss from where we stand at many an evening's close
That sight which told of duty done and toil's well-earn'd repose:
Pursued by murmur'd blessings, as he pass'd upon his way,
While lovers broke their converse off, and children left their play;
And child or man who cross'd his path was proud at eve to tell,
"We met him on his homeward ride. The Duke was looking well.
We pass'd him close, we saw him near, and we were seen by him—
Our hats were off—he touch'd his own, one finger to the brim."
That sight the loiterer's pace could mend, from careworn brows erased
The lines of thought, and busy men grew idlers while they gazed.
Oh! throned in England's heart of hearts, what meed to man allow'd
Could match that homage paid to thee, the reverence of the crowd?
Oh! weigh'd with this, how light the gifts by thankful Sovereigns shower'd
For thrones upheld, and right maintain'd, and lawless wrong o'erpower'd:
The pictured clay from Sèvres mould, or stamp'd by Saxon skill—
And ores, by Lisbon's craftsmen wrought, from mines of far Brazil—
Broad lands on which thro' burning tears an exil'd King look'd down,
Where silver Darro winds beneath Grenada's mural crown:—
The Bâtons eight of high command, which tell, with gems inlaid,
What hosts from Europe's rescued realms their bearer's rule obey'd:
Suwaroff's cross, and Churchill's George, the Fleece which once of old
Upon Imperial Charles's breast display d its pendent gold.
Well won, well worn, yet still they came unheeded, scarce desired;
Above them all shone Duty's star by which thy soul was fired.
High prizes such as few can reach, but fewer soar above,
Thy single aim was England's weal, thy guerdon England's love!'

ART.

Digitized by Google

ART. VIII.—*Results of the System of Separate Confinement as administered at the Pentonville Prison.* By John T. Burt, B.A., Assistant Chaplain—formerly Chaplain to the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum. 8vo. Pp. 287. 1852.

ONE of the most engrossing occupations of childhood, as well as one of the most effectual allayers of its superfluous activities, is the business of building houses for the purpose of knocking them down. The small angers and epitomised passions of the tiny republic are wonderfully lulled by a box of bricks or a pack of cards. Even when the hubbub threatens to assume the dimensions of a circular storm, and Jane is screaming for her doll, on which Charles has laid violent hands, because William has run off with his ball—even then the belligerents immediately pause: the constructive faculty is forthwith at play, and the troubled parent is too happy to acknowledge the amorphous mass, shown by the proud architects, as a veritable cathedral, castle, or cottage. Similar infantine conditions of mind seem to be exhibited periodically in that great collective—the public—and to be treated by its rulers after the method of the box of bricks.

A sustained clamour has long existed as to punishment in general, and every kind of system enforcing it has been canvassed, adopted, and abandoned in turn. The hanging system, the hard-labour, the solitary, the silent, the separate, and the transportation systems, with their various modifications, have all been taken up and thrown down with such astonishing rapidity as to make one doubt whether there is anything called experience, or whether it is of any use. Blue books and annual Reports, solemn treatises and pungent pamphlets, are to be had by the hundredweight—and yet here we still are, discussing the metaphysics of the 'reformatory' and the 'deterrent' principles; building our own veritable gaols after our own peculiar views; first taking care to demolish those which our playmates had erected. So that the box of bricks is charged to paternal John Bull, nothing else need give us a moment's uneasiness; we may determine at leisure whether the sudden extinction of life should not, in every case, be rigidly limited to the murdered, and the murderer taken care of, educated, and sent to some milder climate over sea; or we may expatiate on the theme whether corporal punishment is not very un-English—derogatory to the true-born British ruffian and high-spirited burglar, and only fit for our public schools and our warriors.

Some wholesome truths, however, do creep out from this weary rubbish. For instance, the public accepted it as a 'great fact' that the association of offenders is, and must be, the most efficient

Digitized by Google

efficient nurse of crime, and that our old gaols were merely so many guilds of sin, where, at the heavy cost of the national purse, the young and awkward pilferer could most conveniently study the niceties of the craft under veteran cracksmen, and must almost infallibly acquire an incurable passion for his *profession*. This principle of *association* at last came to be felt as *the* crying evil—the stumbling-block to all that class of philanthropists who insist no less on reforming than on deterring the criminal. It alone ripens vicious tendencies into vicious acts: whatever the aptitude may be, the mind usually lacks the force to rush into solitary crime, but awaits for edge and courage from sympathetic corruption and the contagion of example.

This conviction of the dangers of associating criminals was brought to a point by the clear Reports of two diligent and thoughtful Prison Inspectors, Mr. Crawford and the Rev. Whitworth Russell, and their advice led to the erection of the great *Model Prison* at Pentonville, with an express view to a full and fair trial of the 'separate system.' The arrangement took place in 1842, and Sir R. Peel's government intrusted the experiment to a Commission, consisting of the late Lord Wharncliffe (then President of the Council), Lord John Russell, the Speaker, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Devon, the Earl of Chichester, the Rev. Whitworth Russell, Mr. Crawford, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Dr. Ferguson, and Colonel Jebb.

For ten years this institution has now existed, during one moiety of which time the Separate System has been fairly worked out, and the other moiety has been devoted to overthrowing it. From 1843 to 1847 inclusive, the original commissioners enunciated, as they believed, year by year, the results of a most successful experiment; and we may refer to our Number of December, 1847, for a tolerably full account of the Prison as conducted on their principles. The fathers of the scheme both died suddenly in 1847: by a strange fatality, Mr. Crawford fell down dead in the Board-room of the Model Prison and Mr. Russell in the Millbank Penitentiary. Most of the other members retired—but Sir Benjamin Brodie and Dr. Ferguson, who had also tendered their resignations, and had ceased to take any active part in the Commission, were requested to remain, by Sir George Grey, at that time Home Secretary, till some contemplated modifications of the prison-discipline should have been completed. These modifications, however, turned out to be a total upsetting of the original discipline—decreed by Sir G. Grey, in the teeth of the Reports of his own Commissioners, and without the assignment of any reason for such a summary stultification of those gentlemen's exertions and opinions; whereupon, of course, the two medical lingerers finally withdrew. Thus

Digitized by Google

Thus came into regular operation a totally different scheme of discipline, the so-called *Mixed System*—a system, the merits or demerits of which are undoubtedly wholly due to Colonel Jebb. It was adopted entirely under his influence. An original member of the former Commission, he became, and continues to be, the head of the new one—a Board which now consists of himself, as Chairman, and of two other Directors, amply salaried,* and exercising a patronage over 60,000*l.* a-year, and the chief control over a gross annual expenditure of about 200,000*l.*

As far as Pentonville is concerned, the present Board, though nominally responsible, is practically autocratic. Most other prisons are visited and reported on by a committee of magistrates, and by gentlemen who, under the name of Prison Inspectors, are unconnected with any of the establishments they watch. Pentonville is exempted from any such intrusion, unless one of the Directors, who happens to be also an Inspector of Prisons, is to be accepted as his own supervisor.

The following points characterise the two systems. The basis of the original one was *Separation*—not *solitude*—the terrible results of which, in America, forbade any similar experiment here. The principle and rule was the careful separation of the criminal from his fellow-criminals—but not from all intercourse with his fellow-men. He was daily visited by the various officers of the prison. The trade instructor frequented his cell and taught him a craft; he was taught also in the school and in the chapel;—so that a constant change of mental occupation was afforded to solace his confinement, to prevent that eternal brooding over unpartaken misery which is so likely to disorder even a vigorous intellect, and gradually to reclaim his moral being through the substitution of better habits for those that had led to his misfortune. The term originally assigned to

* Colonel Jebb draws only 150*l.* per annum as Chairman of Directors, while his colleagues respectively get 700*l.* and 800*l.*; but the Colonel is in receipt of another salary of 750*l.* as Surveyor-General—he has 202*l.* 5*s.* as military pay—he is also, we believe, Inspector of Military Prisons; 350*l.* per annum is given him for travelling and incidental expenses as Surveyor-General; and, as Chairman of Directors, he shares with his colleagues 1090*l.* per annum for similar expenses. We do not think that these gentlemen are overpaid, considering the magnitude of their duties and responsibilities. There is an item, however, in the estimates (for 1853), which is startling. We find the salaries of the minor Directors raised from 600*l.* and 700*l.* to 700*l.* and 800*l.*, as above stated—while the warders are still suffering under the annual fine of 172*l.* 12*s.* imposed on them for economy's sake, about three years ago, for lodging money. No doubt the public do not suffer by this arrangement—the augmentation of 200*l.* being nearly balanced by the saving of 172*l.*; but are the overworked warders equally fortunate? Their duties are constant—night and day; and if they break down before their service time is completed, they lose their retiring pensions, and have nothing but the workhouse to look to. *Vide* Estimates for Civil Services for the year ending 31st March, 1853, No. III., pp. 10, 11, 12, and 14.

this

Digitized by Google

this ordeal was eighteen months, but circumstances over which the commissioners had no control extended it in some instances to twenty-two months. In fine, this discipline had been adopted expressly as a careful course of preparation for the carrying out of a sentence of transportation; a sentence of stern sound, but the general effect of which was merely the removal of those prisoners to a spot where they might begin life afresh, with new principles, it might be anticipated, and with new hopes.

The changes under the Mixed System were—1. The shortening of the term of separate confinement from eighteen to fifteen, and by and bye, professedly, to twelve months; the fact however being that, as from this last term the time spent at the Millbank Penitentiary prior to the admission of the convict into Pentonville was deducted, the average period of Separation became reduced to about nine months. 2. To make up for this reduced term of separation, a period of *associated* labour at the 'public works' (Hulks, &c.) was interpolated between the cell and the final transportation. A thorough confusion of the elements of discipline was the consequence of these innovations. Henceforth, in the first place, 10 per cent. of the prisoners were in constant association for the service of the house. The amount of mental culture was diminished; the staff of the prison was pared down, so that efficient supervision was impossible; the terrors of the separate system were greatly lessened; and the instructions of the chapel and the school were neutralized by the companionship and the commentary of felons. Among the reductions for economy's sake was that of the office of Physician held by Dr. Owen Rees, to whose intelligence and zeal the success of the primary system had been largely due; and this momentous and difficult problem, involving nothing less than the life or death of the mind, was confided to the sole care of the inferior medical officer of the prison, the resident apothecary.

Thanks to the assistant-chaplain, we are in possession of such data as will permit us to establish a comparison between the two systems, and to substantiate from evidence what we anticipated on *à priori* grounds—namely, that so much confusion of principles as marks the new set of regulations must lead to a host of evils—in a word, to more madness, more mortality, more expense, and less reformation. The volume before us is rich in facts carefully digested and simply stated. Mr. Burt appears to have been deeply imbued with the merits of the Separate System, and to have been urged by a sense of duty to reproduce in a fuller form those opinions and arguments which he had maintained before the select committee on Prison Discipline in 1850, and which he very properly thought would never

Digitized by Google

never be exhumed from the ponderous tome in which they are buried.

The main objection urged against the separate system rests on its supposed tendency to increase insanity. Let us see if this be well founded. The alterations now in force were begun in 1848, and came into full play in 1849; the original system was carried on from 1843 to 1847 inclusive: hence, as already stated, of the 10 years since the opening of Pentonville till now, five years have been devoted to the working of each of the two systems. In the first year of the separate system the ratio of insanity was high, being about 9 in 1000. The causes inducing such a result were diligently sought after and found by the commissioners:— upon the elimination of these specific causes the excess was immediately brought down—and the annual ratio of insanity was 1·68 per 1000 for the *whole of the remaining four years.* This was in fact bringing the ratio of insanity in the prison to the level of that of the healthiest portions of the general population; for we find from Colonel Tulloch's Report that the proportion of insanity among the British troops in Gibraltar is 1·41, and in the Ionian Islands 1·43 per 1000 annually. (*Quar. Rev.*, Dec. 1847.) Even among the Society of Friends Mr. Thurnam makes the cases of mania to be 1·50 per 1000 of persons of age correspondent with the average convict. Considering the previous habits of the criminal population, in contrast with those of the soldier and the Quaker, have we much reason to grumble when the amount of mental malady is measured by 1·68 per 1000 among our thieves and burglars, as against 1·43 and 1·50 among our men of war and our men of peace?

But to proceed:—Under the Mixed System, from 1848 to 1851 inclusive, the ratio of insanity per annum was 9 in 1000. If we exclude the year 1843 as an experimental year under the separate, and the year 1848 for a like reason under the mixed system, the results of each system, when in full operation, were for the separate 1·68 as against 8·7 for the mixed system. In other words, the amount of madness under Colonel Jebb's system had been increased *just eight-fold*—in the name of humanity!

This seems so startling that we must put the Chaplain into the box. After detailing the reductions in the term of separation from eighteen to fifteen months, which were adopted early in 1848 on the alleged ground of excessive mental disease under the old system, Mr. Burt says:—

'In this one year, 1848, however, there occurred five cases of mania, four having occurred before the twelfth month, and the fifth having been produced by a too sudden return to association. Notwithstanding these

Digitized by Google

these results, a further reduction of the term took place in 1849, and twelve months was made the maximum period of separation. In this year there occurred four cases of insanity and a general deterioration in the mental health, which called for special animadversion from the physician. In 1850 there occurred seven cases of insanity. Thus the total number of cases of insanity during three years, under the altered system, was sixteen; the number which had occurred during the preceding four years, while the original system was in full operation, was three; even if the first year is included, the number is six cases in five years. It is clear, therefore, that the amount of insanity has been very much greater in proportion since the original system was disturbed.

'In comparing the results at these two periods it is unimportant whether we estimate the proportion of the cases to the average daily population, or to the aggregate number of prisoners in the two periods, *compounded* with the duration of the imprisonment undergone by each body of prisoners. The three cases in the four years under the original system when in full operation, occurred among 1640 prisoners, undergoing *within that period* an average imprisonment of 396 days. The sixteen cases of the last three years, under the altered system, occurred among a population of 2387 prisoners, undergoing, *within that period*, an average imprisonment of 224 days. The difference, therefore, in the proportion of the insane cases at these two periods is as 1 to 8·42, that is, *the insanity under the altered system has been* EIGHT TIMES *greater than during the four preceding years, when the original system was in* FULL OPERATION. Even if the first year should be included, the proportion under the altered system would be about four times greater than during the first five years of the experiment.'—*Results, &c.*, p. 111.

No wonder that Dr. Owen Rees became alarmed at the changes in the mental condition of his patients. Under 1849, he reported:—

'The attempts at suicide, though made by men who could not be regarded as insane, were of a nature indicating a recklessness and desperation never before observed in this Prison. With respect to the general mental condition, there is an irritability observable which I never before noticed among men confined in Pentonville.'

In 1850 the rate of insanity rose to 14 per 1000, and there were in addition 11 cases of slighter mental disorder—a state of things which again called forth the animadversions of Dr. Rees. His name after this does not appear among the officers. In 1851 some efforts to reduce this frightful rate of insanity seem to have been successfully made, for the tables give only 3·7 per 1000—which, however, is *double* that under the original system.*

There is no attempt to deny the increase of insanity under the Mixed System, but its authors account for this by the plea

* *Vide* Report of Directors for 1850, p. 59.

that,

Digitized by Google

that, under the former system, the prisoners were selected. Whenever any adverse result is brought out, the word 'selection' is always to be found in Colonel Jebb's Reports. But this plea is really one of 'guilty.' Under the mixed system the Board had, from the first, a full power of associating those whom they might deem unfit for the separation of the cell. At best, if they could not discover who was or was not capable of sustaining that discipline, the plea should have been 'incapacity.' Either their system is bad, or it has been badly administered.

But granting the plea of selection, what does it amount to? Colonel Jebb, the Chairman at Pentonville, complains that he is forced to receive pell-mell the prisoners sent to him by Colonel Jebb, the Chairman at Millbank. Colonel Jebb of Pentonville, not having the power of selecting those fit for separate confinement before admission, as the original commissioners had, exercises his right of removing the unfit after admission; and when the increase of insanity under his system is to be accounted for, Colonel Jebb of Pentonville warns the public against Colonel Jebb of Millbank, and begs it may never be forgotten that the former commissioners selected the fit, while he could only remove the unfit.

The propounders of the Separate System, Messrs. Crawford and Russell, might no doubt have ridden their hobby hard, had it not been for the check imposed upon them in the shape of a Commission of unpaid and independent men, who cared little what system was adopted, provided the ends of justice and morality were attained with as much economy as was compatible with these objects. But it is a misfortune to the community, and, let us add, to the private worth and well-intentioned zeal of Colonel Jebb, that this amiable enthusiast is not merely the confident propounder of his own theories, but practically the undisturbed executor of his own plans—his own sole censor and supervisor. *Inter alia* he is his own architect. The only nominal check to these multifarious powers is the Home Secretary, who probably has never seen a cell in his life, and from whom it would be a farce to expect he can afford the time to watch his servants the Directors. If we are reminded of the respectability of Colonel Jebb's staff, we reply that most, if not all, of them having been *recommended* by the Colonel for the situations they fill, it is not very likely that they will avow opinions at direct variance from their chief. As to inferior functionaries, not a document can be published, nor a fact sifted, without the permission of the Board—and any officer runs the hazard of dismissal who should think it his duty to contravene this modification of the silent system.

It

Digitized by Google

It is not probable that the public will *à priori* attach unlimited faith to the *Reports* from time to time drawn up under such a constitution as this. But we think it our duty to show distinctly that the Reports issued by the existing Board bear the stamp of partizanship.

We wish to ascertain, for example, the rate of insanity under each of the two systems which have been in force at Pentonville. We know that each system has been tried for five years. Now, on looking at pp. 8, 9, of Colonel Jebb's Report for 1852, we find his results, as to *insanity* and as to *mortality*, tabulated in the following curious way:—

'The number of removals to Bethlehem, as compared with preceding years, is found to be—

'·27 per cent. on the prison population of the *first seven years.*
·32 per cent. on the prison population of 1850.
·16 per cent. on the prison population of 1851.

'*Rate of Mortality per cent.*'—	On Prison Population.	On Average Daily Number.
First seven years of experimental discipline . .	·37	·64
1850	·49	1·20
1851	·33	·75

'Hence it appears that the *actual* mortality of the *prison population* for the past year is less than that either of 1850 or of the preceding seven years. The *actual mortality*, as calculated on the *average daily number*, is also considerably less than that of 1850, and about only one per mille more than that of the first seven years of the prison's operation.'

It is impossible that one extraordinary feature should not be at once appreciated. If we look at the table relating to insanity, two disastrous years of the mixed system are added to the five favourable ones of the separate system, and the increased rate of insanity thus obtained against the original system is contrasted with the most favourable year of the new. This is the old story—if you want to mend your character, remove your nuisance into your neighbour's yard, and then challenge a comparison. But this is not all. The reader will observe that the rate of *mortality* in the second table is reckoned in two different ways, viz. on the *annual prison population* and on the *daily average of prisoners.* He will remark that the proportion of deaths is less when determined on the prison population mode than it is when calculated on the daily average mode. According to the former about 3 only in 1000 die; according to the latter the mortality is 6 in 1000, or nearly double. It is clear, then, that in the same prison, under similar circumstances, and with the same *apparent* data, very different results may startle the uninitiated. Colonel Jebb has fairly enough presented *both modes* of calculating the *mortality;* but when

Digitized by Google

when he comes to reckon the rate of *insanity*—that vital point of the argument on separation—he takes the rate on the most favourable, *i.e.* the prison population mode, and omits that which would have given an unfavourable and the true result. What that might have been the reader may realise by supposing the above table of the *mortality* to have been for *insanity;* in which case Colonel Jebb would have adopted the rate of insanity as 3 in 1000, when it really was 6.

This novel mode of reckoning on the *prison-population* plan is a gross misapplication of figures. It eliminates the element of time from a problem in the solution of which time is the essential point. When therefore it is required to compare the results of two systems, acting on 'equal numbers in equal portions of time,' such a method as that sanctioned by Colonel Jebb is simply and purely deceptive.* Let us but call the emigrants passing through Melbourne to the diggings 'Population'—and

* The following examples, exhibiting the actual mechanism of these two modes of calculating, will assist the reader in considering the above remarks. For the sake of simplicity we limit the time to one week's observation: we begin with the *daily average* mode; and suppose that on

Jan. 1st.	The actual number in the prison was		500
	Of which were removed on the same day	15	
„ 2nd.	Remaining on this day		350
„ 3rd.	Fresh prisoners admitted	150	
	Making a total in the prison of		500
„ 4th.	Remaining on this day		500
„ 5th.	Of which were removed in the course of this day	100	
	Leaving therefore at its close		400
„ 6th.	Fresh prisoners admitted	100	
	Total in prison		500
„ 7th.	Remaining on this day, there being neither admissions nor removals		500
	Total number in one week		3250
	Which number, being divided by seven, gives, as *the daily average of prisoners*		464·2—

If we suppose that 4 deaths or insanity cases occurred in this week, the ratio of either would be 4 in 464, or about 8 in 1000. But the *prison population* mode of calculating gives a very different result—thus:—

1st Jan.	The number of prisoners was		500
	Admitted on the 3rd of Jan.	150	
	„ „ 6th „	100	
		250	
	Admitted, therefore, during the week		250
	Making the *prison population*		750—

As the casualties in the week were 4, their ratio would be 4 in 750, or a fraction more than 5 in 1000 on the *prison population*. The fallacy under which 5 is made to pass off for 8 is transparent. Take the population of the first day—add to it all the admissions and make no deduction for the removals—and you have your '*satisfactory* report.'

a vista

Digitized by Google

a vista of immortality will be opened up to the sojourner of that town, by the evanescent fractional quantity which will then represent the deaths on the Prison-Population plan. Croydon, now actually decimated by drain-fever, may be proved to possess the salubrity of Eden, if the railway passengers rushing through the town are ranked and returned as Population.

These, however, were the ingenious views which ensured the erection of the Portland Prison, the fitting up of Dartmoor, the erection of the new prison of Portsmouth, at a cost ranging between one and two hundred thousand pounds; and may lead to the erection of some half-dozen more prisons on the associated system, at a cost of from two to three hundred thousand pounds more. The theory also secured the management of Millbank, Pentonville, Portland, Dartmoor, and the Hulks, patronage to the amount, as we have stated, of 60,000*l.* a-year, and the chief control over an entire year's outlay of a fifth of a million.

But of this enough: let us endeavour to ascertain what the experience of Pentonville really proves as to the insanity question. Does insanity increase with the duration of separate confinement? On that hinges the general applicability of this, the most efficient of secondary punishments. It was, no doubt, the theory or assumption that the length of confinement tended to produce insanity, which led to curtailing the original term of separation from eighteen months to an average of nine. Mr. Burt has worked out this point, and shows that the risks of mental disorder are greatest in the earlier portions of separation, when the criminal is wrenched suddenly from all the stimulus of vicious habits, while all the improvement and the gathering force of reformation tells most in the latter parts of his sentence. If this be true, Colonel Jebb's modifications will have just hit that limit which includes all the chances of madness and excludes all the chances of reformation.

Consider this table:—

	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.
'Cases of—								
Mania	3	..	1	1	1	5	4	7
Delusions . . .	5	..	2	5	1	2	1	11
Suicide . . .	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	1
Prisoners—								
Admitted . . .	525	240	283	248	360	519	599	777
Removed . . .	24	408	132	386	200	513	621	696

'From these returns it is plain that the insanity has invariably increased when a greater number of new prisoners have been admitted, and

Digitized by Google

and that it has decreased when the greatest number of old prisoners have been retained in the prison.'

The chaplain gives other tables establishing the same conclusions, if possible, still more irrefragably—and he then is well entitled to speak thus :—

'These returns are sufficient to show—and the more thoroughly the facts are investigated, the more complete the proof becomes—that, instead of this hypothetical increase of liability to insanity with the length of the imprisonment, there is a positive *decrease*.

'The twelfth month is the period which has been assumed as the limit beyond which separation cannot be safely prolonged. It is necessary, therefore, to compare the amount of insanity which has occurred within, with the amount which has occurred beyond that period. From the opening of the prison to the 31st of December, 1850, a period of eight years, there occurred altogether twenty-two cases of insanity: of these there occurred *before* the twelfth month, nineteen; *after* the twelfth month, three. During the same period there occurred twenty-six cases of slight mental affection, or delusion: of these there occurred *before* the twelfth month, twenty-two; *after* the twelfth month, four. There have also been three cases of suicide: they have *all* occurred *before* the twelfth month. When these three classes of affections are taken together, there have been in all fifty-one cases; and of these, forty-four have occurred *before*, and seven *after*, the twelfth month.'

The preceding passage is so clear as to the comparison between the first twelve months and the subsequent term of imprisonment, that we need not follow Mr. Burt through all his tables. For one of them, however, we must make room. In order to bring out yet more fully the effect of time upon the development of mental disease, he tabularizes the cases as occurring within the first *six* months of imprisonment, or within successive periods of the same extent :—

Number of Cases.	Six Months and under.	From Six to Twelve Months.	From Twelve to Eighteen Months.	From Eighteen Months to Two Years.
Insanity	14	5	3	..
Delusions	13	9	2	2
Suicides	2	1	..	..
Totals . . .	29	15	5	2

Mr. Burt proceeds to say :—'The question will immediately suggest itself—to what extent may this decrease in the number of cases during each succeeding period be accounted for by a decrease

Digitized by Google

decrease in the number of prisoners retained for the longer terms?'—and he repeats, under various forms, the grounds of his belief to the contrary, as extracted from the Population Returns of the prison. For example, we have—

'TABLE, showing the Terms of Imprisonment at Pentonville of 3546 Prisoners, being the Total Number admitted to the 31st December, 1850, together with the Mental Cases as reported to that date, distributed under Four Periods of Six Months.

	Six Months and Under.	From Six to Twelve Months.	From Twelve to Eighteen Months.	From Eighteen Months to Two Years.
Prisoners—				
Removed	292	874	1138	715
Remaining in the Prison on Dec. 31, 1850	435	83	9	..
Total	727	957	1147	715
Mental Cases—				
Insane	14	5	3	..
Delusions	13	9	2	2
Suicides	2	1	..	..
Total	29	15	5	2'

Among other just remarks on these comparisons of *completed terms*, Mr. Burt says:—

'The extent to which separate confinement *has been* prolonged without producing insanity is ascertained; the extent to which the separation *might* be safely protracted beyond its actual termination is not ascertained. But when the liability to mental disturbance is found to have decreased continuously as the term of separation has been prolonged, the result would, at least as an experiment, justify the extension of the term beyond the original limit of eighteen months or two years, whenever further punishment or reformation is required, rather than its curtailment.'—p. 136.

These views of Mr. Burt are not promulgated for the first time. As they were discussed three years ago in the Medical Journals—and it can scarcely be doubted that these Journals reached Pentonville—why were they not called for and embodied in the reports of the Board, who are or should act as judges and not advocates? Instead of producing Mr. Burt's facts and reasonings on so vital a point, those of Dr. Baly, the Medical Superintendent of Millbank, are prominently set forth—and they are so exactly modelled on the statistics of Mr. Burt, that they appear to be intended to prove the reverse of that gentleman's known, though *unproduced*, deductions. But we shall do for Dr. Baly what the Surveyor-General has not done for Mr. Burt, and give this medical authority's table beside our chaplain's:—

'Periods

Digitized by Google

'Periods of Imprisonment.	Approximative Number of Prisoners who passed through each Period.	Number of Cases of Insanity occurring in each Period.	Annual ratio per 1000 of Cases of Insanity for each Period.
'First Three Months	16,000	9	2·25
Second Three Months	8,400	9	4·28
Third Three Months	4,200	8	7·61
Fourth Three Months, or later . .	1,200	4	. . '

We give Dr. Baly all credit for industry in the compilation of this table—but we doubt whether the doctor's industry is not displayed at the expense of his perspicacity; for, though his data unquestionably establish an increase of insanity keeping pace with the prolongation of *separate confinement*, the proof unfortunately applies only to the operation of that system in one particular prison—viz. the horrid place under the worthy doctor's personal superintendence. If, instead of losing himself in his figures, Dr. Baly had consulted his good sense, he would not need reminding that, if you want to disturb the mind, you have only to ruin the health; and how efficaciously the air of Millbank can do *that* Dr. Baly's own returns of Millbank Mortality will show. This awful pile was disused as a place of confinement for long periods, on account of its extreme insalubrity, and hence became a mere halting-quarter for culprits under summary sentence of transportation. These were retained at Millbank no longer than till they could be got on board ship—and yet this is one of the spots that have been selected, under the present Mixed System, for convicts undergoing the *first stage of probationary discipline.*

At *Millbank* the first year of the new system, 1849, gave an actual mortality of 84 in an average daily population of 869 males, which was at the rate of 93 deaths per 1000. This great mortality was partly owing to cholera, but, allowing 34 deaths from that malady, we still have 59 per 1000 as a measure of the unhealthiness of *Millbank* in an epidemic year. In 1850 the mortality there was 21 per 1000—in 1851 it was 18.* At *Pentonville*, during the four years of the original use of the Separate System, it was a fraction above 6, and cholera, we believe, has never appeared in that prison.

Dr. Baly's figures, when done into plain language, show that, if you immure a number of wretched creatures in the midst of a foul pestilential marsh, a good many of them will go mad in three months; if you keep them in for six, a larger proportion

* *Vide* Report on Millbank for 1849, pp. 9, 10; Report of Directors for 1851, p. 128; also Colonel Jebb's Report for 1851, p. 112.

Digitized by Google

will lose their wits; and, if you persist for six months longer, you may expect to turn Millbank into Bedlam. The stern common sense of Mr. Crawford and Mr. Russell abjured all tampering with the separate system at this prison, and insisted that, if the experiment were to be made at all, it should not be made in that miserable hole. It was on these grounds that Government sanctioned the building of the Model Prison from the plans of Colonel Jebb. But, besides the objection of insalubrity which vitiates Dr. Baly's conclusions, another militates against them at least as forcibly—viz., the inefficient style of the discipline at Millbank. In fact, of all that really characterises the original System of Pentonville, we recognise no resemblance at Millbank. In that sink the convicts are under a discipline much more allied to Colonel Jebb's than to Mr. Crawford's; the time of separation is short, the aids to the mind are insufficient, the association of offenders is frequent. We find without surprise that the chaplain at Millbank, the Rev. Mr. Penny—

'feels considerable diffidence as to the amount of real amendment, bearing in mind the circumstances of the prison, the somewhat brief period of separate confinement, and the danger of good impressions being effaced when the prisoners are associated in large rooms and general wards.' *

With such a state of things—an unhealthy atmosphere depressing the body, and a most inconsequent system worrying the mind by subjecting it alternately to the horrors of solitude and the ribaldries of a congregation of felons—did Dr. Baly ever expect that anything but madness could be developed?

The *separate system*, under such arrangements, is a mere name—that system cannot be carried on thus—nor should it be intrusted to careless or to unwilling servants. If the harvest is to be great, all the means to produce it must be diligently pursued. The very holiest of aids, the comfort, the solace, the salt of life, if injudiciously used, either as to its terrors or its hopes, will raise the solitary criminal to ecstacy or sink him in despair. The first hours of the cell are hours of great anguish: all the stimulants of crime are gone, there is no voice nor fellowship in its passionless walls, no sympathy, no love, no hate, nothing present but the past; how can the mind resist, and not be subdued? Then arise the cravings of the social instinct: the trade-master's hour of lesson, the visit of the minister of religion, the chapel with its common worship, the school with its common instruction, are privileges not lightly to be forfeited. The heart imperceptibly yields up its impurities and is cleansed

* *Vide* Report of Directors for 1851, p. 185.

—kindness

Digitized by Google

—kindness compels belief and gratitude—many a casual word gives issue to feelings long concealed under the lava-crust of vice. Is all this to be thrown away on an ill-considered clamour about madness—which does not exist—or, if it does, it is not in a greater proportion than in half the pursuits and professions of life, which cannot be carried on without many a heart-ache and struggle, and much wear and tear of mind?—If the authority of thoughtful men have weight, it is all but unanimous in favour of the discipline of the cell. In England among its advocates are Bishop Butler, Howard, Hanway, Blackstone, Lord Mansfield, Paley, Sir Samuel Romilly, Wilberforce, Archbishop Whately, Lord John Russell, Lord Grey, Sir James Graham; in France, M. de Beaumont, De Tocqueville, and all the best of their inspectors of prisons; in Belgium, M. Ducpeteaux; in Germany, M. Julius; in Sweden, the King. In fact, the system is becoming universal in Europe, and its revival in the old world is attributable to its extensive and successful adoption in the new.

'It is, therefore, the opponent, not the advocate, of rigorous and uninterrupted separation that is in reality the theorist. The recent changes have been introduced upon purely theoretical grounds. It has been *assumed* that twelve months of separation was the utmost that could be borne without excessive injury to the mental and bodily health; that it would effect all the reformation required to render the congregation of the convicts at public works harmless; that the association of the prisoners after that period would confirm reformation; and that a great saving of money would be effected. These assumptions are not only based upon theoretical grounds, but upon theory opposed to experience; every theory involved in them had already been tested by actual experiment, had been proved erroneous, and had been abandoned.

'The most important of the recent changes has been the dividing of the convict's period of imprisonment into two portions; the first portion consisting of separate confinement, the second of associated employment. This system of a first and second stage of discipline was tried long before at Gloucester, and found most injurious. It was again tried on a large scale at Millbank, again proved to be most mischievous in its effects, and abandoned. Another very important principle of the present system is, that the duration of the convict's imprisonment at the public works is made to depend upon his conduct in prison, to the extent of several years. This theory was acted upon at Millbank, but it was found to be most injurious; it was condemned by the Committee of the Lords in 1837, and an Act of Parliament was passed to abolish the practice. Another change is, that convicts are now allowed a gratuity for their labour. This was tried at Millbank, was condemned by the Committee of the Lords in 1835, and was abolished by the Act of 7 Will. IV. But the grand error of the present system lies in the

Digitized by Google

necessity for prolonging the period of imprisonment at the public works to compensate for the less severe character of the punishment. This error is the more important, inasmuch as it is proposed to make such associated employment the basis of a universal system of prison discipline. This change offends against the first principles of penal science. It is a retrograde movement, by which both the country and the criminal will be deprived of the greatest boon resulting, both morally and financially, from the whole movement in favour of prison reform—namely, the condensation of punishment within the shortest limits. In reference to this important principle, the Second Report of the Committee of the House of Lords, in 1835, contains the following weighty words: "If the adoption of a more strict discipline should add to the actual weight of punishment, its duration may be proportionably diminished; and the Committee *look with confidence to a diminution of the period of confinement as one of the greatest improvements that, under any change of system, can be introduced into the management of our prisons.*" The introduction of associated employment at the public works is a reversal of the policy so clearly and so confidently recommended by the Lords.'—*Results, &c.*, pp. 242-244.

We are glad to understand that the existing Government has, at all events, declined to give any pledge as to the abolition of what every experienced Judge pronounces to be a most salutary system of discipline. If any of the ministers really feel at all doubtful, the satisfactory course surely would be, not to try for the tenth time a Parliamentary Committee, but to appoint a Commission of independent persons, apart from the turmoils and temptations of active party-politics—men with capacity and leisure for deliberately sifting the whole matter. Let these have the power of examining the various officers and of calling for any documents calculated to elucidate the recent changes. We ask no more.

If the separation of the cell is to be retained, the selection of those who are to carry on the system in future should not be lightly made. Surely, if the education of the young and innocent is no light task, the education of the hardened heart and perverted mind of the criminal requires something more than the capacities which go to form the ordinary staff of our common gaols. Some experience, much temper, constant watchfulness, the absence of crochety theories and rash generalisations are essential. The power is great, extending over mind and body. That power should not be confided to the half-educated and the half-willing. There is no lack of men who are competent to fulfil all these duties—but there is a marvellous inaptitude and carelessness in seeking for such. If a board of such men were constituted, it should collect, compare, and digest information derived from our gaols and other

Digitized by Google sources,

sources, bearing on our practical administration of criminal law, for the use of the Home Office—whose own multifarious duties and the incessant changes of its chief make it almost impossible that this great subject of social well-being can otherwise receive due attention. All our prisons should be brought under public view and control. The errors of the model prison could not have occurred, had it been subjected to the authority of independent managers, and visited by a board of magistrates or others appointed for watching its workings. Pentonville, as a criminal institution—and Bedlam, as devoted to mental disease—are crying instances of the folly, not to say more, of preventing independent observation and public scrutiny.

For our own part, we are entirely convinced that, if the system of separate discipline is to be finally dropped, the Government and the Nation must make up their minds for the experience on a gigantic scale, hitherto hardly contemplated, of all the evils which always, in all places, have attended the aggregation of criminals. Norfolk Island, or the hulks at home, produce the same results—only it is better that this aggregation had not been under our eyes. Send away your criminals—for, most assuredly, the crowded society of this highly civilised country would not tolerate long the masses of convicts who, if *philanthropy* be allowed its swing, are ultimately to be let loose among us, in yearly multiplied masses, without a hope of gaining a livelihood but by a relapse into crime. Even now, the expiree who returns from transportation is—nay, it may be said is all but compelled to be—the touter to some capitalled receiver of stolen goods, and the prompter and teacher of thieving among the young. If Mr. C. Pearson's system, or any other one based on associated labour, should be adopted, it would, we have not the least doubt, fail on account of the impossibility of efficient supervision. If a large staff of watchers is appointed, the expense will be enormous—if a few, then those few are of course soldiers, who, like the sentinels abroad, must at once shoot down the convict attempting escape. Would even the less sentimental classes of our community bear this?

Although we have not found room for much of Mr. Burt's detail as to the question of comparative *mortality* under the Separate and Mixed systems, we think we have given enough to satisfy our readers. If not, we beg them to consult the chaplain's book for themselves. In that section he includes also many tables as to bodily ailment generally, and here too his figures come out most distinctly in favour of the original system proscribed by Colonel Jebb. He says:—

'Upon

Digitized by Google

'Upon a review of the whole of the facts adduced, it appears that, under the system of rigorous and protracted separation at Pentonville, the mortality scarcely exceeded the mortality among the free population; that it was lower than throughout the prisons of England and Wales; that any advantages arising from the exclusion of a few individuals on medical grounds was, at least, counterbalanced by the demoralized habits and previous imprisonment of the convicts; that the health of the prisoners generally was "excellent;" that whatever was lost of robustness or florid looks by eighteen months or two years of seclusion, was regained in a few weeks; that, when a system of associated labour is substituted for prolonged separation, both the physical health suffers more severely, and the number which it is necessary to exempt from the severity of the discipline is also greater; that the mortality, the severe sickness, and the amount of consumption, have all been greater at the Public Works than at Pentonville—the removals on medical grounds very much more numerous.'—pp. 169-171.

So much as to Mortality, Insanity, and Disease generally. It remains to pause a moment on the third great plea of the Jebb partizans—and here we shall acquit our conscience by (with a reference to the volume before us) the following specimens of Mr. Burt's tables. It is only necessary to observe *in limine* that the average cost of each prisoner throughout the gaols of England and Wales in 1847 was about 29*l.* per annum. For that year it was as follows in the Prisons thus classified:—

'No. 1.—Prisons carried on wholly or partially on the Separate System.

	£.	s.	d.
Reading	25	9	5¾
Springfield	26	12	3½
Preston	23	3	10½
Usk	26	19	10½
Lewes	24	6	8
Stafford	16	14	7

'No. 2.—Prisons on the Associated System.

	£.	s.	d.
Appleby (County)	51	14	2
Chester (County)	50	18	11½
Oakham (County)	50	3	9
Peterborough	46	15	3¾
Morpeth (County)	38	15	7½
Newgate	38	5	0

Upon looking into the details we think it fair to conclude that the costliness in either class need not be the result of the discipline, but may arise, probably, out of circumstances which admit of economic control—and such Mr. Burt holds to be the case especially with regard to the excess of expenditure at Pentonville itself. In 1848 the average cost of each prisoner throughout England and Wales was 27*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.*: the average cost at *Pentonville* was

Digitized by Google

was 35*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* But, if the accounts are carefully analysed, and if so much of the excess is deducted as arises from special circumstances connected with Pentonville, and not at all essential to the *separate system*, there will appear, as the chaplain asserts —and we think proves—a balance in favour of the Model Prison exceeding 2*l.* per prisoner.—pp. 177-183.

The cost of each prisoner at Pentonville in 1852 is estimated at 24*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.** Compared with the cost in former years, this shows a large reduction. It is stated, however, by Mr. Burt that this reduction arises principally from the lowered prices of provisions; from the prison being kept constantly full, so that the expense of salaries, &c., is distributed over a larger population; from some offices being transferred to another department of the public service; and from other causes not connected with *the system*. The saving effected by the infringements upon the original discipline is estimated at not more than 1*l.* or 25*s.* per prisoner (pp. 193, 194). But the saving of a small percentage on our annual gaol expenses will be bought at an immense loss, if, by such economy, an inefficient and non-deterrent discipline is substituted for an efficient and reformatory one. Crime will be increased, and, with it, all those expenses incidental to the administration of criminal law. Our outlays on the police force, on the conduct of prosecutions, on the convict service, &c., will all receive a serious augmentation. In short, the result will be, that, though our gaol expenditure of 600,000*l.* per annum may be reduced, yet the three millions which are now paid for bringing our criminals into these gaols will be greatly increased.

The Legislature has always aimed at concentration of punishment, so that, in the shortest possible time, the greatest amount of protection to society might be secured. This fundamental principle has been quite overlooked in the working of the *mixed system*, and a mitigated punishment, extending over a longer time, is substituted for a severer one, acting in a short time. Colonel Jebb, believing that eighteen months of Separate Confinement is too severe, reduces that term to nine months, and gives as an equivalent three or four *years* of Associated Labour on Public Works. The country, therefore, has all the difference to pay between the cost of keeping on hand *for years* criminals who would, or might, be discharged in *months*. This, the money view of the question, is serious enough without reference to the

* Compare table in Appendix to Col. Jebb's Report for 1851; and observe that in that the item of 'buildings and repairs' is *omitted*—whereas in the estimate stated above it is included. This item is usually rather a large one:—in 1848 it was 3*l.* 0*s.* 4½*d.* per prisoner.

main

Digitized by Google

main thing—the moral effect of the discipline of the separate as compared with that of the associated system.

But then it may be argued that the associated prisoners work, and that their work will have a moneyed value. Let this be granted: what is that value? Mr. Burt shows that, owing to the longer detention of convicts under the mixed system, there will be an increase of about 4000 prisoners in the United Kingdom above the number retained on hand under the separate system. These additional 4000 prisoners must demand an additional outlay for lodging, feeding, and supervising; the yearly cost of each man of them will be about 30*l.*—or 120,000*l.* for the whole 4000. Allow that, one with another, the annual value of the labour per man is 10*l.*, or 40,000*l.* for the whole, it follows that 80,000*l.* will have to be paid yearly by the public under the mixed system, which would not be required under the separate. In other words, the expenditure will be equivalent to a perpetual vote of 80,000*l.* per annum for public works. Mr. Burt is of opinion that any good contractor would finish the work required as cheaply, in a much shorter time than he now can, when he is encumbered with convict labour, over which he has but a limited and divided control, and the individuals furnishing which are, for the most part, unskilled and unwilling workmen.

We are well aware that we have in this paper been dealing with little more than one branch of a wide subject—but we hope even so we may have done something for the correction of prevailing prejudices;—and as to the fearfully complicated controversy concerning the transportation system itself, we shall only say at present with what pleasure we received the disclaimer of any resolution to part with it utterly, which the Duke of Newcastle lately pronounced in the House of Lords. Every one must feel what a burthen of embarrassment the new Government has inherited as to this and indeed every other question at all connected with our position as the parent and head of a vast Colonial Empire. But we will not believe that as to this specific matter the difficulty is such as would be found insuperable by ministers of clear views and steady decision. If none of the old colonies will now take our convicts, we must found new ones on purpose—and when we look at the map it seems, in fact, almost absurd to doubt that for this purpose we have ample resources and opportunities at our command.

Digitized by Google

ART. IX.—1. '*Le Duc de Wellington.* Par Jules Maurel. Bruxelles. 8vo. 1853.

2. *Wellington—His Character—his Actions—and his Writings.* By J. Maurel. London. Fcap. 8vo.

THIS is a remarkable work, if it were only for its singularity. It is written by a Frenchman, who appreciates the actions and character of the Duke of Wellington, with not only a degree of care, candour, and justice, of which we know few, if any, instances amongst his countrymen, but with a delicacy, a sagacity, and a discrimination which have certainly not been surpassed amongst ourselves. He has of course no new facts to tell well-informed people in France, or any one in England, but he presents the subject in a point of view sufficiently novel to excite a considerable interest in both countries. We learn from a short preface which the Earl of Ellesmere has prefixed to an English translation, 'that the name and antecedents of M. Maurel are well known in the highest literary circles of Brussels, where he now resides, and of Paris, where he was formerly connected with that most respectable of sources of public instruction in France, the *Journal des Débats.* His work (Lord E. continues) will speak for itself; but those who read, while they admire, may be glad to know that the author is a gentleman of high private character, as well as established literary reputation.'

M. Maurel is ashamed of the low-minded, and indignant at the suicidal injustice of his countrymen, who endeavour to diminish a glory to which it would be more reasonable, and in fact more patriotic, to allow its fullest measure, since they cannot deny the *great* FACT, that it had outshone and finally extinguished that of the Idol of their adoration. But the idol himself it was who bequeathed them the example of this inconsistent and ignoble feeling. Whenever he spoke of the Duke at St. Helena, it was in such paroxysms of rage and rancour that even Las Cases seems ashamed of repeating them. After making an apology for exhibiting his hero in one of these disgraceful fits of fury and falsehood, he thus *naïvement* accounts for their not being more frequent:—

'I remarked,' says he, 'that the Emperor had an extreme repugnance to mention Lord Wellington's name: to be sure he must have felt awkward at publicly depreciating HIM *under whom he had fallen!*' (*il se trouvait gauche à ravaler publiquement celui sous lequel il avait succombé*).—*Las Cases*, vii. 209.

The alternative of getting rid of the *awkwardness*, by speaking with common decency and truth of the Duke of Wellington, does

Digitized by Google

does not seem to have occurred to either Las Cases or his Master:—nor in truth to any French writer that we have seen, except to M. Lamartine,* feebly, and more fully to M. Alphonse de Beauchamp, in their respective histories—the author of an article on the Duke's Dispatches in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September, 1839 (said to be M. Loëve Weimar), who seemed willing to treat it as fairly as the prejudices of his readers would allow—and now M. Maurel, who, bolder than the reviewer, examines it more frankly, and from a wider and higher point of view, as a statesman and a moralist. *Fortune, Luck, Accident*—such, in the philosophy of *all* other French historians is the *chief*, and in most of them the *only* explanation of a gradual and unbroken series of successes which—not merely by their number and continuity, but by their concatenation and the obvious identity of the principle that pervades them—could no more be the effect of mere chance than the great operations of the natural world—which offer, as we see, various phases and are subject to occasional disturbances—but, on the whole, bear unquestionable evidence of one great and invariable principle of order and action.

In the very motto of his work M. Maurel protests against this flattering unction for the *amour propre blessé* of his countrymen.

> '*Nullum numen abest si sit* PRUDENTIA: *sed te*
> Nos *facimus*, FORTUNA, *deam, cœloque locamus.*'

Which may be rendered,

> 'FORTUNE's an idol, to whose share is given
> Results that PRUDENCE draws, in truth, from heaven.'

Even M. Thiers, who has something of a name to risk, and who labours to make an *étalage* of his candour, cannot get out of that vulgar *ornière*, and in the face of those immortal *Dispatches* which he pretends to have read, he persists in placing *chance* as the first ingredient of the Duke of Wellington's successes. We need not go far for examples. In the *first* three passages of his so-called 'History' in which the Duke makes his appearance, he is accompanied by this imaginary deity—who predominates over all the other elements of success which M. Thiers condescends to allow him.

'This was Sir Arthur Wellesley—since celebrated *as much* for his *good Fortune* as for his great military qualities.'—*Hist. du Con. et l'Emp.*, ix. 172.

Sir Arthur's expedition to Portugal in 1808 was, it seems, intended at first for Spain, but, *on consideration*, he resolves to disembark near the Tagus—

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xc., p. 562.

'to

Digitized by Google

'to avail himself of the *occasions* which *Fortune* might offer him, and of the *chance* of striking some *lucky* stroke,' &c.—*ib.* 175.

To this, like the pedant who lectured Hannibal on the art of war, M. Thiers adds that Sir Arthur's military movements were all rash and wrong, but that he was induced to hazard them from a jealous impatience to do something brilliant *before he should be superseded* by the senior officers that were daily expected (*ib.* 175); and these assertions he ventures to accompany with distinct professions of familiarity with the Dispatches, in which, had he read them,* he must have seen the clearest proofs that Sir Arthur's disembarkation in Portugal was no result either of accident or of second-thought—that the first object of the instructions under which he himself sailed from Ireland, and the rendezvous prescribed from the outset for all the different detachments that were to compose his army, was the Tagus; and that, as to his having rashly hurried into action from selfish jealousy, the very same Dispatch, from the Government at home, which announced that he might be superseded by a senior officer, directed him—

'to carry his instructions into execution *with every expedition* that circumstances will admit, *without awaiting the arrival* of the Lieutenant-General.'—15*th July*, 1808, *Desp.* iv. 18.

Again: when Wellesley wins the battle of Vimieiro—entirely—as *Field-Marshal* Thiers thinks—through the rashness and blunders of Junot, who 'ought to have thrown him into the sea' and 'precipitated him over the cliffs into the abyss' (*le jeter dans la mer—précipité dans les flôts de l'abîme*, *ib.* 182) in front of which he had taken up his very injudicious position—when, we say, he had won this battle, which he ought to have lost, M. Thiers's only remark is, that

'he was *always lucky throughout* his brilliant career.'—*ib.* 185.

Thus, on his very first appearance on the scene, *prejudging*—and by anticipation discolouring—the whole of that 'brilliant career' which the reluctant Historian *must* by and bye deal with in detail, as being from first to last the creature of patronizing *Luck*. If his wry-mouthed candour allows Wellesley certain

* We have heard, indeed (though we cannot ourselves vouch for the fact), that M. Thiers, when last in England, confessed that his acquaintance with the Dispatches was but slight, and even recent. Its slightness we never doubted, and that, such as it may be, he acquired it recently, is additionally confirmed by his long and pompous narration of the affair at Roliça, in which he asserts that the English lost from 1200 to 1500 men killed—*tués*. The Duke's official return, which we need not say is scrupulously correct, and accounts for every man, is 71 men and 4 officers killed. There is not a page of all this portion of M. Thiers' work that does not exhibit the same style of *fanfaronnade*, on which we think *even he* could not have ventured if he had read the Dispatches.

'great

Digitized by Google

'great military qualities'—to wit, 'good sense and firmness —it is only to sharpen in the next line a sneer at his want of *genius* (*ib.* 175).

And again :—

'The *slow* and steady English soldier was the natural instrument of the *narrow* but wise and resolute mind of Sir Arthur Wellesley.'—*ib.* 177.

The '*narrow mind*' of the Duke of Wellington!—and this written sixteen years after the publication of the Dispatches!

It is in answer to the strain of M. Thiers, and to the still more flagrant malevolence of minor scribblers, but, above all, of the great father of lies—Buonaparte himself—that M. Maurel takes a nobler as well as a more philosophical review of the whole life of the Duke of Wellington. He asks whether *fortune*, unaccompanied by *prudence* and *genius*, could have fought its way through eight campaigns, of various characters, but of uninterrupted successes —in Portugal, Spain, France, and Flanders—from Vimieiro in 1808 to Waterloo in 1815. Who else, he asks, of the privileged few who have influenced the destinies of mankind, can present himself to posterity, *proof in hand*, and say,

'*Hence* I set out—*this* was my object—*here* is my result, and *these* are the ways by which I arrived at it? I do not forget what I may have owed to *fortune*,—which must always have a great *share* in these matters—but here is what I have done to limit and contract that *share*. I lay before you—without reserve—my hopes, my projects, my plans, my means, my victories, and the *reasons* of my victories. Judge them and me!"

'Such an appeal would have something theatrical, and not at all suitable to the character of Wellington; but it would nevertheless be exactly true—for the Dispatches are the real summary of his military life. He might have spoken thus without depreciating friends, without offending enemies, without departing from the most rigid and modest truth: but he has done the same thing in a still better taste. He has left these memorials of his life as a legacy to history, in their strict chronological order, in their exact original state — he has not suppressed a line—nor added a word of commentary—nor a word of argument — nor a word of accusation — nor a word of justification! A number of the letters are in French; and though these contain many striking thoughts and happy expressions, there are many incorrectnesses of style: nothing would have been easier than to have removed these faults without altering the sense, or even diminishing the force of the expression. Wellington would do no such thing. . . . . If he has written bad French it must remain bad French. He chooses to appear what he is and nothing else. This literary good faith is but another form of the same uncompromising probity that distinguished him as a public officer and a private man. Even this trifle—if anything could be trifling where good faith is concerned—is his final homage

Digitized by Google

homage to that devotion—that enthusiasm for truth, and that undeviating abhorrence of falsehood, that were the rule of his whole life.'—p. 66.

Some pages later M. Maurel give us a *résumé* of some of his principal exploits, with a view of showing how little *chance* and how much *genius* must have had to do with so great a number of campaigns and battles, spread over so many years, so diversified in circumstance, but all identical in their triumphant issues.

'In his seven peninsular campaigns he passed through all the diversity of trials that fortune could create. He made defensive war, and triumphed. He made a war of positions and surprises, and triumphed. He then adopted the offensive on a larger scale, and still he triumphed. —He had made the boldest advances without involving himself in any risks. He had made long and difficult retreats without suffering any disaster.—He fought battles of the most different characters—with a *superiority* of numbers—at Vimieiro, the 21st August, 1808; at Oporto, the 12th May, 1809; at Vitoria, 24th June, 1813; at Nivelle, 10th November, 1813; at Toulouse, the 10th April, 1814—and *all were victories.*—He fought—with *equal* numbers—at Salamanca, 22nd July, 1812; at Pampeluna, 28th July; at St. Martial, the 31st August, 1813; at Orthez, the 28th February, 1814—and *all were victories.*—He fought—with an *inferiority* of numbers—at Talavera, 28th July, 1809; at Busaco, 27th September, 1810; and at Almeida (Fuentes d'Onor), the 3rd and 4th May, 1811—and *all were victories.*'—p. 109.

We should, of course, have questioned the 'superiority' and 'equality' attributed to the Duke's army in some of these battles—but M. Maurel saves us that trouble by one general statement, which really brings all the cases under the last category:—

'When I say that he had the *superiority* of numbers, it is only just to remark that—except at Vimieiro—we are not speaking of English troops, but of the aggregate of Germans, Portuguese, and Spaniards, regular and irregular, which were from time to time under his orders. The English were *everywhere* and necessarily very inferior in number to the French. The truth is, that from 1808 to 1813 Wellington never had 30,000 English under his orders—and this was at a period when the imperial armies deluged the whole Peninsula with not less than 350,000 men. Struck by this enormous disproportion of forces, Wellington himself said to his friends, *'Tis strange that with this little army we are able to keep them in check.* In 1813 the English contingent reached 40,000; but this was the army reinforced for the invasion of France.'—p. 110.

We may here mention that we have been allowed to see and to make extracts from a few *MS. Notes*, made, from time to time, by an early and intimate friend of the Duke's, of some of his conversations. Several of these Notes appear to us to afford interesting confirmations of some of the most striking points in M. Maurel's

Digitized by Google

M. Maurel's view of his character, and we think that this is a time and an occasion in which it would be hardly justifiable to withhold them from the public. We have been, however, restricted to the production of such only as bear on our present purpose.

We find in these *MS. Notes* the Duke's own estimate of the relative numbers in some of the principal battles :—

'What was the real number of your army and the enemy in some of your great battles?

'Duke.—*Talavera was the only one in which I had a superiority—but that was only by reckoning the Spaniards—at all the others I had less. At Salamanca I had* 40,000, *and the French not much more, perhaps* 45,000. *At Vittoria I had many thousand less,* 60,000 *to* 70,000. *At Waterloo the proportion was still more against me; I had less than* 60,000—*perhaps about* 56,000 *or* 58,000; *Buonaparte had near* 80,000. *The whole army in the South of France under my command was considerably larger than the force under Soult at the battle of Toulouse; but actually employed in that operation I had less than he; and he was posted behind works which we had to storm.*'—*MS. Note.*

In following the course of the Duke's life, M. Maurel shows that 'his growth, so far from resembling the fruits of *chance*, was at once gradual and rapid. His first experience was in an humble rank and in adverse circumstances—he served as a subordinate officer in the disastrous campaigns of Flanders and Holland in 1794-5. There he witnessed a series of reverses and retreats, which afforded no doubt, to that calm yet inquisitive mind, lessons which he turned to his future profit.'—(p. 100). But, not content with the public lessons which he might thus receive, he was a remarkable instance of diligent self-instruction.

'He added to his natural gifts a most indefatigable and intelligent application to his duties. It was his habitual practice to enter—to *descend*—into the most *minute details* of the service. "*The regiment of Colonel Wellesley*," says Lord Harris in 1799, "*is a* model *regiment—for equipment, for courage, for discipline, for instruction, and for good conduct, it is above all praise!*" '—p. 102.

Of the early disposition—which M. Maurel reasonably supposed the Duke's mind to have had—to acquire professional instruction, we find in the *MS. Notes* a most remarkable instance—one, indeed, to which, if told of or by any man but the Duke, we should hardly, we own, have given implicit faith :—

'"D. of W.—*Within a few days after I joined my first regiment I caused a private soldier to be* weighed—*first, in full marching order, arms, accoutrements, ammunition, &c., and afterwards without them. I wished to have some measure of the power of the individual man, compared with the weight he was to carry and the work he was expected*

Digitized by Google

expected to do." When I expressed surprise at such early thoughtfulness, he replied, "*Why I was not so young as not to know that, since I had undertaken a profession, I had better endeavour to understand it.*" He went on to say, "*It must always be kept in mind that the power of the greatest armies depends upon what the individual soldier is capable of doing and bearing.*"'—*MS. Note.*

M. Maurel resumes his review by saying that Colonel Wellesley's early services in India, his rapid and brilliant successes there, were characteristic preludes to the greater scenes of his later life; but above all, as he says, the '*exploit fabuleux*' of Assye fixed every eye, in that region of bold and skilful soldier-craft, on Major-General Wellesley, and marked him at once as one of the men most evidently destined to sustain the honours of the British arms. He adds, that this early glory did not at all alter his natural simplicity. Of this 'fabulous exploit' we find in the *MS. Notes* an account which exhibits very strongly the modest and matter-of-fact way in which he himself estimated even the most extraordinary results and proofs of his *genius.*

'*I was indebted for my success at Assye to a very ordinary exercise of common sense. The Mahratta chiefs whom I was marching to overtake had made a hasty retreat with their infantry and guns, and had got round behind a river on my right, leaving me exposed to an overwhelming force of native cavalry. To get rid of these gentlemen and to get at the others, I had no chance but getting over the river also; but my native guides all assured me that the river was impassable in this part, and the superior force of the enemy would not permit me to have it examined. I was rather puzzled; but at last I resolved to see what I could of the river myself, and so, with my most intelligent guides and an escort of* (*I think*) all *my cavalry, I pushed forward till I could see with my glass one village on the right or near bank of the river, and another village exactly opposite on the other bank, and I immediately said to myself, that men could not have built two villages so close to one another on opposite sides of a stream, without some habitual means of communication either by boats or a ford—most probably by the latter. My guides still persisted that there were neither; but on my own conjecture, or rather reasoning, I took the desperate, as it seemed, resolution of marching for the river—and I was right—I found a passage, crossed my army over, had no more to fear from the enemy's cloud of cavalry, and my force, small as it was, was just enough to fill the space between that river and another stream that fell into it thereabouts and on which Assye stood, so that both my flanks were secure. And there I fought and won the battle—the bloodiest for the number that I ever saw; and this was all from the common sense of guessing that men did not build villages on opposite sides of a stream without some means of communication between them.*'—*MS. Note.*

As a preliminary to the European career, M. Maurel inquires how

Digitized by Google

how it is that the Duke, so unassuming in his manners, so full of consideration and courtesy even to rivals and enemies, who had made war with unparalleled moderation and humanity, and to whom France was subsequently indebted for very great services, when she was in danger of the vengeance of all the rest of Europe—how it is that the Duke of Wellington should be so misunderstood and misrepresented in France? He produces from the Dispatches several instances of not merely the justice with which the Duke was always forward to treat every one, but of his personal good nature and even kindness to any individual Frenchman with whom he happened to come into contact. He takes particular pleasure in citing from the works of Alison and Napier some striking instances of the state of confidence, and even good will, which, under the Duke's example and influence, grew up between the two contending armies in the Peninsula. He expatiates on that romantic incident in the battle of Talavera, stated by Lord Castlereagh in the House of Commons—sung in poetry, and recorded by the historians—of individual French and English soldiers coming with mutual confidence, in an interval of the fight, to drink at a little stream that ran across the plain (p. 24). And again:—

'For some days before the battle of Salamanca (as M. Maurel tells after General Napier) the two armies were encamped on the banks of the Douro, and the soldiers crossed the river in numerous groups, visited each other as old friends, and chatted of the battles they had fought and were about to fight, so that at times the two camps might seem to belong to one army.'—p. 25.

And again:—

'The Duke one day ordered a detachment of carabineers to occupy a little hill at the advanced posts, where a very small French detachment happened to be stationed. As the carabineers advanced, the Duke, seeing no firing, sent them an order to begin. "Unnecessary," said an old soldier, holding up his carabine, and playing on it with his fingers as if it had been a flute. This was meant as a telegraphic signal to say, "We want the post for a quarter of an hour—you are not strong enough to hold it. Be off; you may return by and bye." The signal was understood, and not a shot was fired!'—p. 31.

For these and several similar anecdotes M. Maurel cites the English historians, but we confess that, when told of *earlier periods* of the contest, they seem to us somewhat *embroidered;* but we are glad to find in the *MS. Notes* a confirmation of the *growth* of this generous spirit in the two armies.

'D. of W.—*The French and English armies, as they became better acquainted by frequent contact, grew to be very civil to each other, particularly after we had passed the Pyrenees; and the advance-posts*

Digitized by Google

posts and piquets were on the most friendly terms. One instance I particularly remember. There was a small public-house beyond the Adour, where the English used to cross over and sup with the French officers. And on the lines before Bayonne a French officer came out one day to our advance-posts, and, saluting the English officer, inquired whether some of our parties had not possessed themselves of three muskets and three sets of accoutrements of a French party. Inquiry was made, and the arms, &c., were found. It appeared that the English soldiers had given the French some dollars to buy them some bottles of brandy, but, not trusting entirely to the honour of the enemy, had insisted on keeping three muskets, &c., as a pledge that the brandy should be forthcoming. The dollars were paid, and the Frenchmen got their accoutrements again. The advance posts always gave notice to each other when they were in danger. On one occasion, when the French army was advancing suddenly and in force, the French posts cried out to ours, "Courez vite, courez vite! on va vous attaquer." I always encouraged this: the killing a poor fellow of a vidette, or carrying off a post, could not influence the battle; and I always, when I was going to attack, sent to tell them to get out of the way.'—MS. Note.*

On another and more serious occasion he repeated, in his simple way, the same magnanimous sentiment.

'Were you close enough to see Buonaparte at Waterloo?

'Duke.—*Why, we were close enough to see, but not to distinguish. In the morning, before the battle began, I could see a body of officers moving along their lines, and we had no doubt that this was Buonaparte and his staff. I think we heard the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" but I can't say that I distinguished his person. A battery near me had a mind to fire upon this assemblage, but I stopped them.*

'Some one questioned whether this was not over nice, as one shot might have saved thousands of lives?

'Duke.—*It may be so, but that was my way of carrying on the war throughout. I discouraged surprises of outposts, and the firing on videttes and sentries: the death of a few poor fellows thus picked off does no service. To be sure, when the fate of those two great armies, and indeed of all Europe, was concentrated in a single man, as in this case, the general rule might not apply, but I felt at that moment about Buonaparte as I should have done about any general of his staff.'—MS. Note.*

'How is it then,' asks M. Maurel, 'that such a man as this should be unpopular in France? The reason is simple. He won the battle of *Waterloo*, and will never be forgiven—not because Wellington won a battle at Waterloo'—he had won many others which excited no personal feeling against him—but 'the *Emperor* was at *Waterloo*' (p. 33), and the *Emperor* had become, by a

* For numerous examples of this see Mr. Larpent's Diary of the Pyrenean period. One amusing passage is at vol. ii. p. 226.

Digitized by Google

strange vicissitude, once more the child and champion of Jacobinism, and the idol, or rather the watchword, of all the agitators whom he had so long restrained by his iron grasp (p. 36).

Buonaparte during his power had the sagacity to discover, and in his exile sore cause to remember, the capacity of Wellington, whom he therefore always endeavoured to decry—at first from policy, and afterwards from hatred—and both with a blind vehemence that defeated itself with all reasonable men, but effectually succeeded with the masses who had been so long subdued into a stupid or an interested acquiescence in the *ipse dixit* of the Emperor. M. Maurel explains how this literary influence was obtained and exercised:—

'Buonaparte might think himself only the greatest Captain and greatest Statesman of his age, but he was also, *pardie!*—what he did not so readily confess—though everybody knew it—the *first Journalist* of the Empire—nay, the *only* one; for *he alone in all France had a right to publish his opinions in conforming himself to the law*;* and strange to say, we have seen the influence of his pen surviving the power of his sword. . . . . The impressions created by the Imperial Moniteur have survived the Empire. They became the texts of the Parliamentary Opposition and inviolable dogmas of a party creed.'—p. 35.

To enable men of the present day to form even a faint idea of the task which was imposed on Sir Arthur Wellesley and his little army, M. Maurel produces the view of the case in the Peninsula as taken and proclaimed early in the business by the *Despot-Journalist* himself—a proclamation which at first, as we believe, startled or alarmed every mind in Europe—except only Sir Arthur's.

'In a solemn proclamation to the grand army he invites it—*to plant its standards on the pillars of Hercules.*'

He adds,

"*that the hideous Leopard, whose presence defiles the Peninsula, will betake himself at our aspect to a disgraceful flight.*"—p. 39.

To his servile Senate he announced,

"*I go to plant my eagles on the towers of Lisbon.*"—ib.

Again—

"*English blood has at last been shed in torrents* (à grands flots). *Our struggle with that Carthage shall be decided on the plains of Spain. When England shall be exhausted, and half her families covered with mourning*, a thunderclap *shall quiet the Peninsula—avenge Asia and Europe—and thus end this second Punic war.*"—ib.

* A sly allusion to an article of the fictitious Constitution which Buonaparte had given France: '*tout Français a le droit de publier ses opinions en se conformant aux lois.*'

Digitized by Google

Again;

Again; even when he had found the affairs of the Peninsula not quite so easy as he had promised, he utters this singular bravado:

"*I should have driven back the English to Lisbon* and have *destroyed them*—IF *I had not thought that the moment of the catastrophe had not yet arrived!*"—*ib.*

This was repeated so often, so solemnly, and so loudly, that all France and the rest of the Continent, and no inconsiderable portion of England, believed it. The impression that it made on the mind of Sir Arthur Wellesley, at the moment he was about to take the command of the first expedition to Portugal, may be gathered from the following *MS. Note:*—

'*June*, 1808.—Dined with Sir Arthur Wellesley in Harley-street. He was to set out for Ireland, on his way to Portugal, in two or three days. After dinner we were alone, and he seemed to lapse into a kind of reverie. I asked him what he was thinking of? He replied, "*Why, to say the truth, I was thinking of the French that I am going to fight. I have never seen them since the campaigns in Flanders, when they were already capital soldiers, and a dozen years of successes must have made them better still. They have beaten all the world, and are supposed to be invincible. They have besides, it seems, a new system, which has out-manœuvred and overwhelmed all the armies of Europe. But no matter; my die is cast—they may overwhelm, but I don't think they will out-manœuvre me. In the first place, I am not afraid of them, as everybody else seems to be; and secondly, because, if what I hear of their system of manœuvres be true, I think it a false one against troops steady enough, as I hope mine will be, to receive them with the bayonet. I suspect that all the continental armies were more than half beaten before the battle was begun. I, at least, will not be frightened beforehand.*" '—*MS. Note.*

We shall by and by have to recall our readers' more particular attention to this remarkable reverie. We introduce it here as evidence of the thoughtful, but determined, spirit which had already, and we may venture to say, providentially, prepared him for the great part to which he was destined.

Of his first successes Buonaparte spoke in the most contemptuous style. When the Moniteur, says M. Maurel, condescended to mention him—

'it was only to describe him as "*incapable, rash, presumptuous, and ignorant;*" adding, "*We desire nothing better than that the English armies may continue to be commanded by General Wellesley. With such a character as he has shown, he is destined to suffer grand catastrophes.*" '—p. 40.

Grand catastrophes there certainly were in the womb of time, but not for General Wellesley!

M. Maurel continues—in singular coincidence with the opi-

Digitized by Google

nion

nion of Wellesley, as hinted in the private conversation just quoted—

'The great merit of Wellington is to have understood from the first hour, that it required a *different kind* of genius and a different kind of luck to deal with Buonaparte.'—p. 45.

And after recapitulating the leading points of Napoleon's astonishing successes against Prussia and Austria, he proceeds:—

'In the midst of this hurricane of victories, one man only contemplated the real circumstances of the situation, and measured with a calm eye the depth of the abyss. . . . Wellington soon saw that Napoleon was not to be beaten *à la Napoléon*—that it would be madness to play as the Emperor, with his innumerable armies and colossal power, was in the habit of doing, at great strokes of neck or nothing; and that, before he could hope to obtain great victories, he must, in the first place, learn himself, and teach his army, not to be beaten, and, rather than run such a risk, not to fight at all.

'This, to be sure, seems a very simple idea; but it was, in the circumstances, a *flash of genius*. The greatest officers in Europe, both in the practice and theory of war, in the cabinet and the field, had been looking for some such principle for the last fifteen years, but they had not found it. He that, like Archimedes, said *Eureka*, was what history will call the Man of Destiny—for *he* it was who changed the fate of the world. He was not to be whirled forward on the wheel of Fortune: he seized it in its most rapid movements, and guided it to his own purposes.'—p. 45.

M. Maurel exemplifies this simple but grand conception of Wellesley by the events of his first campaigns, and proves from the Dispatches that all the events—even those that seemed accidental or fortuitous—had been calculated, prepared, and ordered in his closet!

The 'false system of manœuvres,' to which allusion is made in the conversation in Harley Street, seems to have been that of massing armies in *columns*, not merely for movements but for actual fighting. To this process Buonaparte was supposed to have owed most of his great successes, and it long continued to be the bugbear of Europe. Sir Arthur thought it a palpable mistake, and that such attacks would be certainly defeated by receiving them in line. He had not long to wait for a practical experiment of his theory. Just two months later he first meets the French on the field of Vimieiro, and the following extract from the MS. Notes, besides its bearing on this important strategic point, cannot, we think, fail to interest our readers from the vivid naïveté in which a well-fought battle and its consequences are sketched:—

'*The French came on at Vimieiro with more confidence, and seemed to* feel their way *less than* [smiling] *I always found them to do afterwards.*

Digitized by Google

wards. They came on in their usual way—in very heavy columns—and I received them in line, which they were not accustomed to, *and we repulsed them three several times, and at last they went off beaten on all points, while I had half the army untouched and ready to pursue; but Sir H. Burrard—who had joined the army in the middle of the battle, but, seeing all doing so well, had desired me to continue in the command—said that he considered the battle as won (though I thought it but half done), and resolved to push it no farther. I begged very hard that he would go on, but he said enough had been done. Indeed, if he had come earlier, the battle would not have taken place at all; for, when I waited on him on board the frigate in the bay the evening before, he desired me to suspend all operations, and said he would do nothing till he had collected all the force which he knew to be on the way, and he had heard of Moore's arrival. But the French, luckily resolving to attack us, led to a different result. I came from the frigate about nine at night, and went to my own quarters with the army, which, from the nearness of the enemy, I naturally kept on the alert. Towards morning a fellow rushed in to my bedside—a German sergeant or quartermaster—in a great fright, so great that his hair seemed actually to stand on end, who told me that the enemy was advancing rapidly and would be soon on us. I immediately sent round to the generals to order them to get the troops under arms—and soon after eight o'clock we were vigorously attacked. The enemy were first met by the 50th—not a good-looking regiment, but devilish steady—who received them admirably, and brought them to a full stop immediately, and soon drove them back. They then tried two other attacks, as I told you—one very serious, through a volley on our left—but they were defeated everywhere, and completely repulsed and in full retreat by noon, so that we had time enough to have* finished them *if I could have persuaded Sir H. Burrard to go on.'—MS. Note.*

This principle, '*to which the French had not been accustomed*,' and thus successful at Vimieiro, he always pursued; and it was crowned with a still more splendid triumph at Waterloo. The idea familiarly thrown out in Harley-street is in fact but the text of General Napier's commentary on the battle of Vimieiro, written twenty years later and with the experience of all the Duke's subsequent successes.

'The rapidity with which the French soldiers rallied and recovered their order, after so severe a check, was admirable; but their habitual method of *attacking in column* cannot be praised. Against Austrians, Russians, and Prussians, it may have been successful, but against the British it must always fail, because the English infantry is sufficiently *firm, intelligent, and well disciplined,* to await calmly *in line* the adverse masses, and sufficiently bold *to close on them with the bayonet.*' —*Napier*, i. 264.

Did ever accomplishment more accurately fulfil prophecy than the battle of Vimieiro the idea of Harley-street?

The

Digitized by Google

The next proof that M. Maurel instances of the Duke's prophetic sagacity is even stronger than those who only measure it by the modesty of the Dispatches could imagine.

'For the defence of Portugal,' says M. Maurel, 'he required that the English army should be brought up to 30,000—no more. "If I cannot succeed with 30,000 I should not with 100,000." But he would leave nothing to chance; and he had a strong reliance on the patriotism of the Portuguese. He directs the erection, in front of Lisbon, of those celebrated lines of *Torres Vedras*, which he had *long before* selected as a position of refuge in case of reverse, and which were for two years the base of his operations. He desired that these immense works should be a secret—and a secret, by the patriotism of the Portuguese people, they were for nine months miraculously kept.' *—p. 53.

How well the secret was kept even from the disaffected Portuguese themselves is livelily exhibited in one of the Duke's conversations:—

'*Buonaparte said that Soult was the only real* homme de guerre *among his Marshals; I myself thought Massena the best I had met; at least whilst he was in front of me at Torres Vedras, I always found him where I did not wish to find him. When Massena came in front of Torres Vedras, he said to two Portuguese refugees—the Marquis d'Alorna and the Count of Subserra (or some such name), who no doubt had been urging him forward*—"Mais comment, Messieurs"—*pointing to my works*—"vous m'avez assuré que, le Mondego passé, je trouverais terre-plein jusqu'à Lisbonne—mais voyez donc." "Ah!" *replied they*, "c'est que ce diable d'homme—*meaning me*—a placé des forteresses partout." "Mais," *said Massena*, "ce diable d'homme n'a pas créé les montagnes que voilà." "Non," *rejoined they*, "mais que seraient les montagnes sans les forteresses?" *And so they went on squabbling—I suppose as long as they lay before my lines.*'—*MS. Notes.*

But there is something to be added still more remarkable, and even more decisive, both as to the Duke's military sagacity and his fearless love of truth. We remember with shame the storm which the spirit of party acting on popular ignorance raised against the Convention of Cintra:—

'Sir Arthur,' says M. Maurel, 'had negociated and signed this Convention,† which made so much noise, out of deference to his two senior and

* Lord Wellington writes to the Secretary of State, on the 27th of October, from the lines of Torres Vedras—'I declare that I have scarcely known an instance in which any person in Portugal, even of the lowest order, has had any communication with the enemy inconsistent with his duty to his own Sovereign, or the orders he had received.'—*Disp.* vi. 520.

† Here is a slight mistake, very pardonable in M. Maurel, for all England made it at the time, and many do so to this hour. Sir Arthur signed, on the 22nd of August, against his own opinion, but by order of his superior officer, a *suspension of arms*. He had nothing to do with the final *Convention* signed on the 30th, and of parts of which

Digitized by Google

and superior officers. Public opinion in England pronounced itself against this Convention with incredible fury. Nay, one journal was mad enough to exhibit at the head of its columns three *gibbets*, on which were hung the three generals who had just expelled the French army from Portugal.'—p. 103.

We find in the MS. notes the Duke's good-humoured way of treating this insanity, and a graver trait of character for which we were not quite prepared:—

'*After the Convention of Cintra there was a pretty general desire in England that a General should be shot, after the manner of Admiral Byng; and as I was a politician—the other two not being in Parliament—I was of course the person to be shot; which would have been rather hard, as I was the winner of the two battles which had raised the public hopes so high, and had nothing to do with the subsequent proceedings, but as a subordinate negociator under orders of my superior officers. Even the Government seemed inclined to give me up. When I came home the old King* (George III.) *was to have one of his weekly levees; I asked Lord Castlereagh to carry me, "as I must present myself on my return from abroad, and happened to have no carriage in town." Castlereagh, after some hesitation, though in a friendly tone, said that there was so much ill-humour in the public mind, that it might produce inconvenience; and in short he advised me not to go to the levee. I said, "When I first mentioned it, I only thought it a matter of respect and duty to the King, I now look upon it as a matter of self-respect and duty to my own character, and I therefore insist on knowing whether this advice proceeds in any degree from his Majesty; and I wish you distinctly to understand that I will go to the levee to-morrow, or I never will go to a levee in my life."—Castlereagh immediately withdrew all opposition: I went, and was exceedingly well received by the King.'—MS. Notes.*

It is curious indeed to find that even Castlereagh's high spirit was for the moment shaken—while the good 'old King' showed no such symptons—but to proceed. We have seen that Sir H. Burrard superseded Sir Arthur during the battle. He allowed him to complete the defeat of the enemy, but stopped him from pursuing his victory—thinking enough had been done—though Sir Arthur entreated to be allowed to go on, saying, even while the enemy was retreating, 'Sir Harry, now is your time to advance—the enemy are completely beaten, and we shall be in Lisbon in three days' (*Report of Committee of Inquiry*, p. 103). But when that occasion was lost, and the enemy had been allowed to reach and take position at *Torres Vedras*, Sir Arthur Wellesley, from the knowledge he had acquired of the ground, thought it would be difficult to dislodge them:

which be seriously disapproved. The public not unnaturally persisted in looking on the whole as one transaction—though as far as Sir A. Wellesley was personally concerned they were very different.

he

Digitized by Google

he *then* concurred in the expediency of getting them out of the country by negociation. This concurrence was loudly censured; and we ourselves can recollect the additional indignation which was expressed that so trivial a circumstance as the enemy's halting at Torres Vedras should have operated so sudden a change in his opinion. General Tarleton pronounced, in the House of Commons, that the position of the French before Lisbon was 'a bad one — a miserable one.' Sir Arthur, on the other hand, maintained that, though he would have attempted to drive the French forward that day when in a state of defeat and disorder, yet, when they should have had time to rally in the position, they would be extremely formidable. Mark what followed. In two years the tables were turned—Sir Arthur was where Junot had been—Massena on the ground of Wellesley. Wellesley had found that his conception of the natural strength of the position was confirmed—he had increased it by artificial means—he foresaw that he might have to verify in 1810 the opinion he had given in 1808—and he did so; he first stopped, and then repelled Massena, with an army of 70,000 or 80,000, thus exhibiting in practice the indisputable soundness of his earlier speculations.

Long after this we find him (in the *MS. Notes*) repeating his deliberate opinion of the Convention of Cintra:—

'*He defended the Convention of Cintra as being at the time a prudent and advantageous result of his two victories—not that he defended all its details and two or three unlucky expressions—but the substance and spirit were right. "The French* (said he) *had not only the capital, but they had Elvas, Almeida, Palmela, and Santarem—all places that would have required sieges—as also Peniche and the forts St. Julien and Cascaes, without the possession of which our ships could not enter the Tagus—and the season of bad weather was fast approaching; these places must have been all regularly invested; and, on the whole, the entire evacuation of the forts, the strong places, the capital, and the kingdom, was all that the most sanguine could have desired. I am disinterested in giving this opinion, for I had nothing whatsoever to do with the terms of the Convention. I had signed the armistice, indeed, but had no more to do with the Convention than any other general officer in the army. When I heard what was going on, I took the liberty to advise against one or two points; but I found that my superiors disregarded my advice, so I had no more to say."*'—*MS. Notes.*

We find in the *MS. Notes* a memorandum of an incident that occurred in 1810, slight indeed, but which seems to us eminently characteristic. He had been solicited by some of the Portuguese authorities to sit for a whole-length picture to a Portuguese artist, which was engraved, *con amore*, by old Bartolozzi (himself, we believe, a Portuguese), with this legend, 'INVICTO WELLINGTON,

Digitized by Google

TON, LUSITANIA GRATA.' One of his friends in London, happening to hear of this print, wrote to him for one. He could not well refuse to send it, but was evidently reluctant to seem to adopt the flattering inscription; so he drew a couple of strong lines under the word INVICTO, and added, '*Don't halloo till you're out of the wood.*' What good sense and good taste under this homely expression!

M. Maurel next proceeds to show that Wellington's sagacity as well as his influence ranged far beyond the limits of his military duty.

'One might reasonably,' says M. Maurel, 'after Buonaparte's reverses of 1812 and 1813, have doubted the stability of the Empire. But to have doubted of it—nay, to have confidently predicted its overthrow—so early as 1809, when continental Europe lay prostrate at his feet, was assuredly to judge of futurity from a high point of view and with the *eye of genius.* The subjection of the continent did not impose upon Wellington; and even when the matrimonial alliance with Austria seemed an additional danger to England, he writes:

"*4th April*, 1810.—The Austrian marriage is a terrible event, and must prevent any great movement on the continent for the present; *still I do not despair of seeing, some time or other, a check to the Buonaparte system.* Recent transactions in Holland show that all is hollow within, and that it is so inconsistent with the wishes, the interests, and even the existence of civilized society, that he cannot trust *even his own brothers to carry it into execution.*" '—p. 55.

Who at that time in all Europe—except the three brothers themselves, and *perhaps* their more immediate confidents—suspected the angry relations that so immediately dethroned Louis and made Joseph anxious to be dethroned?

Again; in the addition of Holland, the Hanse Towns, and the Roman States to the Empire, which looked to common eyes like aggrandizement and strength, Wellington's sounder judgment saw nothing but weakness and a confession of it. M. Maurel exemplifies this theme, imperfectly, he admits, but still at greater length than we have room for;—we can only select a few sentences:—

'When Wellington found his hopes—thus boldly formed, though modestly expressed—of the ultimate delivery of Portugal, so wonderfully realized, he announces, without vanity or parade, his opinion that the resurrection of Europe will follow the resurrection of Portugal, and that the nations of the Continent will at last rise in self-defence like the nations of the Peninsula. In 1811, when the Empire seemed in its fullest vigour, and when no one assuredly thought of Moscow or Leipsic, this calm and vigilant eye saw that it was weakened, disjointed, and worn out; and he who never errs on the side of presumption, feels a new confidence, and says with forcible simplicity, "if Buonaparte does

Digitized by Google

does not remove *us* from the Peninsula, he must *lower his tone with the world.*"'—p. 70.

The following passage of a letter to Lord William Bentinck, written at his usual head-quarters on the Torres Vedras, late in 1811, is a summary of what has been done in the Peninsula, and a warning of what there is to do if Europe means to liberate herself:—

'I have, however, long considered it probable that even *we* should witness a general resistance throughout Europe to the fraudulent and disgusting tyranny of Buonaparte, created by the example of what has passed in Spain and Portugal; and that *we* should be actors and advisers in these scenes; and I have reflected frequently upon the measures which should be pursued to give a chance of success.

'Those who embark in projects of this description should be made to understand, or to act as if they understood, that having once drawn the sword they must not return it till they shall have completely accomplished their object. They must be prepared, and must be forced, to make all sacrifices to the cause. Submission to military discipline and order is a matter of course; but when a nation determines to resist the authority and to shake off the government of Buonaparte, they must be prepared and forced to sacrifice the luxuries and comforts of life, and to risk all in a contest which, it should be clearly understood before it is undertaken, has for its object to save all or nothing.'—*Frenada, 24th December*, 1811.

From this moment, and with this new prospect of influencing the rest of Europe, adds M. Maurel—

'Wellington becomes a new man. He has hitherto deceived his antagonists by the excessive prudence and affected timidity of his proceedings. He will now startle them by a vivacity and boldness of operations which will be the more dangerous from being wholly unexpected. In the foregoing letter he anticipates the history of the Russian campaign. The government of St. Petersburgh had been watching with great attention Wellington's proceedings in Portugal, and it can hardly be doubted that his defensive campaign of 1810 not only encouraged the Emperor Alexander to risk a rupture with France, but taught him how only such a war could be brought to a successful issue. Russia is now about to give, in 1812, a second representation of the Portuguese campaign of 1810. They risk their army only in parts—they decline pitched battles—they are no longer the *Russians* of 1805, 1806, or 1807, rushing angrily as it were and rashly upon the legions of Buonaparte—they are the *English* of Wellington. They are no longer solicitous of the *gloriole* of winning a battle more or less. They feel that they have embarked in a mortal strife, of which the final result is all that is worth thinking of; they retire slowly, systematically . . . they lead on their assailant to the very heart of the empire—there they make a gigantic effort to stop him [as Wellington did at Busaco]—they fail; but they leave the conqueror nothing but a corner of the field of battle. As a last resource, they sacrificed their

Digitized by Google

their capital, but they preserved their army. "Moscow," wrote Kutusof to Alexander, "is but a town—but we have saved the army—while it exists nothing is lost."'—p. 75.

In pursuance of this idea (which, however, we confess we think not conclusively established) that the Russian retreat was a preconceived and well-combined operation—'a gigantic ambush of which Buonaparte was the *far from innocent* victim'—M. Maurel proceeds:—

'The germ of this terrible drama may have, no doubt, already existed in the mind of the Russian cabinet. But while they were hesitating as to its execution, the war in Portugal and Wellington's three memorable campaigns came to give to the councils of Russia the best of all advice and the most decisive of all encouragements—*example*.'—p. 76.

But, whatever may have been the influence on Russia of the *example* of the Portuguese campaign, M. Maurel proves that Wellington's movements in Spain were considerably influenced by his conviction of the immense risks to which Buonaparte's invasion of Russia must expose him:—

'On the 8th of January, 1812, Wellington, assured that Marmont was quiet in his winter-quarters, collected his own army with marvellous secrecy, and advanced into Spain. He immediately invested Ciudad Rodrigo—and took it too in twelve days—*contrary to all the rules and customs of war*—before Marmont had even got his people together. Two months later he plays Soult the same game he had played Marmont. He turns round upon Estremadura and takes Badajos after a siege of twenty days, before Soult could get half way to the relief of the place. The assault of Badajos was one of the most bloody and remarkable of the whole war. Wellington here lost above 5000;* he had lost 2000† at Ciudad Rodrigo. Thus we see the same General who had so lately refused to win a great battle at the risk of losing a single regiment, now sacrifices thousands without scruple or hesitation. But it is because he is embarked in a new war. He thinks Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos the keys of Spain—they are necessary to his ulterior movements. He must have them *at any price and he has them*.'‡—p. 78.

We shall have occasion to remark by and by on Wellington's resolution to possess himself *at any price* of these fortresses.

The eventful campaign of 1812 is now in full progress—France is moving on Russia in the north, and Wellington on France in the south. On the 13th of June the English army crosses the Agueda. On the 24th the great French host crosses

* Exactly—killed, 1035; wounded and missing, 3785 = 4865.—Disp. ix. 48.

† This is an error (probably of the press); the real loss was, killed 178; wounded and missing 825 = 1003.—Disp. viii. 533.

‡ But with deep sorrow for the *price*, as the Dispatches testify.

the

Digitized by Google

the Niemen—and, while Napoleon is fighting his way through Lithuania and Old Russia towards Moscow, Wellington wins the battle of Salamanca, occupies Valladolid, expels King Joseph from his capital, and enters Madrid.

Of the battle of Salamanca, complete and important as it has been always thought, M. Maurel enhances the collateral influence to a height that will probably be new to most of our readers—and to our author's statements we can, we think, add something not less interesting:—

'This was no longer one of those battles which the Bulletin could venture to win on paper, after the General had lost it in the field. It was a fatal day—the army received a mortal wound—there was no ambiguous *Te Deum* to be sung—and the French army was forced to seek refuge and reinforcement on the frontier of France.'—p. 79.

We find in the private record before us the following memorandum of the Duke's own opinion of his battles:—

'D. of W.—*I look upon Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo as my three best battles—that is, those that had the greatest permanent consequences. Salamanca relieved the whole south of Spain at once—changed the character of the war there, and was* felt even in Russia: *Vittoria freed the Peninsula altogether, broke up the armistice at Dresden, and so led to Leipzic and the deliverance of Europe: and Waterloo did more than any battle I know of towards—what ought to be the object of all battles—the peace of the world.*

'Did you ever talk to Marmont about Salamanca?

'D. of W.—*Why it was a delicate subject to allude to: he once brought it on the tapis, but all I said was that I had perceived very early that he was wounded.*

'That was a compliment. Did he seem to take it so?

'D. of W.—*Oh yes! and it was true enough. I did not say what was equally true, that he gave me the opening. I did not intend to fight unless he should give me an advantage. He wished to cut me off; I saw that in attempting to do this he was spreading himself over more ground than he could defend, and I resolved at once to attack him, and succeeded so quickly that one of the French officers told me,* "Monsieur, vous avez battu quarante mille hommes en quarante minutes." *Marmont was a good officer and, notwithstanding all his ill-luck, both a clever and a worthy man.'—MS. Notes.*

In the synopsis that M. Maurel makes of the two distant, but *not unconnected* campaigns of Spain and Russia, he quotes (p. 80) Kutusof's proclamation to his army (18th October), after the French had begun their retreat:—

"The French part in the campaign is over, ours is about to begin. The hand of God is falling heavy on Napoleon. *Madrid is taken!*"

He tells us also that when, previously to this, the Russian generals determined to accept battle on the heights of Borodino,

'they

Digitized by Google

'they had heard that the French had lost a great battle—in Spain.' It certainly is possible that, as M. Maurel seems to think, the Russian generals might have heard of the battle of Salamanca (22nd July) before they resolved (about the beginning of September) to make their final stand at Borodino; and the allusion to its having been '*felt in Russia*' made by the Duke in the conversation last quoted seems to imply his belief that it had; but, extraordinary as it may seem, it is certain that Buonaparte had not heard of it so soon; and we think it more probable that the Russians had only heard of the minor successes which preceded Salamanca. However that may be, the details of this question, when closely examined, throw a new and unexpected light on a very remarkable point of Buonaparte's history. Though all the writers on the Russian campaign mention the separate circumstances that compose the case we are about to produce, no one that we have yet seen has combined them to their logical results, and it seems strange enough that it should be left to *us* at this time of day to arrive at a conclusion, the premises of which are to be found in M. de Segur's celebrated work, and which all the other evidence substantiates in its separate parts. The following is the substance of M. de Segur's narrative—which we request our readers to follow attentively—it may seem a long way round, but it will bring us back to Salamanca again:—

On the morning before the battle of Borodino (6th Sept. 1812), and in sight of the Russian position, the Emperor wrote one of his most striking and celebrated proclamations:—

"Soldiers!—Here is the battle you have so long desired. Henceforth the victory depends on yourselves. It is necessary to us. It will give us abundance, good winter quarters, and a speedy return to France. Be what you were at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Witepsk, at Smolensko; let the latest posterity cite your conduct on this day, and let it be said of each of you—*He was at that great battle under the walls of Moscow!*"

This last burst of military eloquence forcibly reminds us of that which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Henry V. on the morning of Agincourt. If ever Buonaparte read a translation of any of Shakspeare's plays, it would probably be Henry V.

Just after the Emperor had dictated this spirited and inspiring appeal, another circumstance occurred that looked like a good augury, and increased his satisfaction. About nine o'clock A.M. arrived from Paris M. Bausset, *Préfet du Palais Impérial*, bringing with him a picture of the *King of Rome* by Gerard. Napoleon was delighted; he had it placed in front of his tent, and invited his generals and the veterans of his Garde to partake of his exhilaration. There the picture remained all day, and at the sight of the homage paid to it by his *vieilles moustaches* (says Constant,

Digitized by Google

Constant, his valet-de-chambre) 'the Emperor's countenance expressed that *expansive joy* of a father, who knew that next to himself his son had no better friends than these old partners of his toils and his fame.'—(*Mém. Const.* v. 60.)

'I found the Emperor, (says M. de Bausset in his Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 77), in *perfect health* in *mind and body*, the same as I had ever known him, and not in *the least incommoded* by the excessive fatigues of such a rapid and complicated war.'

But this remarkable good humour, good health, and brilliant hope, were soon, and *most unaccountably*, to vanish. By bedtime Buonaparte had become exceedingly uneasy. M. de Segur, who dwells on all these details, thought (or, we believe, affected to think) that his anxiety was, lest the Russians should retire without fighting, and should thus prolong a crisis very unpopular in his army—but this motive, *the only one assigned*, could hardly be the real one, for the Russians could not retreat without abandoning Moscow, which was Buonaparte's ultimate object, and where he would have found, without risk or delay (*Fain*, ii. 38), the 'abundant winter quarters' of which his army was so much in need. He goes to bed, but cannot sleep; he frequently gets up—he gives utterance to the most opposite apprehensions—he calls his attendants several times to inquire if the enemy are still where they had been. At one time he seems to fear that they have retreated; then he expresses a contrary fear that his own 'soldiers are so weak and extenuated that they will not be able to resist so long and terrible a struggle.' 'In this danger he thinks his *Garde* his only resource (*unique ressource*). Marshal Bessières, who commands it and enjoys his special confidence, is called up several times to answer, whether the *Garde* wanted anything?' Then he orders that an immediate distribution *in the middle of the night* should be made to each man of the *Garde* of three days' provisions, to be taken out of *his own private stores;* and so morbidly anxious was he about all this, that, lest he should not be exactly obeyed, he again got out of bed and went, undressed, to the outside of the tent to ask the *sentinels* whether they had received their quota of the provisions: when they said they had, he went to bed once more and tried to slumber. Hardly in bed he again calls for his aide-de-camp. Rapp* finds him sitting up, with his head resting on his hands. He talks

* Segur says *Rapp*, and so says Rapp himself in the *Memoirs attributed to him*, but Fain says that Auguste de *Caulaincourt* (who was killed next day) was the aide-de-camp. Fain tells us that he himself slept in the same tent, and *à côté* of Caulaincourt, but, strange to say, he does not make the slightest allusion to Segur's details of the transactions of the night. Can it be doubted that he would have contradicted them if he could?—all he states that is at variance with them is the *name* of the aide-de-camp.

incoherently

Digitized by Google

incoherently 'of the vanity of glory,' 'of the horrors of war,' 'of *the inconstancy of fortune*, which,' he says, 'he begins to suffer'—then he dwells on the critical situation in which he is placed—says it will be a great day—a terrible battle. He asks Rapp if he thinks it will be a victory. 'To be sure,' said Rapp, 'but bloody.' Then he and Rapp, as the aide-de-camp relates, drank punch—('*fort léger*,' says Constant)—and Buonaparte reverted to his former anxieties about the enemy's retreat:—being assured that the Russians were still there he appeared to tranquillize himself, and tried to get some sleep—but 'a violent fever, a dry cough, and a revolution in his whole system seemed to consume him, and the rest of the night was passed in vain attempts to quench the burning thirst which devoured him.'—(*Segur*, vol. i. p. 378 *et seq.*)

All this is like insanity; and his conduct next day during the great battle, in which he took little, or rather indeed, no part, was equally extraordinary. He was timid and irresolute—though urged by every one round to allow the *Garde* to advance—never would part with a man of it*—and he treated all who came near him with the utmost ill humour, and even insult. What could have caused such a *bouleversement*, such a '*revolution of the man's whole system*,' at such a moment? M. de Segur suggests the fatigues of the previous campaign; but that solution the more intimate observation and positive evidence of the *Préfet du Palais* (who tells us that he had, from the moment of his arrival, resumed his personal attendance on the Emperor) absolutely contradicts; as do indeed all the peculiar traits which M. de Segur himself enumerates. What then had happened between the remarkable '*good health in mind and body and the expansive joy*' of the afternoon, and the bed-time of that agitated night? A single fact—known to no one at the time—now known to all—but by no one even to this day signalised as having any relation to the transaction—nay, which Segur mentions only incidentally, without appearing to attach to it the least importance!—'Late that

* The excuses which Buonaparte subsequently made for the inaction of the *Garde* by the pens of Fain and Gourgaud are futile, and only prove that there was a mystery which he did not venture to explain. '*If the Garde*,' said he to Gourgaud, '*had been weakened at the battle of Moscowa, the whole army (of which the Garde was, in our retreat, the* noyau *and the support) would have had great difficulty in recrossing the Niemen.*'—*Gourgaud*, p. 244.

Of the many reasons that prove that this was an after-thought, one will satisfy our readers, namely, that it leaves totally unexplained, and inexplicable, all the transactions of the preceding night, and especially the sudden distribution of the three days' provision made to the Garde *in the middle of the night* preceding the battle from which he expected, when he wrote his proclamation, such a triumphant conclusion of the campaign. The battle itself, we admit, turned out to be of so undecided a complexion that we should not be surprised, however inconsistent it might seem with Buonaparte's general practice, at his having hesitated to risk his last resource. But this could have had no influence on the strange proceeding of the *night before*.

same

Digitized by Google

same evening the Emperor received, by a special courier, the news of

THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA!'

This sufficiently accounts—and nothing else can—for the impatience, the vexation, the nervous ill-humour, the *change which came over the spirit*—not *of his dream*—but of his sleepless agitation. It does not, however, at first sight, explain the more extraordinary events of the night. No indisposition, no fever short of delirium, could have produced such a moral *bouleversement*—the distribution at one o'clock in the morning of three days' provisions to the *Garde*—the calling up several times in the night on the eve of such a battle Marshal Bessières, only to inquire after the comforts of 6000 men out of the 130,000 who were bivouacked around him—the affected *fear*, betraying the real *hope*, that the enemy should have retired, and the physical and moral dejection and sinister forebodings that ensued when he found that they had *not*—and then the irresolute and timid conduct next day, and the fact that in that tremendous and nearly balanced battle he took little or no part, while the *Garde* —about which he seemed raving all night—stood in the rear, laden with three days' provisions, and never fired nor received a shot! How is all this to be accounted for? Still, as far as we can discover, only by the *news from Spain*. The single solution which reconciles all these strange, and some of them apparently contradictory, circumstances, seems to be, that he himself had resolved on a precipitate retreat if the Russians, by going off in the night, had afforded him a reasonable pretence for abandoning the further advance on Moscow, which he knew would be approved by all his officers and confidants. This he had hitherto resisted, but the news of the evening from Salamanca had shaken him. We cannot guess at the detail of the conflicting projects that were passing through that distracted mind. One thing only is certain —that the '*six thousand men of the Garde wanting nothing, and with three days' provisions*' (that is, as much as the men could carry), were to be, what he himself called them that night, his '*unique ressource.*' Was it that they should be fresh and intact, to cover the general retreat, if *that* should be resolved on? or—as we, on a review of the whole case, incline to believe—did he reckon on them to protect *his own personal escape*? This latter idea would seem hardly credible, if, in addition to the circumstances related by Segur, we had not the evidence of three subsequent escapes *de sa personne* from difficulties of the same kind —a month later, when he fled, with a single attendant, from the débris of this army—at Leipsic, the year after, when he again made a personal flight, and blew up a bridge and sacrificed 20,000 men to secure it; and finally at Waterloo, when

Digitized by Google

he

he again escaped, and sacrificed everything to the getting his own person safe to Paris. There are many circumstances that would have made such a flight from Borodino more excusable than any of the actual subsequent *escapades.* The success of Wellington might have appeared to require his presence at home. Wellington was, in fact, much nearer to Paris than Buonaparte was even to *Berlin;* and if, immediately after Salamanca, Wellington had been properly reinforced, and the Spaniards had had either prudence, activity, or steadiness, it is possible that he might have followed Marmont's broken army into France before one soldier of the *grande armée* could have got out of Russia. These are only speculations; but the preceding facts and dates seem to us to afford a very curious and conclusive confirmation of M. Maurel's estimate of the importance of the battle of Salamanca.

It was in this autumn that occurred the only check which in his long career Wellington ever received—the resistance of the Castle of Burgos, which could not be breached but by heavier artillery than he had the means of transporting; but even in this failure M. Maurel can see a striking exemplification of the high and honourable '*character of the man:*'—

'It might be expected that a General thus suddenly checked in a brilliant career, forced to retreat, and menaced, in consequence, with serious and in fact formidable dangers, would be but little inclined to tell the whole truth, and at his own expense; and would naturally, in a moment of ill humour, find fault with every body. They who should so judge of Wellington would be mistaken. In a long detail of the failure at Burgos, he enumerates, without reserve or mercy, the errors committed—by himself: "*I neglected such and such means of success: I was wrong to commit so delicate an operation to inexperienced hands; I did not myself sufficiently superintend the execution of my orders;*" and of the main design itself he adds, with a candour really sublime, "*I see that they are already disposed to blame the Government at home for this failure at Burgos.* The Government had nothing to do with it—*it was all my own.*"—*Letter to Lord Liverpool, 23rd November*, 1812.

'There is the man! There is the style in which he settles his accounts with his Government and with *Fortune.* There is the source of the immense value of the documents he has left us. In these confidences, to whomsoever addressed, there is not a word that is not an instructive protest against falsehood, against insincerity, against all lax morality, against every form of charlatanism.'—p. 87.

Nor does M. Maurel fail to observe the lighter touches that fall from that fertile pen.

"After having thus taken on himself the responsibility of those untoward events, he adds—rather as a kind of philosophic raillery on his critics at home than as any excuse for himself—"The people of England,

Digitized by Google

land, so happy as they are in every respect—so rich in resources of every description—having the use of such excellent roads, &c. &c., will not readily believe that important results depend *here* frequently upon fifty or sixty mules more or less, or a few bundles of straw to feed them—but the fact is so." '—p. 88.

The retreat from Burgos, every step of which may be traced in the Dispatches, is one of the most masterly ever executed; and one cannot read without astonishment the sagacity and the decision with which he moved all the pieces on that complicated chess-board, without even the loss of a pawn to the adversary, though we see in the Dispatches, and find in the *MS. Notes*, that there were occurrences in his own army that might excuse some loss of temper.

When at the close of this retreat, about the middle of November, 1812, the English General took up a position on the frontier of Portugal, he found collected in front of him all the French forces in the north of Spain, which he estimates—and he says he has always found his estimates correct—at full 90,000 men—of whom about 12,000, or, as the French themselves reported, 14,000 were cavalry—and they had probably 200 pieces of cannon. (*Disp.* ix. 563.) Wellington had 52,000 British and Portuguese, of whom 4000 were British cavalry. He had also from 12,000 to 15,000 Spaniards nominally under his orders. How many were actually with him, and what they may have added to his real force, we have no means of estimating, but taking them at their full amount, he had a majority of above 20,000 men against him. Yet even with this vast inferiority of numbers he again managed to stop the invaders short, and forced them to 'canton their armies in Old Castille and the valley of the Tagus, and wait the arrival of fresh reinforcements and means from France.' This result was obtained, he goes on to say, 'by the possession of the strong places of *Ciudad Rodrigo* and *Badajoz*, the two great entrances into Portugal, which it is not possible for the enemy to attack' (*ib.* 555)—and thus he explains and justifies his determination in the beginning of the year (to which we have already called the attention of our readers, p. 525) to possess himself *at any price* of these two places, alternately the keys of Spain and of Portugal. Thus again exhibiting by *facts* the sagacity with which—to use M. Maurel's happy expression—he *diminished the share that fortune might have in events.* If he had not been checked before Burgos, the loss incurred by the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz might have remained on the page of history with a colour of haste or recklessness; but as events turned out, it became the immediate

Digitized by Google

immediate cause of the ultimate deliverance of Spain and Portugal, and subsequently of all Europe, as we shall now see:—

'In the campaigns of 1813,' says M. Maurel, 'the influence of Wellington was still greater and more evident than in those of 1812. By a last effort of genius [a *gigantic exertion of despotism* would be a truer description] Napoleon had repaired the disasters of Moscow and had re-entered Germany at the head of a powerful army. He won the battles of Lützen and Bautzen, and forced the allies to sign on the 1st of June the armistice of Plesswitz. A congress was to assemble at Prague to treat of peace. Austria held the balance. The position of Bonaparte was still hopeful. He was victorious in Germany—his lieutenants had re-occupied Madrid—Wellington was in Portugal, and whatever might be M. de Metternich's private opinion, Buonaparte was still in a powerful position. Hardly had the armistice been signed, and before the congress could be assembled, it becomes known that *all is lost in Spain.* In forty days Wellington has turned successively all the positions of the French armies of the *south*, the *centre*, and the *north*—he has crossed the Tormes, the Douro, the Esla, the Carrion, and the Ebro. He has reached Vittoria. There he has won a decisive battle, and King Joseph is now expelled, not from Madrid, but Spain. Wellington is on the Pyrenees and may enter France when he will. He was on the frontier of Portugal in the beginning of May—on the 23rd of June he is on the frontier of France. If one wishes to understand what this battle of Vittoria was, he has but to read the following extract from the Official Report drawn up at Bayonne by General Gazan, the chief of the staff of the *French army*:—"*The army have lost everything—all their baggage, all their equipages, all their cannon, all their money, all their stores and provisions, all their papers, so that no one can reckon either what he has or what is due to him. Officers and even generals have no other clothes than those on their backs, and the greater number of them had not even shoes to their feet.*"'—p. 89.

M. Maurel adds that, in spite of so awkward a preliminary to the Congress of Prague, 'Buonaparte affected to think that this victory had made no change in his position, and thought he had set all right again by forbidding that the *Moniteur* should make any mention of the battle of Vittoria!' He was mistaken, 'and judged as ill of the policy of M. de Metternich as he had done of the fortitude of the Emperor Alexander—the patriotism of the Prussians—and the military genius of Wellington.' (*Ib.*)

We find in the *MS. Notes* a very interesting account, from the Duke's own mouth, of the circumstances which M. Maurel has thus cleverly sketched, and which we may adduce as an additional instance of the sagacity with which he seizes the true points of his subject:—

Digitized by Google

'D. of W. *When I advanced upon Burgos the second time, and had taken my measures for driving back all the French posts and attacking the place, I was very much surprised by a loud explosion—they had blown up Burgos.*

'Gurwood. Did they not blow it up rather too soon, Sir?

'D. *Why yes; we were even told that there was a whole battalion which in their hurry they blew up with the place. When I heard and saw this explosion (for I was within a few miles, and the effect was tremendous) I made a* sudden *resolution* [with emphasis] INSTANTER—*to cross the Ebro and endeavour to push the French at once to the Pyrenees. We had heard of the battles of Lützen and Bautzen, and the Armistice; and the affairs of the Allies in Germany looked very ill. All about me were against my crossing the Ebro: they represented that we had done enough—that we ought not to risk the army and what we had already gained—that this Armistice would enable Buonaparte to reinforce his army in Spain—that we therefore should look to a defensive system and* take up the line of the Ebro, &c. *I thought otherwise. I asked them what they meant by taking up the line of the Ebro, a river* 300 *miles long; and what good I was to do along that line? I knew that the Armistice could not affect, in the way of reinforcement, so distant an army as that of Spain. I thought that if I could not* hustle *the French out of Spain before they were reinforced, I should not be able to hold any position in Spain when they should be so; and above all, I calculated on the effect that a victory might have on the Armistice itself; in short, I would not listen to the advice. I crossed the river and pushed the French till I overtook them at Vittoria. The event showed I was right in my military expectations—and I found afterwards that I was equally right in my political speculations—the victory excited a great sensation in Germany, and particularly at the head-quarters of the Allies. The way it reached them was this—Buonaparte was at Dresden when the account of the battle reached him in an extraordinary short space of time, and he immediately resolved to send Soult to take the command in Spain (as being, as he told Bubna, the Austrian Minister at Dresden,* "la meilleure tête militaire que nous ayons").* *Bubna soon found out the extent of the victory; and he sent off a secret messenger to Count Stadion, who, with the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, and Prince Metternich, were at a château in Silesia, where the messenger arrived in the middle of the night. Stadion, as soon as he had read the letter, went immediately along the corridors of the château, knocking at the doors of the Kings and Ministers, and calling them all (with some very bruyantes expressions of joy) to get up, for he had good news from Spain. They soon assembled, and, seeing that it was a blow that in all probability would*

* This he seems to have often repeated. He told Col. Desprès, an aide-de-camp of King Joseph's, who reached him at Moscow, 'that Marshal Soult was *la seule tête militaire qu'il eut en Espagne.*'—(Napier, v. 598.) The Emperor was not, nor is, alone in this estimate; we may suspect, however, that his Majesty's opinion was at that moment strengthened by the remoustrances which Soult had made against the measures taken after the *battle of Salamanca.*—*ib.* 590.

deliver

Digitized by Google

deliver Spain, the Austrians took their line, and hostilities recommenced. You know the rest.'—MS. Notes.

When the Duke crosses the Pyrenees and enters France he appears in a still more remarkable light—in the combined character of the conqueror of the French armies and the protector of the French people. M. Maurel does full justice to this new phase of his glory, and dwells on the magnanimity with which he determined to send back into their own country the whole of his Spanish troops—30,000 men—'although they were excellent soldiers,' and who were of course of the utmost importance to his movements—because he could neither by advice, threats, nor punishment, prevent their plundering the French peasantry. The Spanish generals solicited to be spared this disgrace; the Duke told them roundly that they were as much to blame as their soldiers; but so far acceded to their penitent request that a considerable number were present—though of little use—at the battle of Toulouse.

'Of this victory, which,' says M. Maurel, 'has been so much argued about, *there is but one word to be said*,—that Soult, in his own private letter to Suchet, does not look on himself as the conqueror.' Here M. Maurel must excuse us. As to the victory itself he need not have said even *one word*—we wanted not Marshal Soult's *private letter*—we have his public deeds and dates. But we think M. Maurel might have spared a few words to expose one of the most flagrant instances of the system of imposture which he, on other occasions, so ably stigmatizes. We ourselves will never submit to any misrepresentation or ambiguity on the subject; and we therefore repeat, that in the battle of the 10th April Marshal Soult was driven from his fortified position into the town; next day he abandoned the town—that night his army fled, marching twenty-two miles, and in the utmost disorder; the third day found him at Castelnaudary, forty miles from Toulouse, and preparing to continue his flight, when the armistice concluded in Paris extended its protection to him. We cannot forget that when Marshal Soult was sent here as ambassador to the Queen's coronation, the French press and the French Government took that *favourable opportunity* of claiming for him—with a parade meant to be insulting, but in truth only contemptible—the *victory of Toulouse;* and poor King Louis Philippe had the weakness to countenance this most glaring of falsehoods by subscribing officially 1000 francs towards erecting, on the field that Soult had abandoned, a monument in honour of his *victory*. We cannot but wish—merely for his own sake—that M. Maurel had marked a little more strongly this *fanfarronade*, which we think as discreditable as anything that can be reproached

Digitized by Google

reproached to Buonaparte himself. The honest historian, who has to account for the overthrow of the monarchy of July, will have many such concessions to add to the grand and most fatal one of sending a Bourbon Prince to bring home the bones of *him* whom his own Archbishop and Ambassador, M. de Pradt, estimated no higher than a '*Jupiter-Scapin!*' and whom Louis Philippe himself publicly characterized as '*a* CORSICAN USURPER, whose ATROCIOUS *designs* he prayed *Divine Providence to defeat!*'—*Letter of the Duke of Orleans to Bishop Watson, 28th July,* 1804.

M. Maurel, following out his theme of the noble conduct which the Duke pursued and inspired at last among all around him towards the French people, says:—

'He had taken such an irresistible ascendant over the Basques as well as over all the population of the frontier, that Marshal Soult fairly told the French ministry, who had written to him about raising a *levée en masse*, that such a measure could not be thought of, as he found that the country people carried their money and drove away their cattle to seek protection in the lines of the English army.'*

This high and conciliatory line of conduct was, M. Maurel thinks, even as much as his victories, the motive which, on the return of Buonaparte, induced all the Powers of Europe to constitute him in truth Generalissimo of their armies.

'It was not only his victories and his immense military successes that pointed him out to the choice of Europe. He had shown an elevation of thought, a simplicity of purpose, a height of probity, and a depth of good sense, which, in the midst of such a whirlwind, such an insanity of ambition as he was opposed by, seemed not merely admirable, but miraculous. His genius, his character, the whole current of his life and deeds, and his slow and gradual growth, all concurred in making him the most effective obstacle that Europe could oppose to the aggression of Buonaparte.'—p. 115.

We need not say how this confidence was justified *at* Waterloo and *after!*

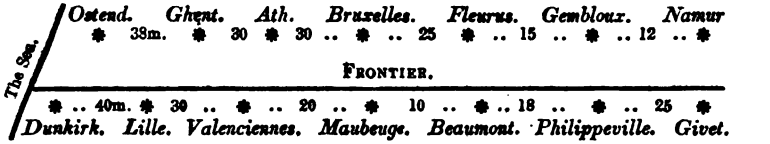
M. Maurel, as might be anticipated, treats the three days' campaign of Waterloo impartially, and with general accuracy, and arrives at a fair and full appreciation of the extent and consequences of the victory. He disposes, shortly indeed, but still conclusively, of the two grand pretexts of a concurrence of accidents and a superiority of numbers, to which his countrymen usually at-

* Hereabouts M. Maurel makes a droll mistake: in expatiating on the disinterestedness of the Duke of Wellington, he represents his own pecuniary affairs as being in such disorder that he is *harassed by* his *creditors*, &c. M. Maurel has omitted the word '*public*' before 'creditors' (*Dispatches*, xi. 387), and has strangely mistaken the *public* finances for the Duke's *own*.

Digitized by Google tribute

tribute Wellington's success. He shows clearly that the battle was won independently of any of those supposed fortunate accidents, and he admits (though not, as we shall show presently, to the full extent of the fact) that the Duke had no numerical superiority. On both these important heads of strategy and numbers there is, we think, something to be added to M. Maurel's statements. He shows that long before actual operations commenced Wellington had taken his own sagacious and confident view of the result, and had made general arrangements for the entry of the allies into France, an event of which he never doubted. But we a little wonder that he does not allude more distinctly to the imputation —silly enough in itself, but having obtained, from the barefaced falsehood of Buonaparte himself at St. Helena, and the servile echoes of his party both in France and England—a degree of currency that makes it worth notice—that the Duke was *surprised* at Waterloo. A few words, we hope, will clear up that point, even to the meanest capacity.

Two great armies were spread in extensive cantonments for above one hundred miles along their respective frontiers, thus:—



This diagram shows the chief places of the two lines of cantonments, and a rough estimate of the distance in miles between the towns, though their position is by no means equidistant from the frontier as we are forced to represent it. The French towns may be from five to twelve miles, and the allied towns from twenty to thirty miles, from the frontier.

It is evident at once that whichever party should determine on being the assailant, would, within a few hours, collect his forces by a lateral movement to the point whence he intended to move, and from that point he would reckon on *surprising* the single corps of the enemy's line opposite to him. It was doubtful—not merely to the public but to the armies, their Generals, and the governments on all sides—which was likely to move first—Buonaparte himself seems to have hesitated long about his own course. Soult and all his military confidants advised a defensive system, and to await the advance of the enemy behind the strong line of French fortresses (*Beauchamp*, ii. 240), and this was certainly the best course in a military point of view; but his political position was so precarious, and his personal impatience so great, that he decided, probably not much before

Digitized by Google

before the 12th of June, when he left Paris, on taking the offensive; but here again would arise complicated uncertainties. Which of three plans was he to adopt? 1, To move from Lille upon the English right, and cut them off from the sea; or, 2, to move from Maubeuge on the English left, and drive them back to the sea; or, 3, to move from Philippeville or Givet, to attack the Prussians behind Namur, and force them back into Germany?—The second of these plans was probably the uppermost in his mind; but the advance of the Prussians towards a junction with the English resolved the two latter plans into one and decided the question: on the 13th he was at Avesnes, and thence issued orders for the concentration of his troops at Beaumont on the night of the 14th: and it was probably not till he heard at Avesnes what the Prussians were about that he had finally decided on his *precise* point of attack; on the 15th his army advanced, crossing the Sambre at Charleroi; and a forced march of between thirty and forty miles brought him into the neighbourhood of the Prussians at Fleurus. The Duke of Wellington, so far from being unprepared, had all his troops distributed and his measures taken to meet *whichever of those probable attempts should be made;* and, as he himself tells us—

'as soon as he had intelligence to prove that the enemy's movement upon Charleroi *was the real point* of attack' (*Dispat.* xii. 478)—

he moved all the troops already stationed along his front in that direction—bringing up himself the reserves from Brussels, and *meeting* the enemy *more than half-way* at Quatre-Bras; and Buonaparte was much more *surprised* at finding Wellington at Quatre-Bras, who he thought was only in front of Brussels, than Wellington could be at finding him whom he had come expressly to meet. If Buonaparte had come by Lille and Valenciennes, Wellington, *in utrumque paratus*, would have probably met him on the side of Ath. If he had come by Namur, the Duke might have met him at Gembloux—he chose to come by Charleroi, and he met him at Quatre-Bras. All these points of rendezvous were about equally within reach of Brussels, the protection of which was the first object, and where, as from a centre, Wellington was awaiting to see to which point of the circumference his force was to radiate. But the Duke, forsooth, was at a ball. He might as well be at a ball as in bed; but even the ball entered into his calculations. General Müffling, the Prussian officer attached to his staff, tells us, in his recently published Memoirs, that

'towards midnight the Duke entered my room, and said, "I have got news from Mons, from General Dornberg, who reports [that the French were coming by Charleroi], &c.; therefore orders for the concentration of

Digitized by Google

of my army at Nivelles and Quatre Bras are already dispatched. The numerous friends of Napoleon who are here will raise their heads; the well-disposed must be tranquillised; let us, therefore, go all the same to the ball of the Duchess of Richmond; after which, about five o'clock, we can ride off to the troops assembled at Quatre Bras." All took place accordingly; the Duke appeared very cheerful at the ball, where all the great people of Brussels were collected: he remained there till three o'clock, and about five o'clock we were on horseback.'

All the world knows the severe reproaches which Napoleon directed against Ney for having been *so late* at Quatre Bras. It was, he said, the key of the whole campaign, and all was lost because they found, to *their great surprise, that Wellington had occupied it in too great force* to be dislodged. So vanishes the envious fable of a '*surprise.*'

We have also a word to say on M. Maurel's statement of the respective forces in the battle of Waterloo. He frankly acknowledges—what we all know, though the French in general do not choose to believe it—that our official returns are of the most scrupulous accuracy—the name of each individual man present, killed, wounded, or missing, in any British *regiment* or *ship*, is as scrupulously reported as it would be in a parish register. M. Maurel has therefore, with perfect confidence, abstracted the detailed official return given in the Dispatches, and which gives the British army, as present in the field on the morning of the 18th June, 1815:—

Artillery and engineers . . .	7,310	
Cavalry	9,403	
Infantry (including the German Legion 3,845)	20,159	
		36,872

So far is certain; but we know not on what authority he carries the Duke's auxiliary troops to the following numbers:—

Brunswickers	8,000	
Hanoverians	9,000	
Dutch or Belgians	17,000	
		34,000*

We have no official evidence to test this statement by, but we find that General Guillaume (who latterly chose to call himself *de Vaudoncourt*), a violent Buonapartist, and who is most unscrupulously anxious to inflame the Duke of Wellington's numbers, reckons these auxiliaries at only 25,000, which we are still inclined to think an exaggeration of at least 5000 men. We

* By some error in his *addition* M. Maurel's *total* is 37,890. We cannot discover how this discrepancy between his own figures arises, unless he reckoned the *German Legion* twice over.

have

Digitized by Google

have already seen the Duke of Wellington's own opinion on this point (*ante*, p. 512). The whole difference, however, is as to the numbers of the auxiliaries, and it is enough to repeat M. Maurel's former remark on the Campaigns in Spain, that, even when the numbers appeared equal, the unity of Buonaparte's army, as against the diversity of Wellington's, was already a vast superiority—how immense was it on this occasion, when, against 75,000, or, as the Duke thought, little short of 80,000, of the best soldiers of France, he had the disadvantage of having to manage, as M. Maurel says, 'five or six different nations'—some of whom, for want of discipline, would hardly obey his orders, and for want of experience hardly knew how! It is very natural that M. Maurel, who has found, we understand, a hospitable asylum in Belgium, should wish to speak delicately on this delicate subject, and he does it with a mixture of address and truth which has somewhat amused us:—

'These auxiliary armies may be ranged in two classes—the one, a great number of recruits and young soldiers who had never seen fire; and the other, old soldiers—Belgians, Dutch, and Germans—who had served long under Buonaparte, and were now suspected of serving reluctantly against him. These suspicions were profoundly unjust. The Belgians, Dutch, and Germans conducted themselves with the *most brilliant courage and the greatest loyalty.* But *the fact is*, that the Duke of Wellington, knowing how superior in every way the French cavalry and artillery were, placed all his reliance on this 20,000 British infantry which he had drawn up in front of Waterloo.'

We have no inclination to revive any of those delicate questions to which M. Maurel alludes; we are quite satisfied with his candid confession that the Duke of Wellington, who knew pretty well how to handle troops, was reduced 'to place all his reliance on the 16,000 British and 4000 Hanoverian infantry which he had drawn up in front of Waterloo!' We quite agree with M. Maurel, that any suspicion of the auxiliaries being *disaffected* to the general cause and inclined to desert to Buonaparte would be unjust. Some of the Dutch corps behaved well, and three of them are mentioned in the Duke's great Despatch; but some of them were under a delusion as to the invincibility of Napoleon, which produced unlucky accidents. We find in the *MS. Notes* an interesting anecdote that will illustrate this part of the subject in the Duke's own characteristic style of telling the truth, while he good-naturedly suggests what may be urged in palliation:—

'*The* prestige *of Buonaparte had an enormous influence on his troops. I'll give you an instance. There was a Dutch corps in the French army in the Peninsula—which* I knew very well, *for I had followed*

Digitized by Google

followed them from the Tagus to the Bidassoa—and they were always in the French rear-guard, and no men could behave better. On the counter-revolution in Holland they came over to us, and I sent them home by sea. The next time I saw my Dutch friends was on the field of Waterloo, where they were with the Dutch army under my orders; and, knowing them to be steady, good soldiers, I placed them in the garden of Hougoumont; but no sooner did they see the great French columns moving down upon them, but they took fright and ran away, and I was obliged myself to go down to try and rally them, *but I could not. The Austrian General Vincent was with me, and I said to him,* " *There are the troops with which I am to win this battle.*" *He shrugged up his shoulders, and said,* " C'est bien malheureux." *But luckily I had my own people at hand, and we kept Hougoumont and won the battle without the help of my old acquaintance, who were still possessed with the opinion of the invincibility of Buonaparte. This idea, which was even stronger amongst the officers of the continental armies than the soldiers, had a most powerful influence over everybody—even emperors and kings; and you may judge what it must have had with his own troops.'—MS. Note.*

This anecdote exhibits another trait of the Duke's character, which ought not to be unnoticed. He knew very well that it was not his proper duty on such a day to mix himself in the partial skirmishes that might occur on so extensive a field, and we have no doubt that if he had seen that a *British* regiment had given way he would have left to its own officers and the general commanding the corps the care of rallying them, but on this occasion he *went himself*, because *He* '*knew these men very well*,' because they had '*come over to him* in Spain,' and *He* '*had sent them home*,' and he naturally concluded that *He* was like to have a personal influence over them which no one else could have. Hence that risk—*dignus vindice nodus!*

When this great victory had opened to the allies, who had abundant cause for exasperation, the fields of France and the gates of Paris, there was, says M. Maurel,

'Nothing that more honourably distinguished the Duke of Wellington amongst the many illustrious figures of the period than his deep disdain of anything that could look like vengeance, of any feeling of jealousy or of rancour. The same perfect calm—the complete self-possession which he had preserved in the most difficult and painful circumstances of his career, he still preserves in the midst of his triumph. . . . His first thought on escaping from the terrible tumult of the battle was the peace and integrity of France.'—p. 127.

M. Maurel shows his own real patriotism and his intelligent affection for his country in dwelling with gratitude on the generous influence which the Duke was always prompt to exercise in her favour. 'We had been making war,' said the Duke, 'on Buonaparte, not on France:' and, whether advancing from the South

Digitized by Google

South in 1814, or from the North in 1815, he was desirous of being thought of, not as a conqueror, but as a deliverer from an odious military tyranny; and he was equally anxious to avoid doing injury to individual interests as offending public feeling. It is remarkable how identical in substance, and almost in terms, was the Duke's proclamation on entering France to that which Shakspeare attributes to Henry V. on a like occasion:—

'And we give express charge that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages—nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.'—*Henry V.*, act iii. scene 5.

Such was the principle that before the battle dictated the prospective measures he had taken for the invasion of France. Such was the able letter to Prince Metternich, in which, on the 14th of June, the Duke details the reasons for a convention which he proposed should be entered into between Louis XVIII. and the Allied Powers, by which on their entrance into France the most important as well as the most delicate of all questions—the subsistence of these immense and independent armies—was to be conducted by French authorities, and under the King's government. Nothing could be at once so conciliatory and so effective as this arrangement, by which the subsistence of the armies would be secured without bringing them into vexatious contact with the population, and by which a duty, unpopular in itself, might be adroitly made to conduce to the weight of the King's authority, and strength to the Royalist party.

Such precisely is the tone of a letter of the 11th of August to Lord Castlereagh, in which he develops the principle on which the war was really made, and which ought to reconcile the French people to the result, even at the cost of their military reverses, which, he often says, are not those of the French nation, but of Napoleon Buonaparte. He sees and he laments that France has a dangerous preponderance in Europe, but he will not consent to diminish it by any breach of good faith:—

'The French people submitted to Buonaparte, but it would be ridiculous to suppose that the allies would be in possession of Paris in a fortnight after one battle fought, if the French people in general had not been favourably disposed to the cause which the allies were supposed to favour.'—p. 129.

The whole of that letter, written in confidence to his colleague, ought—*sua si bona norint*—to have made the Duke of Wellington with the French nation the most popular of statesmen after having been the most modest of conquerors. But, as M. Maurel remarks in the outset, Buonaparte was the symbol of Revolution, and the Duke

Digitized by Google

Duke was the symbol of Order; and for sixty years, revolution—no matter in what direction—backwards, forwards, up or down—Louis Philippe—Louis Blanc—Louis Napoleon—anything—any one—that is *not* legal and legitimate—has been the principle of all those noisy classes who arrogate to themselves the claim of conferring popularity. Bacon said that knowledge is power. This is true in the abstract, and was still more so when *knowledge was reason;* but we have unhappily too much evidence that in modern times *noise is power;* and if we were driven to select the most commanding trait of the Duke of Wellington's career, it would be that he had made his way indifferent, though not deaf, to mere popular noise, till it at length died away, soon to revive into a pealing anthem of national gratitude, admiration, and affection.

M. Maurel commences some very judicious observations on the Duke's personal disposition and temper, by a protest against the false idea that might be raised by the surname of the *Iron Duke.* His remarks are perfectly just, but he mistakes, as a foreigner might naturally do, the date and cause of that appellation. He says—

'the horror the Duke had of pillage, and of every kind of disorder or excess, and his inflexible severity in maintaining discipline, have gained for him the surname of the *Iron Duke.*'—p. 137.

Now, if our recollection be correct, this epithet—though it would, no doubt, have been applicable enough to the Duke's rigid sense of duty on all occasions—had no relation to his military character, and, in fact, was never heard of till the *last very few years;* and, we believe, it was occasioned thus:—The eminence of the Duke, and his known sense of justice, exposed him to a vast number of applications from a variety of persons, a few of whom might have had some, but the great majority had not the slightest, claim on his interposition. Yet he had always the courtesy to answer the applicants, and was often too ready to credit the appeals made to his charity. When this habit of his came to be known, it is, we have been informed, almost incredible what a waste of his time and patience those applications inflicted upon him. Faithful to his principle of considering himself a public servant, he would not give up answering these importunities and impertinences; but at last, finding that his correspondents not only increased, but were proud of showing his letters, he fell into the habit of making his answers as concise as possible; and to persons who he thought had no right to address him, he would throw in some expression which, without being uncivil, would at least not flatter the impertinent correspondent, nor encourage a continuance of so inconvenient and annoying a practice.

Digitized by Google

practice. Some of these answers got into the newspapers, and amused the public by their dry epigrammatism. The hundreds of *benevolent*, *instructive*, and *affectionate* letters that he wrote to those who had some claim to his advice, were known but to him and them, while the public saw only the hard, dry specimens with which the newspapers amused them—and which, after all, are admirable specimens of their kind.

The same observation may be made as to his manners. In private, nothing could be easier, more cheerful, more social, more entirely unaffected, more personally obliging; but, when it came to matters of business, he was staid, attentive, cold—above all things, scrupulous of not exciting hopes or incurring liabilities beyond his precise intentions. In political differences of opinion, when they were candid, he was indulgent and accommodating. It was only when he suspected something of trick or intrigue that his nature suddenly hardened against it; and two or three remarkable instances of this kind which became public made of course more impression than the much more numerous but less known occasions in which he appeared in the character which he loved best of all—both in public and private—that of a peace-maker. About twelve or fourteen years ago, when iron roads, and iron ships, and iron everything were in fashion, some one, in reference to the general opinion of the Duke's inflexibility, called him the *Iron Duke;* and as the phrase had enough of compliment to please his admirers and of criticism to gratify those who were not, and of truth to satisfy both, it has obtained a kind of trivial vogue, of which, *when it is rightly understood*, we have no inclination to deprive it.

After this explanation, we pursue with pleasure M. Maurel's qualification of the term *Iron Duke*, which would be very just if it had been (as he supposed) applied to him in his campaigns:—

'There may be something of truth in this expression, but we must not take it too literally. It would give a very false idea of the character of the man. It was only true when applied to a graver class of offences or errors which were likely to compromise the interests of the State or the safety of the Army.

'But, moreover,' adds M. Maurel, 'there never was a general more sparing of the blood of his soldiers, or who endeavoured to lighten their labours, their privations, and their fatigue, with a more paternal affection. Never did a commander-in-chief take more care, or give himself more trouble, to secure the individual and general comfort of his army. When some minor fault occurred, that did not seem to compromise higher interests, he was not only placable, but even indulgent, and *good-natured* in the full and honest vulgarity of the term!'

M. Maurel proceeds to illustrate this feeling by instances from the

Digitized by Google

the Dispatches, and especially one remarkable letter, in which he deprecates what might do honour to himself at the risk of giving pain to others. One of his friends (whose name is left blank in the Dispatches, and M. Maurel designates as 'Mr. A.,' but who, we believe, was Mr. Croker) had some idea of writing an account of the battle of Waterloo, and had mentioned it to the Duke, who, however, dissuaded him from what he feared might be an invidious undertaking. M. Maurel truly calls it 'a very original letter:'—

'The history of a *battle* is not unlike the history of a *ball*. Some individuals may recollect all the little events of which the great result is the battle won or lost; but no individual can recollect the order in which or the exact moment at which they occurred, which makes all the difference as to their value and importance.

'Then the faults or the misbehaviour of some gave occasion for the distinction of others, and perhaps were the cause of material losses; and you cannot write a true history of a battle without including the faults and misbehaviour of part at least of those engaged.

'Believe me, every man that you see in a military uniform is not a hero; and that, although in an account of a general action, such as that of Waterloo, many instances of individual heroism must be passed over unnoticed, it is better for the general interest to leave those parts of the story untold than to tell the whole truth.'—*Maurel*, p. 138; *Disp.* xii. 590.

But, besides this gentlemanlike reserve and consideration for the feelings and characters of those of whom he could not honestly record his public approbation, there are scattered through the Dispatches numerous instances, the most minute as well as the most elevated, of the natural benevolence and humanity of his heart, and of its unaffected tenderness towards his private friends. Though such details might not fall within the scope of M. Maurel's general essay, and though every one who has read the Dispatches must be familiar with them, we cannot refrain from improving our own humble sketch by one or two instances picked up, as it were, on the field of Waterloo.

Sir Alexander Gordon, brother of Lord Aberdeen, had long been one of the Duke's aides-de-camp. About the middle of the day, whilst endeavouring to rally one of the Brunswick battalions, he received a mortal wound, and died that night. The very next day, besides writing his great dispatch and arranging the infinite business that such a situation required, the Duke found, or we should rather say *made*, time for announcing, with his own hand, to Lord Aberdeen their double loss:—

'Your gallant brother,' wrote the Duke, 'lived long enough to be informed *by myself* of the glorious result of our actions, to which he had so much contributed by his active and zealous assistance.

'I cannot

Digitized by Google

'I cannot express to you the regret and sorrow with which I look round me, and contemplate the loss which I have sustained, particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions, *so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot suggest it as any to you and his friends;* but I hope that it may be expected that this last one has been so decisive, as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded by the early attainment of our just object. *It is then that the glory of the actions in which our friends and relations have fallen will be some consolation for their loss.*

'*Your brother had a black horse, given to him, I believe, by Lord Ashburnham,* which I will keep till I hear from you what you wish should be done with it.'—*Disp.* xii. 488.

The moral sentiment of this letter, which affords war its only excuse, and the loss of friends its best consolation, is of the highest order; but the remembrance and identification, at such a moment, of the *black horse*, which poor Gordon's friends would naturally prize so much, creates in us something of the same impression that filled a hundred thousand eyes when the Duke's *own horse* was seen, as it followed, with empty saddle and drooping head, the hearse of its illustrious master!

On the same day, and in the same peculiar circumstances, he wrote to the Duke of Beaufort to announce the severe wound of his brother, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, another of his aides-de-camp. Indeed, we believe that hardly one of his staff escaped unhurt—so arduous was the conflict, and so prominent his position.

'I am very sorry to have to acquaint you that your brother FitzRoy is very severely wounded, and has lost his right arm. I have just seen him, and he is perfectly free from fever, and as well as anybody could be under such circumstances. You are aware how useful he has always been to me, and how much I shall feel the want of his assistance, and what a regard and affection I feel for him; and you will readily believe how much concerned I am for his misfortune. *Indeed, the losses I have sustained have quite broken me down; and I have no feeling for the advantages we have acquired.* I hope, however, that your brother will soon be able to join me again; and that he will long live to be, as he is likely to become, an honour to his country, as he is a satisfaction to his family and friends.'

These hopes were happily fulfilled; but it is due to the constancy of the Duke's friendships, and the importance of Lord Fitzroy's services to him and to the country, to observe the singular, and to both most honourable, circumstance, that from July, 1808, when the young Lord joined—as an extra aide-de-camp—the young General then about to sail for his first expedition to Portugal, they never were separated except during the short interval

Digitized by Google

interval in which the former was sent home with the Talavera despatch, and again when recovering from his wound at Waterloo.—Lord Fitzroy following his illustrious friend's career *gradatim*, we may say, for above forty-four years, in the progressive characters of aide-de-camp, private secretary, secretary of embassy at Paris, minister plenipotentiary there during the Duke's absence at Vienna, secretary to the Master-General of the Ordnance, and, finally, as military secretary at the Horse Guards, till the fatal 14th September, 1852. He has been, during his whole life, so close to the great luminary, that he has been as it were absorbed in its splendour; but such a proximity is of itself fame, and closer observers saw that the pupil was personally worthy of the master; and during the long and difficult years of his service at the Ordnance and at the Horse Guards we have never happened to hear so much as a murmur of complaint of Lord Fitzroy Somerset. On the death of the Duke his eminent services received what we should have called a *tardy* reward, if he had not considered his connexion with his illustrious friend as its own reward. He was created a peer, and the country enjoys, at a moment when they seem peculiarly needed, the services of Lord Raglan as Master-General of the Ordnance. No one, we hope, will think that we have, in a review of the Duke of Wellington's life, misplaced this tribute to his oldest and closest military follower and friend and nearest witness and, in his proper measure, the companion of his glory.

These, it may be said, are instances of friendship for high-born men connected with him by peculiar ties. Let us take two others which we find in the Dispatches, where there were no such influences. On the 30th September, 1803, General Wellesley writes to General Lake, the Commander-in-Chief in India, to solicit a favour for one Lieutenant Campbell:—

'From the conduct of Lieutenant Campbell at the attack of the pettah of Ahmednuggur, I was induced to appoint him my Brigade-Major; and since that time, and particularly in the battle of the 23rd (Assaye), he has conducted himself much to my satisfaction. He had two horses killed under him, and was struck himself, and had a brother and a cousin killed in that action. I therefore take the liberty of recommending him to your favour.'—*Disp.*, i. 414.

The application was not successful! and when Sir Arthur Wellesley returned home eighteen months later, he could not, of course, take his *protégé* from his regiment; but one of the very last letters he wrote on his departure was to recapitulate Lieutenant Campbell's services, and to ask as a personal favour that his brother, the Governor-General, would show him some countenance, and he accordingly became aide-de-camp to Lord Wellesley.

Digitized by Google

Wellesley. The remarkable details of the circumstances that first created this peculiar interest have been already told in a former article in this journal, which we must now venture to reproduce:—

'The important fort of Ahmednuggur was taken by a most gallant escalade; in the thick of the assault General Wellesley saw a young officer who had reached the top of the "*very lofty* wall" thrust off by the enemy, and falling through the air from a great height. General Wellesley had little doubt that he must have been severely wounded, if not killed, by the fall; but hastened to inquire the name and fate of the gallant young fellow, and had the satisfaction of seeing him in a moment after, comparatively little injured, again mounting to the assault. Next morning the General sent for him—offered to attach him to his staff as brigade-major—and from that hour, through all his fields and fortunes, even down to the conquest of Paris—continued him in his personal family and friendship, and used sometimes to observe that the first time he had ever seen him was *in the air*: that young officer is now Sir Colin Campbell, Knight Commander of the Bath, a Major-General in the army, and Governor of Nova Scotia!'—*Q. R.* vol. li. p. 423.

We have now to add an important circumstance omitted in this statement. We do so on the authority of a gentleman than whom few enjoyed more of the Duke's society. As his Grace repeatedly told the details in his hearing, young Colin not only mounted the ladder at the Indian fort a second time, but, getting within the place, forthwith contrived to arrange his own company into perfect order, so as to hold in check the still numerous garrison;—General Wellesley, on himself entering the town, recognized him by the bloody handkerchief round his head, and observed his steady conduct till all was over.

Another similar instance is that of Colonel Gurwood, immortalized, we may venture to say, as the editor of the Dispatches, in a note to which his gallant exploit at Badajoz, and consequent introduction to the Duke's notice, is briefly and modestly stated.

Many such instances could be repeated, and some too that, from being of a far humbler class, were not the less amiable—such as the poor old Irishwoman Judy, who, having been accidentally employed to make his bed early in the Peninsular campaigns, he would never permit to be displaced. She was for the rest of her life provided with a cottage adjoining the offices at Strathfieldsaye, and her *fervent blessings* on her benefactor, uttered with the genuine accent and feeling of her country, in return for his constant recognition of her, used to amuse, and better than amuse, the visitors at Strathfieldsaye.

We may add that the two last times he left Walmer Castle were to visit an old friend who, he happened to hear, was in ill health,

Digitized by Google

health, and within fifteen miles of him; and on one of these occasions, as he was returning through Dover, he stopped at the corner of a bye street to make some inquiry, which turned out to be after the health of one of the pilots, or some other subordinate person, whom he desired to be told to take care of himself, and not to return to his duties until he should be quite well. These were, we believe, his last appearances beyond his own threshold! The incidents themselves are trivial, but they tend to show that it was not in his private and social intercourse that this not more illustrious than kind-hearted man could be called the *Iron Duke.*

We now return to M. Maurel. In our general testimony to his candour, we must not be supposed to subscribe to all his views. There are points—though we admit very few—on which we think he is not quite above national prejudices. We do not complain of them. On the contrary, they are the stamp of the writer's sincerity in the main and more important portions of his essay. If he were not *a good Frenchman*, we should not have so much respect for his opinion. There is but one of these points which we see any occasion to notice, and we wish to treat it with M. Maurel *à l'aimable* as matter of history. After doing justice to the success of the Duke's administration of affairs and to that of his diplomatic exertions in the negociations at Paris, he adds—

'This success is quite enough to console him for the checks which he had afterwards to suffer in this line. In *expiation of his triumphs on the field* of battle, he had the pleasure of *being beaten by M. de Châteaubriand and by M. de Montmorency and by M. de Villèle in the field of diplomacy.*'—p. 141.

And this he attributes to the Duke's having been in a false position at the Congress (we suppose) of Verona—where, he says, England being on one hand the enemy of all revolutions, but, on the other hand, an enemy to putting them down by foreign intervention, he had in fact nothing left but to protest against everybody on all sides.

We wonder that a person of M. Maurel's logic does not see that his statement, instead of extenuating, as he kindly intends, the Duke's diplomatic defeat, does much better, for it contradicts the *fact* itself, since, if his position was originally and essentially hostile to all the contending parties, he could hardly be said to have been 'beaten' by the *diplomacy* of one of them. No one better understands, and no one has more lucidly shown, than M. Maurel himself, that the Duke of Wellington's mind was not to be baffled by the tricks and intrigues of mere diplomacy, and we can assure him that, if a supplementary publication of 'Dispatches' should come to complete the history of the Duke's public

Digitized by Google
life,

life, it will be made very clear that he was no more beaten in the cabinet by Châteaubriand, Montmorency, and Villèle, than in the field by Marmont, Massena, or Soult.

That France did invade Spain, contrary to the *advice* given by the Duke of Wellington from his Government, and corroborated by his own private opinion, is true, but there was no room for any trial of diplomatic skill or struggle in the affair; he gave his advice, but only advice, and advice so disinterested and so rational, that it is said to have had a great effect on the mind of the ablest and wisest of the French ministers whom M. Maurel has named—M. de Villèle—though he was subsequently overborne by his rasher colleagues. Nay, it happens by a singular coincidence that, on the Duke of Wellington's return through Paris from this very mission in which M. Maurel thinks he was defeated by the French diplomatists, he had an audience of Louis XVIII. to repeat the advice he had given at Verona, and the King, says M. Lamartine, 'who had long before discerned that the Duke was *a statesman* as well as a soldier, was, like M. de Villèle, much affected by his opinion.'* Whatever of diplomatic struggle there was in the affair was in the French Ministry itself, and fatal were its results. M. de Montmorency was dismissed, and replaced by M. de Châteaubriand, who (we say it with personal regret) giddily and selfishly separated himself from M. de Villèle, thwarted him in all his measures, and finally, by a series of party intrigues, led to the overthrow of the wisest, the most moderate, and, till these unhappy dissensions, the strongest government that the Restoration had had. Thus those three diplomatists whom M. Maurel describes as 'beating the Duke of Wellington in statesmanship,' showed their boasted abilities only in defeating and ruining each other, dethroning their sovereign, and plunging their country in a series of revolutions of which who can foresee the end?

We must now conclude. We have, we are aware, given an imperfect idea of the *entrafeant*, though somewhat discursive style of the original, but we hope that we have added not inconsiderably to its value and authority by the elucidations and corroborations of the author's reasoning afforded by our extracts from the Duke's conversations, and we wish we saw any reason to expect that a work at once so amusing and instructive, so attractive and so convincing, was likely to exercise in France the salutary influence which it certainly would have if it could be read there; but we are informed that it is expressly prohibited in France, and we can ourselves say, in confirmation of the truth of this strange exercise of despotism, that we have been

* Hist. de la Rest. vol. vii. p. 79.

Digitized by Google

been unable to procure a copy at any shop in Paris, and that persons high in the literary and political circles of that centre—as they love to call it—of liberality and civilisation—of literature and of light—had not—when we last heard from Paris—been able to obtain a sight of it. We can scarcely believe such monstrous tyranny, but, if it be true, our regret at the impediment thus arbitrarily interposed to personal justice and to historical truth is considerably alleviated by the consideration that such an impediment is already a testimony, odious, indeed, but decisive, to the truth and justice which it attempts to smother. It is also a wholesome and instructive lesson to see that the grand constitutional principles which France boasts of having conquered and consecrated in 1789—that the expansive liberties of the Republic, which they tell us have survived and excused its horrors—that the ineffaceable and immortal glories of the old Empire, and finally the stupendous agency of universal suffrage—or, in plainer terms, the omnipotent *gendarmerie* of the new one—are all together afraid to face a shilling pamphlet, in which there is not a fact, and hardly a word, that is not forty years old—of European notoriety—of the most unquestionable authenticity and veracity, and of which the sole offence can be that a Frenchman ventures to lay before his countrymen *in their own tongue* a review of historical facts which have been for almost half a century inscribed in the annals of all the other nations of the world.

For our parts we confess that it is chiefly for the sake of France herself that we care that M. Maurel's estimate of the Duke of Wellington should make proselytes amongst his countrymen. She is now expiating in a *strait-waistcoat* her former extravagances, and her prospects are worse than dark; but we still hope and believe that there is in France, under that fear-frozen surface, a depth of good feeling and good sense which must eventually awaken a degree of *moral and political courage* sufficient to deliver her from the monstrous anomaly that she has during such a rapid succession of revolutions and usurpations exhibited, of being at once the wonder, the contempt, and the terror of the rest of the world, and—we really believe—of herself. M. Maurel's work is marked with that moral courage, and we heartily wish that we could extend its influence. Happy will it be for France and the world if she can be taught that the true glory of soldiers and statesmen, and the real safety and dignity of nations, is to be found in those eternal principles of justice and truth, of which the Duke of Wellington was while living, and has bequeathed to us in his works, the most perfect model. '*Those*,' to borrow M. Maurel's eloquent expressions,

Digitized by Google

'*were the qualities by which this man won step by step the admiration and respect of those who began by envying, fearing, and even hating him: and this is the reason* THAT HIS NAME—ILLUSTRIOUS AS IT ALREADY IS—WILL GO DOWN WITH STILL INCREASING GRANDEUR TO THE LATEST POSTERITY.'

Erratum to last Number, p. 248, for '*eighteen full-manned* pilot *boats*,' read '*eighteen* PILOTS.' The Act does not prescribe the number of *boats*, but only of the *pilots*, eighteen of whom must be always at sea.

INDEX.

Digitized by Google

INDEX

TO THE

NINETY-SECOND VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A.

Aerolites, 77—and *see* Meteors.
Aberdeen, Earl of, his coalition cabinet, in, 272.
Albinos, hair of the, cause of whiteness in, 312.
Ale and beer, regulations for sale of, in fifteenth century, 295—and *see* Castle Combe.
Anchorage, regulations respecting, 258.
Apsley House, as left by the Duke of Wellington, 446—opened to the public, *ib.*—site of, 448—owners, *ib.*—recent alterations, 449 — internal arrangements, 450 — busts, *ib.* — statue of Buonaparte, 451—front Drawing-room, 452—pictures, *ib.*—Marlborough, 453 —Wilkie, 454—Burnet, *ib.* — Dutch Masters, 456—Soult, 458—Waterloo Gallery, 460 — the Spanish pictures, 461—The Striped Drawing-room, 467 —portraits of the Duke's family and comrades, *ib.* — Gurwood, 469 — the Despatches, *ib.*—the Dining-room, 471 —the great china room, 473—secretary's room, 474—despatch-box, *ib.*—letter-writing, *ib.*—*the Duke's room*, 475—habits of business, 476—charity, 477—punctuality, 478 — watches, *ib.* — his bed-room, 480—dressing-room, 481—orders and medals, *ib.* — presence of mind, 482—Walmer, 483 — national defences, *ib.* — last illness, 484 — the funeral day, *ib.*—verses by Lord Ellesmere, 486.
Arctic Sea, 386—and *see* Franklin.
Assye, battle of, 513.

B.

Beckford, Mr., visit of, to the tomb of Charles V., 135.
British Museum, communications made by the architect and officers of, to the trustees, respecting the enlargement of the building, &c., 157—impossibility of providing a general printed catalogue for current use, *ib.*—captious complaints, 158—Mr. Fergusson's criticism on the building, *ib.*—Sir R. Smirke, 159—external form and internal accommodation, 160 — want of provision for the future, 161—concentric galleries, *ib.*—Mr. Fergusson's project for extension, 162 — difficulty of a classified separation, 163—sight-seers, 164—proposition as to the prints, 166 — reading-room, 168 — fables respecting the court, 169—plan for its enlargement, 174 — George IV.'s gift of his father's books, 179.
Buckingham, the Duke of, Memoirs of the Court and Cabinet of George III., by, 421—his Grace's participation in the editorship questioned, *ib.*—self-contradictions, 423—blunders as to the Duke's family history, &c. &c., 424 —Mr. Beresford, 426—Latin quotations, 429 — Bantry Bay expedition, 430 — Killala invasion, 431—absurd conduct of Earl Temple, first Marquis of Buckingham, 433 — causes of his dissatisfaction, 437 — displacement of the coalition, 438—Lord Temple's curious notes, *ib.*—his brief participation in the next ministry, 441 — letters of the King, 443—Lord Grenville's letters, 445.
Budget, the, of Mr. Disraeli, 236.
Bulls, Papal, forgeries of, 340.
Buonaparte, Napoleon, hatred of for the Duke of Wellington, 510 — and *see* Wellington.
Burgess, T. H., M.D., diseases of the human hair by, 305—and *see* Hair.
Burt, J. T., on the systems at Pentonville, 487–490—and *see* Pentonville.

C.

Campbell, George, 46—and *see* India.
Carew, Sir G., Earl of Totness, his collection of Irish documents, 343.

Digitized by Google

Castle Combe, history of the ancient barony of, 275—and *see* Scrope.
Catholic interests of the nineteenth century, 137—and *see* Montalembert.
Chalmers, T., D.D., note to article on life of, 274.
Charles V. the Cloister Life of, by W. Stirling, M.P., 107 — Dr. Robertson, *ib.*—the MS. of Gonzalez, 108—Siguenza's account of Charles at Yuste, 109—tendency of Spanish sovereigns to cloister life, 110—Charles's preparations for it, 111 — the place selected, *ib.*—state of his health, 113—his progress to Yuste, *ib.* — enters the convent, 118—his new wing and its furniture, 119—attendants, 120—Don Louis Quixada, *ib.* — Juan de Regla, *ib.*—William Van Male, *ib.*—medical staff, 122—guests, *ib.*—political influence, 124 — religious and general habits, 126—increase of maladies, 128—feeling towards the Church and the Pope, 130—anxieties, 131—rehearsal of his own funeral, 132—death, 133—tomb, 134—Mr. Beckford's visit to, 135—destruction of the convent at Yuste, *ib.*—present aspect of, 136.
Coke on Littleton, the study of, essential in a legal education, 23.
Coleridge and Wordsworth, comparison of, 201 — at Nether Stowey, 202 — origin of the Ancient Mariner, *ib.*
Comorn, the fortress of, 373.
Control, the Board of, 70—and *see* India.

D.

De Maistre, on ecclesiastical and civil freedom, 151.
Derby, Earl of, 273—his programme of conservative policy, *ib.*—objectionable points in his administration, 274.
Desmond, the old Countess of, 329—Walpole's investigation respecting her and Richard III. *ib.*—the tomb in Sligo Abbey, 330—history of other Countess Dowagers, *ib.*—Eleanor Butler, *ib.*—Garrett Earl of Desmond, *ib.*—Fitzmaurice, 332—death of Garrett, 336—state of Irish society, 338—marriage prohibitions, 338 — Wolsey's bulls of dispensation, 340 — forgery of papal bulls, *ib.*—Catherine Fitzgerald, 341—corroborations of her claim, 342 — pedigree, 345—feuds of the Geraldines, 344—Sir Thomas the Bald, *ib.*—Sir John of Desmond, 347—James, 348—their zeal for the house of York, 349—Thomas, the eighth Earl, *ib.*—Sir Thomas, afterwards twelfth Earl, 351 — his marriage with the old Countess, *ib.*—her death, 352—portraits, *ib.*
Disraeli, Benjamin, the Right Hon., Financial Statement of, 236—prematureness of the Budget, 237—its main features, 238 — Mr. Villiers' motion, 239 — parliamentary qualities of Mr. Disraeli, *ib.*—repeal of the malt tax, 240—maritime policy, 241—class legislation, 242—light dues, *ib.*—Trinity House charities, 244 — passing tolls, 245 — pilotage, 246 — salvage, 248, 255—anchorage, 258—the mercantile navy, 260—fallacies of Mr. Disraeli, 262—actual practice of manning the Royal navy, 263 — impressment and militia ballot, 266—periods of service, 267—principles on which our naval power is founded, 270—Mr. Disraeli's speech at variance with the permanent interests of the country, 270—fall of the Derby government, 271 — Lord Aberdeen and his coalition cabinet, 272—prospects and duties of the Conservative party, 273.

E.

Ellesmere, Earl of, verses by, on the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, 486.
Etoiles Filantes, Recherches sur les, par MM. Coulvier, Gravier et Saigey, 77–104—and *see* Meteors.
Europe, complexion of its inhabitants, 307.

F.

Factory Schools, 1—Price's Patent Candle Company, 2—Mr. Wilson's account of their school establishment, 3—its commencement and progress, *ib.*—encouragement shown, 4 — tea-parties, 5—cricket, 5—co-operation of strangers, 6—gardening, *ib.*—cricket matches, 7—salutary intercourse of masters and men, *ib.* — a day at Guildford, 9—visit to the Bishop of Winchester at Farnham Castle, 10—appointment of a chaplain, and his duties, 12—his congregations, 13—results of the system to the shareholders, *ib.*
Fergusson, James, Observations on the British Museum, National Gallery, and National Record Office, with suggestions for their improvement, by, 157—and *see* British Museum.
Franklin, Sir John, search for, 386—

Digitized by Google

his experience, 387 — letter to Sabine, 388 — Rae's expedition, 389 — winter quarters, 391 — spring survey, 392 — reasons for supposing part of Franklin's crews to survive, 393—excitement produced by his absence, *ib.*—opinions of experienced navigators, *ib.*—official instructions, 394—expeditions under Ross, Richardson, and Kellet, *ib.* — progress of Ross, 395—statement of Adam Beck, 396 — Richardson's preparations, 396 — progress, 397—return, 399—quantity of game, *ib.*—Mr. Rae, *ib.*—Captain Kellett and Pullen, 400—voyage to the Mackenzie, *ib.*—expedition of Collinson and McClure, 401 — Rae's researches, 403—Penny's expedition, 404—traces of missing ships, 405—examination of Beechy Island, *ib.*—Lieut. Osborn's narrative, *ib.*—sailors' graves, 406—whales, 407—the American expedition, *ib.*—amusements, 408—sledging parties, 409—McClintock's expedition, 409 — Parry's encampment of 1820, 410 — tame hare, *ib.*—Expedition to Cape Walker, 411 — Penny's parties, 412 — his return, 413 — his statements, *ib.* — surmises as to Franklin's course, 414 — Mr. Kennedy's expedition, 417 — his arrangements, 418 — provisions, *ib.* — return, 419—Inglefield's voyage, *ib.*—new expedition, 420 — present state of the search, *ib.*

G.

George III., memoirs of Courts and Cabinets of, 421—and *see* Buckingham.
George IV., his gift of his father's library to the British Museum, 179 *n.*
Görgei, A., Mein Leben und Wirken in Ungarn, by, 354—and *see* Hungary.

H.

Hair, human, diseases of the, 305—universal vanity in the wearing of, *ib.*—as an index of station and opinions, 306—influx of the fair-haired race into Britain, *ib.*—locality of shades, 307—admixture of races, *ib.*—climate and food, 308—anatomical structure, *ib.*—number of hairs in heads of different colours, 309 — supply of hair from abroad, 310 — change of fashion as to colour, 311—cause of whiteness in Albinos, 312—grey hair, *ib.*—baldness, 313—quackery, *ib.*—oils and pomades, 314 — hair-cutting, *ib.* — bears' grease, 316 — early history of the coiffure, *ib.* — Egyptian, Greek, and Roman fashions, 317 — long hair respected, *ib.* — denounced by the clergy, 318 — origin of close cropping, *ib.* — growth of beard, 319—reaction in the time of the Stuarts, *ib.*—the peruke, 320—hair powder, 321 — ladies' head dresses, *ib.* — pigtails, 322 — judicial wigs, 323 — modern fashions, 324 — bands, *ib.* — 'good-natured hair,' *ib.* — classic style, 325—whiskers and beard, 326—the bearded lady, 327—the expressiveness of hair, *ib.*
Hearne, Thomas, 279.
History, materials for, 275 — Hume's authorities, 277
Humboldt's Cosmos, 77—and *see* Meteors.
Hume's History of England, authorities of, &c., 277.
Hungary, campaigns in, 354—Görgei's narrative, *ib.*—his descent and education, 355—joins the militia, *ib.*—conduct of, towards the Counts Zichy, 356—despatched to Leitha, 358—opposes Kossuth's plan for the relief of Vienna, *ib.*—the attack and its consequences, 359 — Görgei accepts the command of the army, *ib.*—passes the Danube at Waitzen, 360—general feeling of the insurgents adverse to the republican scheme, *ib.*—proclamation by Görgei, 361—conduct of Kossuth, 362—the relative forces of the belligerent parties, 363 — commencement of the campaign of 1849, 365—progress of the struggle, 366 — Polish officers, 367—General Dembinski, *ib.*—defeat and supercession of, 368—Görgei defeats Schlick at Hatvan, 369—cunning and audacity of Kossuth in obtaining the decree for deposing the Royal house, 370—the relief of Comorn, 372—state of the Magyar army, 375—siege of Buda, 376—execution of prisoners of war, 377—want of confidence between the chiefs, *ib.*—the Austrian army under Haynau, 378—battle of Temesvar, 382 — conference with Kossuth, at Arad, 383 — charge of treachery against Görgei, 384.

I.

Impressment of seamen, 265.
India and its Government, by George Campbell, Esq., 46—the East India Company, *ib.*—their commercial monopoly, 47—progress of British dominion, 48—works of Mr. MacFarlane and Mr.

Digitized by Google

Martin, *ib.*—*the Friend of India*, 50——expenditure and revenue, 51—employment of natives, 52 — Runjeet Singh, 54 — his premier, *ib.*—difference in classes, 55—local administration of government, *ib.* — military command, 56 — our relations with native states, 57—the Governor-General and Council, 60—law commission, 62 —choice of diplomatic agents, 63 — suggestions as to change in the home system, 63—the Court of Proprietors, 65—of Directors, 66—their patronage, 68—the Board of Control, 70—revenue, 74—public works, 75.

Inglefield, Captain, expedition of, to Arctic regions, 419.

Insanity, causes and statistics of, 496—and *see* Pentonville.

Ireland, state of society in, during 14th and 15th centuries, 338—and *see* Desmond.

J.

Jebb, Colonel, the originator of the Separate System at Pentonville, 489.

Judges, tenure of office by, in America, 27.

Junius, Letters of, Lord Temple's alleged connexion with, 438 *n.*

K.

Kellett, Captain, 394—and *see* Franklin.

Kennedy, Mr. Wm., voyage of, 386, 417 —and *see* Franklin.

Kossuth in Hungary, 357—and *see* Hungary.

L.

Larpent, Mr., Judge-Advocate in the Peninsular War, diary of, 466.

Legal education, on, 36.

Leishman, Rev. Dr., and the article on Dr. Hanna's Life of Chalmers, 274.

M.

McClintock, Lieut., report of expedition in Arctic Regions, 409—and *see* Franklin.

MacFarlane, C., History of British India, by, 46—and *see* India.

Malt-tax, repeal of the, 240.

Maritime Policy, 241—and *see* Disraeli.

Marriage, prohibition of, in Ireland, 338.

Martin, R. Montgomery, East India Company's Possessions, by, 46—and *see* India.

Maurel, Jules, le Duc de Wellington, par, 507—and *see* Wellington.

Meteors, Luminous, Catalogue of Observations of, by Rev. Baden Powell, 77 — terror for shooting stars in early times, *ib.*—falling stones, 78—scientific research on the subject, *ib.*—classification of the phenomena, 79—classical accounts, 80—aerolites, *ib.*—fall of, at Ægospotamus, *ib.*—Chinese records, 82—modern instances, 83—chemical composition, 84—other characteristics, 86 — their velocity, *ib.* — theories respecting, *ib.*—the lunar, 88—motion of the earth and nebulous matters, 91—orbit of the earth, 92—cosmical theory, *ib.*—luminous condition, 93—meteors, 97—ancient and modern registers of, 98—shooting stars, 99—periodical showers of, 100 — Professor Olmsted's theory, 102 — M. Saigey's researches, 104 — horary number of shooting stars, *ib.*—monthly variations, 105—direction of, *ib.*—height, *ib.*

Militia ballot and naval impressment compared, 266.

Millbank Prison, mortality at, 499, and *see* Pentonville.

Montalembert, Count, des Intérêts Catholiques au XIX.e Siècle, par, 137—his apology for Constitutional Government in France, *ib.* — effects of universal suffrage, 138 — description of his own position in relation to liberty and religion, 139—feeling towards the Church of Rome in England, 140—Pope Pius IX., 142—contrast between Count Montalembert and Chevalier Bunsen, *ib.*—comparative condition of the Romish Church in 1800 and 1852, 143 — false impressions of, 144 — on freedom, 146 — Ultra-montanism, 149 —De Maistre on ecclesiastical and civil freedom, 151—Louis Napoleon's coup d'état, 154.

N.

Naval power of England, on what principles founded, 270.

'Notes and Queries,' 329.

O.

Olmsted, Professor, theory of, on shooting stars, 102.

Digitized by Google

Osborn, Lieut., Arctic voyage of, 386, 405—and *see* Franklin.

P.

Pemmican, manufacture of, 396.
Penny, Mr. W., expedition of, to Arctic regions, 386, 412—and *see* Franklin.
Pentonville Prison, the two Systems at, 487—associating of criminals, 488—separate system, *ib.*—the mixed system, 489—Colonel Jebb, *ib.*—Mr. Burt on the separate system, 490 — Colonel Jebb's mode of calculating the prison population, 495—statistics of insanity, 496—Dr. Baly's tables, 498—mortality at Millbank, 499.
Peruke, the, origin of, 320.
Powell, Rev. B., 77—and *see* Meteors.
Price's Patent Candle Company, 1—and *see* Factory Schools.

R.

Rae, John, a narrative of an expedition to the shores of the Arctic Sea, by, 386, 390, 398—and *see* Franklin.
Raglan, Lord, career of, 546.
Richard III., historic doubts as to character and person of, 329.
Richardson, Sir J., 394—and *see* Franklin.
Romans, the fashion of wearing hair amongst, 317.
Rome, Church of, feeling towards, in England, 140.
Ross, Sir J., 394—and *see* Franklin.

S.

Saigey, M., Recherches sur les Etoiles Filantes, par, 77, 104—and *see* Meteors.
Sailors' graves, neatness of, 406.
Salamanca, battle of, 526—importance of, 527 *et seq.*
Salvage, Mr. Disraeli's views on, 255—general law of, 256.
Scrope, G. P., Esq., History of the Ancient Barony of Castle Combe, by, 275—use of local topography in general history, *ib.*—authorities, 277—Thomas Hearne, 279—description of Castle Combe, 281 — early history and owners, 282—the Dunstanville dynasty, *ib.* — sale to Lord Badlesmere, 283—Sir R. de Tibetot, 284—his daughters and Scrope's sons, *ib.*—the Lady Milicent, 285—Stephen Scrope, 286—constitution of Castle Combe, 287—courts, 288—offences, 289—occupation and trade of tenants, 291—case of John Spondel, *ib.*—sports and pastimes, 292—ale and beer regulations, 295—drunkenness, 297—John the Hermit, 298—breaches of the peace, 300.
Searle, January, 182—and *see* Wordsworth.
Shipping interests, the, 241—and *see* Disraeli.
Somerset, Lord Fitzroy—*see* Raglan.
Stars, shooting, 77, 99—and *see* Meteors.
Stirling, W., the Cloister Life of Charles V., by, 107—and *see* Charles V.
Story, Justice, Life and Letters of, 18—his parentage, 19—education, 21—clubs, 24—call to the bar, *ib.*—bar costume, 26—legislative assembly, *ib.*—salary and tenure of judicial offices, 27—state of the profession, 29—his second marriage, 30—elected member of Congress, *ib.*—raised to the Bench, *ib.*—circuits and duties, 31—social position, 34—law professorship, 35—as a lecturer, 37—his legal works, 39—on the American constitution, 40—illness and death, 42—personal habits, *ib.*—admiration and love of England, 44.

T.

Toulouse, battle of, 535.

V.

Vaux, W. S. P., Handbook to the Antiquities in the British Museum, by, 157—and *see* British Museum.
Vimiero, battle of, 518.

W.

Walpole, Horace, 329, and see Desmond.
Waterloo, campaign and battle of, 536.
Wellington, the Duke of, 447—meeting of, with Lord Nelson, 455—M. Maurel's work on, 507—French writers generally, *ib* —M. Thiers, 508—Maurel's analysis of the whole career, 510—principal exploits, 511—comparative numbers of armies, 512—early services, *ib.*—Assye, 513—friendly intercourse of the two armies in the Peninsula, 514—Buonaparte's hatred of the Duke, 516—his pre-arranged system of tactics, 517—Vimiero, 518 — prophetic sagacity, 520 — Torres Vedras, *ib.* — Convention of Cintra, *ib.*—the Austrian mar-

Digitized by Google

riage, 523 — state of the Continent, *ib.* — Russia, 524 — Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, 525 — Salamanca, 526 — Marmont, *ib.*—Buonaparte at Moscow, 527 — Castle of Burgos, 531—battle of Vittoria, and expulsion of French from Spain, 533 — battle of Toulouse, 535—campaign of Waterloo, 536—the English forces, 539—personal disposition and temper, 543—*the Iron Duke*, *ib.*—benevolence and humanity of, 545—diplomacy of, at Paris, 549 — suppression of Maurel's work in France, 550—and *see* Apsley House.

Whiskers, 326—and *see* Hair.

Wilson, James, Esq., 2—and *see* Factory Schools.

Wordsworth, William, Memoirs of, by Dr. Wordsworth, 182 — *by January Searle*, *ib.*—inequality of both for the task, 183—origin of his family, 184—birth and early life, *ib.* — school at Hawkshead, 185—love of verse, 186—and of scenery, 187—Cambridge, 189—change of habits, *ib.*—tour to Switzerland, 192—'The Evening Walk,' 195—republican tenets, 196—'Guilt and Sorrow,' 197—Calvert's legacy, 198—sojourn at Racedoun, 200 — tragedy of 'The Borderers,' *ib.*—Coleridge's criticism, *ib.* — comparison of the two poets, 201—their alliance and its consequences, 202—Thelwall's visit, 203—reasons for going to Germany, 204 interview with Klopstock, 208 — 'The Prelude,' 209—settles at Grasmere with his sister Dorothy, 210—chief attraction in the characters and manners of the peasantry, 211—the poet's cottage life, 212—marriage, 214—acquaintance with Scott and Sir G. Beaumont, 215 — death of his brother John, *ib.* — sonnets, 217 — removes to his final dwelling at Rydal Mount, 221—appointment as stamp distributor, *ib.*—'The Excursion,' *ib.*—'The White Doe of Rylstone,' 223—'Peter Bell,' 224—political sentiments, 225 — the Laureateship, 226 — death, 227 — appearance, manners, and habits, 228 — poetical merits, *ib.* — mistakes from which critics drew support for their hostility, *ib.*—gradual spread of his influence, *ib.*—general veneration, 232-234.

Y.

Yuste, convent of, 111-135 — and *see* Charles V.

Z.

Zichy, Counts of, their treatment by Görgei, 356—and *see* Hungary.

END OF THE NINETY-SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET.

5 Digitized by Google 18120

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

RENEWED BOOKS ARE SUBJECT TO IMMEDIATE
RECALL

LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, DAVIS

Book Slip–Series 458

Digitized by Google

Nº 837808

Quarterly review.

AP4
Q2
v.92

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS

Digitized by Google